

# Idiosyncratic

## Napalm Death

Not lacking insight or impetus to shout behind ideas  
That reforms in us will bring about As parallels we run so close yet as I try to draw to you  
Incoherence rears its ugly head  
Of integration? You do your utmost to discourage it Envy, resentment, jealousy  
Taken emotions, there is no need I try so hard to state my case yet as I try to draw to you  
Incoherence rears its ugly head  
Resort to slander, you drive me further away Breakdown of minuscule faith  
My wasted efforts It's your indifference, not mine  
That puts me on a pedestal  
Then after the fact  
You oppose me for a lack of support If your aims are to attract us condemnation  
The bitter taste I had now  
Strengthens my resolve to rise above

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