

# Napalm Death, Pay For The Privilege Of Breathing

Nothing comes to nothing  
When there's nothing there to give  
The powers want to strip you clean  
A charge for every breath  
A price on skin that we walk in  
They call this civil liberty  
So-called champions for the poor  
Tax us against the wall  
Find it now or forfeit  
The chance to "be" in peace  
A price on skin that we walk in  
A price on skin that we walk in  
Grab thin air in one hand  
A pound of flesh from the other  
Crushing burden on the shoulders  
An end to poverty?  
Only if you pay up first  
Meet the fee and keep your soul