

Napalm Death

"Retching On The Dirt"

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I'm retching on the dirt
It's earthiness coating my throat
I'm wincing on the bitterest pill
I refuse to swallow

I'm offered the warmth of a velvet glove
An iron fist to some
I'm treated like a scab
A traitor in my kind

I'm hounded by white-right might
That wants the country pure
I'm incensed by those in awe
Of living amongst their own

Selective perfection will cut their own throats
I'm constantly forcing the point
But we're all retching on dirt
And we'll choke if we don't spit it out

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