

Manic Street Preachers, Small Black Flowers That

You have your very own number
They dress your cage in its nature
Once you roared now you just grunt lame
Pace around pathetic pound games

Wanna get out won't miss you sensaround
To carry your own dead to swing your tyre tricks
Wanna get out here you're bred dead quick
For the outside,
The small black flowers that grow in the sky

They drag sticks along your walls
Harvest your ovaries dead mothers crawl
Here comes warden, Christ, temple, elder
Environment not yours you see through it all

Wanna get out won't miss you sensaround
To carry your own dead to swing your tyre tricks
Wanna get out here you're bred dead quick
For the outside,
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Here chewing your tail is joy