

Feeling Redundant

Napalm Death

The past drags behind us like a dead weight
Prone for the large part, yet piling on the guilt
Bullying, rebuking, lest we re-imagine
Because by moving in the here and the now,
It has become ingrained as given
Directionless, transparent, brittle beings that we are
But consider this:
Those who can't escape the past
Are condemned to repeat it.
They place us in a losing battle
But will we die for any flag? I don't think so.
Quietly unwilling, escorted...
There is little of our choosing.
Disorientated by the noise of custom
It dissipates the present and the future unbalanced,
Excluded for envisioning a new space.
Those who can't escape the past
Are condemned to repeat it
The past gives us oversight
But we have nothing if it is rehashed
Are we so stupefied
That we've run out of steam?
The past can keep us blissfully ignorant
Away from a plunge
Into the (exhilarating) virgin unknown
Are we so fucking drained, that we've run out of steam?
Are we so stupefied, that we've run out of steam?
The past drags behind us like a dead weight
It has become ingrained as given
Directionless, transparent,
Brittle beings that we are
They place us in a losing battle
It dissipates the present and the future
Directionless, transparent,
Brittle beings that we are
But consider this:
Those who can't escape the past
Are condemned to repeat it.