

## 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.