

Identity Crisis

Napalm Death

Fly their flags upside down,
Then watch the sky come falling in
And ranks will swell to quell
These separatists
And our identity crisis
This great identity crisis
Traitor to 'my people'
No, you're a traitor to yourself
Enslaved by hierarchy
Demanding dues
Through this identity crisis
This clear identity crisis
Going down on one knee
To bear the load of some inglorious burden
Acting accordingly hastens death to the individual
You roam in packs
Smash the fringes to remind the nation-led
Of us 'fifth columnists'
And our identity crisis
This clear identity crisis