

Retching on the Dirt

Napalm Death

I'm retching on the dirt, it's earthiness coating my throat.

I'm wincing on the bitterest pill.

I refuse to swallow.

I'm offered the warmth of a velvet glove, an iron fist to some.

I'm hounded by white - right might that wants the country pure.

I'm incensed by those in awe of "living amongst their own".

Selective perfection will cut their own throats!

I'm constantly forcing the point, but we're all retching on dirt,

and we'll choke if we don't spit it out!