

Throwaway

Napalm Death

I've slipped the noose, the shackles are off.
My maturity fixation outshines.
It's go for broke and fuck it all, with head held higher (than thou)
I am the man that used to care.
Who was I then?
So quizzical with foresight.
Now I've favored to savor the flavor of nine - to - five intuition.
Out with the old, in with the new regime.
I sold my soul to the rebotised dream.
I'm just an empty shell with integrity scooped out. =
A painted smile, a glass - eye high on two that can't cry.
Touch me, I'm cold to the merits of (real) love.
I stepped back from the edge when other slipped off.
And all because society told me to.

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