Primed Time

Napalm Death

I've walked to the ends of the earth, and glanced into the eyes of =
those who were going the opposite way.
They failed to bridge the gap, first contact was a threat and you =
could taste the surging unrest.
Who wrote the law that opposites attract?
Who could be so naive?
Everyone trusts no-one.
Looking out for number one.
Ours is a primed time.
The finite thrill of the loathing - a streak in our life bearing =
dreams.
It strengthens to soothe the open wound, but ours is a primed time.
It strengthens to soothe the open wound, but ours is a primed time.
Bonding? - Do you think I want the upper hand?
Broken contracts, we sow infertile seeds and reparation pales.

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