

# Stalemate

## Napalm Death

On the path to individual freedom,  
I'm met with countless obstructions.  
An external vacuum distorts my observance,  
Sucking me to the rat race.  
A weakness makes me gullible.  
Constantly lured to their traps,  
Dismantling my motivation,  
Taking my destination to another step back.

Lyrics provided by  
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