

Napalm Death, Twist The Knife

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 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 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";