Glimpse into Genocide

Napalm Death

Blindness leading. Which one of me is real? Through corridors of uncertainity A force without form.

I've dug a hole so deep, full of the shit of compromise. For once can't I keep pain on the outside.

Adapt. Take on release. Others. Thoughts infringed. Adapt. Take on release. A life -On pause syringed. (2x)

A glimpse into genocide. My own emotionsm a million strong. A heart so full of emptiness -