

Napalm Death, Identity Crisis

Fly their flags upside down,
Then watch the sky come falling in
And ranks will swell to quell

These separatists
And our identity crisis
This great identity crisis

Traitor to 'my people'
No, you're a traitor to yourself
Enslaved by hierarchy

Demanding dues
Through this identity crisis
This clear identity crisis

Going down on one knee
To bear the load of some inglorious burden
Acting accordingly hastens death to the individual

You roam in packs
Smash the fringes to remind the nation-led

Of us 'fifth columnists'
And our identity crisis
This clear identity crisis