

Manic Street Preachers, Life Becoming A Landslide

Childbirth tears upon her muscle
Very first second a screaming icon
Babies in time barely even recognise
Words that once stroked now bruising tired lips

My idea of love comes from
A childhood glimpse of pornography
Though there is no true love
Just a finely tuned jealousy

Life becoming a landslide
Ice freezing nature dead
Life becoming a landslide
I don't wanna be a man

Everyday more numb to agony
This the howl this the sigh of the lonely
One day I realise oil on canvas
Can never paint a petal so so delicate

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Life becoming a landslide
A mile empty inside
Life becoming a landslide
Desire on its knees
Life becoming a landslide
A mile empty inside
Life becoming a landslide
Desire on its knees