

Napalm Death, Retching On The Dirt

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 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!