

Manic Street Preachers, Anthem for a Lost Cause

It's a cold and lonely message
At the end of a song
It invaded hearts and minds
But they couldn't get along
It can ask you to remember
It can ask you for a dance
So it seems that every song
Now is just one last chance

Take this, it's yours
An anthem for a lost cause
Now ashes, bone and splinter
What once was a glittering prize
The composition rites

Oh redemption, love and departure
I think your work is done
Paris, St. Petersburg don't need a tower of song
Escape's not worth the capture
So walk that lonesome road
No joy or earthly rapture
Nothing to take the load

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Yours?
Cause?

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