

# Thanks For Nothing

## Napalm Death

Serve my head on a plate  
Pulp my heart with ill will  
I did trust you, led to lust you, to be duped Thanks for fucking nothing  
Serve my head on a plate  
Pulp my heart with ill will  
Sensed a mystique, turned to spent air, killed it dead Thanks for fucking nothing  
Scraped the depths to salvage something  
Thanks for fucking nothing  
Drained my all, then dropped the bombshell True, we were not joined, our every feature spliced  
Though you rushed in and took a lead  
Three words spouted This contagion  
Crossed all divides  
Caused a shift in protective focus Three words flouted  
Untimely end, I should've clipped a sensory cut-out  
A spoiling of the harmony, of which we were about  
I don't despise or demonize, but I just know your form  
Walk right out and move along, and leap before you look Thanks for fucking nothing

Songwriters

Greenway, Mark Peter / Embury, Shane Thomas / Harris, Mitchell Published by

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