

## Striding Purposefully Backwards

Napalm Death

What do I have to do for once to make the mark?  
What do I have to say to register a point?  
Overtaken - all desire and no connections.  
I recall these friends in tune  
Never would they stoop so low  
And turn on those who built them up  
Where I'm advised to move  
It sickens me to think  
When do I reach the place where I will fall from grace?  
Conscientious - to the point where I self-implode  
I recall these friends in tune  
Never would they stoop so low  
And turn on those who built them up  
Protective - only when I just might get what's due  
Steal the march on a friend whose work you'd prostitute  
How quickly you discard those around when usefulness is  
gone  
Beating sense into you sadly sits well  
However, blows are dull on an empty shell  
Prostituted  
Prostituted  
Prostituted  
Prostituted