

Manic Street Preachers, Fragments

Strung out eyes as cold as worship
Two minutes silence in a century of screams
Tiny massive hands, emphatic lonely soul
Skin against skin and blood against blood

This is the place where peace exists
This is the place where my mind resists
The fragments fail to hold me
The fragments fail to hold me...

When there's time I'll read your words
There's no point disguising
You're the one who's hurt
Laid bloody and bare to see
The effects will fail to desert me

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