

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 a 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, unborn suffer
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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>