

# 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 treated like a scab  
A traitor in my kind 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

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