

Purist Realist

Napalm Death

Purist realist manipulates
Purist realist segregates
Purist realist on their own terms
Purist realist you never learn Inner loathing, the mounting hate
Hundred fights, a thousand regrets Sacrifice
You wear me like a second skin Dwelling on a scene of bitter love
Harping on some forgotten war The shadow former self Purist realist manipulates
Purist realist segregates
Purist realist on their own terms
Purist realist you never learn Two-faced preacher denied yourself
Purist realist, a rotting state of grace Sacrifice
You wear me like a second skin The shadow former self Cannot be me, cannot be me
Cannot be me, cannot be me
Cannot be me, cannot be me Cannot see the once treasured
Depleting life it shows in
Your weakness, impotence
Inability to have spoken Summarizing that teasing
That non-restricted feelings
Set in a moment in dealing
Return to the source of regret

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