

# Napalm Death, Twist The Knife (Slowly)

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";