

Judicial Slime

Napalm Death

Taste me,
You made me what I am,
Mind polluting worthless fuck.

Am I the mental feast,
Bruised and scarred,
The underdog.

A pawn within a losers game,
My strength will grow upon your fear.

Slime,
In time you'll face your end line.
Judge me not before yourself.
Breed,
Take my pride - that's all you can.
Hatred surges burning me.

Feed,
For what atonement do you seek,
Your dying grasp of loyalty breaks like brittle bones.

Forgotten past,
I stand condemned,
For I am more powerful than you'd imagine.