

## 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

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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!