

## Warped Beyond Logic

Napalm Death

Absorb this, relent  
Approach this in a trance  
Monoliths raised - oh aching faith  
Monoliths blotting your landscape  
They'll try to coax you in,  
But they'll never snare your mind  
They'll try to cast aspersions  
On your failing, Godless life  
Stare with indifference into the invisible eye  
Who so died for many sins -  
Those were theirs, not mine  
They'll try to flail you  
With a blast of righteous air  
They'll try to break your stride  
Until you really walk the path of the damned  
The Pentecost, no Testament  
Could complement my consciousness  
They'll move to turn you  
Against yourself and where you stand  
They'll isolate you  
To the point where non-compliance equals banishment  
Theorise, marginalize, chastise