

## 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.