

Thrown Down a Rope

Napalm Death

Someone wants me dead
From the neck and upwards
Rope weaved by these hands
Box of my toils Coerced, dazed by a sucker punch
Reeling, believing that these are the dues Someone wants me dead
From the neck and upwards Pitch back, throwback to a chastised youth
No quarter, stifled under a stitch-up hood To be made an example
Will staunch my deviant flow Held a lever that only I can pull
Need a trauma to
Silence my loose tongue
Loose tongue Bigots want my head
On a plate to sound out Probing, exposing delicate core to full view
Damning, programming etiquette to suit To dissect and reset
Will staunch my deviant flow Held a lever that only I can pull
Need a trauma to silence my loose tongue
Group constrictor throttling a bond
Call a cull to silence our loose tongues Silence our loose tongues
Silence our loose tongues

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