

Glimpse Into Genocide

Napalm Death

Blindness leading
Which one of me is real?
Through corridors of uncertainty - a force without form
I've dug a hole so deep
Full of the shit of compromise
For once can't I keep
Pain on the outside
Adapt Take on
release
Others Thoughts infringed
Adapt Take on release
A life-
On pause syringed
A glimpse into genocide
My own emotions, a million strong
A heart so full of emptiness

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