

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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