

Pay for the Privilege of Breathing

Napalm Death

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