

# Manic Street Preachers, Love Torn Us Under

Heaven's weariness, you're climbing the walls  
Asleep I daydreamed I could change it all  
Running from something too painful to face  
Epitaphs torn into bare foot soiled feet

Ecstasy's columns decay into night  
Underneath hope she loves only to die?  
Wasting my time on the shackles of her love

At night complete love's torn us under  
Love is dragging me under  
Betray my other self  
The lost hours are over

Gentleness left me, a cataract's past life  
Searching for something I'm unable to find  
Too weak to render a sorrow's daily grind  
I find too much grief in her chastened eyes

Memory cannot choose where it wants to be  
Love this sex through pity as mangled sheets  
The tenderness that climbs in the mind

At night complete love's torn us under  
Love is dragging me under  
Betray my other self  
The lost hours are over