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## 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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