

Procrastination on the Empty Vessel

Napalm Death

Procrastination on the empty vessel
Roll over and over to take a breather
Is this dereliction of duty
To no throw a giant stick in the works?
To labour so rigidly,
Fleeing safe havens of natural beauty
Procrastination on the empty vessel
Toil to the bone so the machines roll on
Is this vague assumption
That a call to a halt will signal our untimely end?
To labour so rigidly, all the safe havens of natural
Beauty just merge into form
Not to be seen, tasted, touched or felt
We don't believe that we have the nerve
We can believe that refusal won't hurt
We don't believe much in... ourselves
Nil retribution on the empty vessel
Bracing ourselves as we smashed our routine
This feels like liberation
Or a call to a halt that signalled
Our untimely end (?)
To have laboured so rigidly,
Barred from safe havens of natural beauty.
We don't believe that we have the nerve
We can believe that refusal won't hurt
We don't believe much in... ourselves