

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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