

# Twist the Knife (Slowly)

## Napalm Death

Gut level, below it all  
Off 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 the 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

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