

Purist Realist

Napalm Death

Purist-realist manipulates
Purist-realist segregates
Purist-realist - on their own terms
Purist-realist - you never learn
Inner loathing - the mounting hate
Hundred fights - a thousand regrets
Sacrifice - you wear me like a second skin
Dwelling on a scene of bitter lore
Harping on some forgotten war
The shadow former self
Two-faced preacher - denied yourself
Purist-realist - a rotting state of grace
Cannot be me
Cannot see the once-treasured
Depleting life it shows in
Your weakness, impotence
Inability to have spoken
Summarizing that teasing
That non-restricted feeling set in a moment
In dealing
Return to the source of regret