

Napalm Death, Striding Purposefully Backwards

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