

Strong-Arm

Napalm Death

Pent up and chewed up at a fleeting glance
Miscontrued in the mood for assistance
Flames fanned with compliance
We all have fallen foul
And forced the striking hand
Indiscriminate and loathe
To now backtrack - see red and fight fastPunishment is somehow
Always due somewhere down the line
Until this realisation dawns:
Spare the rod and you'll ariseSpare it! Spare the rod and you'll ariseA strong-arm is for bleak times
But spare this rod and arisePent up and chewed up at a fleeting glance
Miscontrued in the mood for assistance
Flames fanned with compliance
We all have fallen foul
And forced the striking hand
Indiscriminate and loathe
To now backtrack - see red and fight fastFlurries of blows to tenuously prove that dialogue
Rarely makes things right
Until this realisation dawns:
Talk it through, gain insightTalk through! Talk it through, gain insightA strong-arm is for bleak times
But talk it through, gain insightSo spare this rod and arise!

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