

## Eyes Right Out

### Napalm Death

Don't look upon the spoils with accusing gaze  
Don't insinuate that this stranglehold should really  
break  
Don't jab conspiratorial fingers in that direction  
Don't hold up to the light their dregs of purified poison  
Gently you'll be dissuaded, brought around  
Don't work out that the suffering mind knows when to die  
Don't drink from jewelled chalices and wonder why  
Don't steal back from exploiters that stripped you bare  
Don't arrive back to thinking that he's got your share  
Somehow you've been dissuaded and shut out  
Objections raised all softened to a murmur  
Wanton blasphemers shrink down in this vacuum  
Loudest base pleasures stifled to a whimper  
Colour and shade is so bland in this vacuum  
Repentant - you've been muzzled in their open arms