

Twist the Knife (Slowly)

Napalm Death

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 de
alt
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".