

# 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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