

Thanks for Nothing

Napalm Death

Serve my head on a plate
Pulp my heart with ill will
I did trust you
Let 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, turn to spent air
Killed it dead Thanks for fucking nothing
Scrap the depths to salvage something
Thanks for fucking nothing
Drained my all, then drop 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 clicked
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

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