

## Section

### Napalm Death

Spit out the poison  
That plastic motive  
The soothing pain that feeds the hole  
A carnage path of one-time friends  
A stepping stone to personal ends  
A line that piles high  
An art of trend  
Champagne delusions  
Contorts and bends  
The seething mass which consumes deceit  
The frozen glance  
Burn obsolete  
All we are is one section  
Struggling blindly through deception