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Napalm Death "Twist The Knife"

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Gut level, below it all
Out of duty, just here
Feeling like a knife's being twisted
In the hole of how it is

False hope, an inch of pride that died When I left to hide From a non stop battering Of conditioned opinion

Rest assured but not assured, all is well But I think we've dealt with the fear For far too long

Unborn suffer, unborn suffer Unborn suffer the norm Born to this, I thin not I stand against till the shit drops

We see all but do nothing In the hole of how it is

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