

# Napalm Death, Primed Time

I've walked to the ends of the earth, and glanced into the eyes of those who were going the opposite way.  
They failed to bridge the gap, first contact was a threat and you could taste the surging unrest.

Who wrote the law that opposites attract?  
Who could be so naive?  
Everyone trusts no-one.

Looking out for number one.  
Ours is a primed time.

The finite thrill of the loathing - a streak in our life bearing dreams.  
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Bonding? - Do you think I want the upper hand?  
Broken contracts, we sow infertile seeds and reparation pales.