

Manic Street Preachers, Sleepflower

Morning always seems too stale to justify
Lament blossoms, hours minutes of our lives
Broken thoughts run through your empty mind
At least a beaten dog knows how to lie

I feel like I'm missing pieces of sleep
A memory fades to a, a pale landscape
You were an extinction, a desert heat
A blind illness of my anxiety

Endless hours in bed, no peace, in this mind
No one knows the hell where innocence dies
Fragments crawling like cobwebs on stone
Blows away the safety only a sleeping pill knows

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