

Strong-Arm

Napalm Death

Pent up and chewed up at a fleeting glance
Miscontrued in the mood for assistance
Flames fanned with compliance
We all have fallen foul
And forced the striking hand
Indiscriminate and loathe
To now backtrack - see red and fight fast

Punishment is somehow
Always due somewhere down the line
Until this realisation dawns:
Spare the rod and you'll arise

Spare it! Spare the rod and you'll arise

A strong-arm is for bleak times
But spare this rod and arise

Pent up and chewed up at a fleeting glance
Miscontrued in the mood for assistance
Flames fanned with compliance
We all have fallen foul
And forced the striking hand
Indiscriminate and loathe
To now backtrack - see red and fight fast

Flurries of blows to tenuously prove that dialogue
rarely makes things right
Until this realisation dawns:
Talk it through, gain insight

Talk through! Talk it through, gain insight

A strong-arm is for bleak times
But talk it through, gain insight

So spare this rod and arise!