

Primed Time

Napalm Death

I've walked to the ends of the earth, and glanced into the eyes
of
those who were going the opposite way.
They failed to bridge the gap, first contact was a threat and y
ou
could taste the surging unrest.

Who wrote the law that opposites attract?
Who could be so naive?
Everyone trusts no-one.

Looking out for number one.
Ours is a primed time.

The finite thrill of the loathing - a streak in our life bearin
g
dreams.
It strengthens to soothe the open wound, but ours is a primed t
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ime.

Bonding? - Do you think I want the upper hand?
Broken contracts, we sow infertile seeds and reparation pales.