

# Manic Street Preachers, Song Of Those Who Die

(Primo Levi [1919 - 1987])

Sit down and bargain  
All you like grizzled old foxes  
We'll wall you up in a splendid palace  
With food, wine, good beds and a good fire  
Provided that you discuss, negotiate  
For our and your children's lives  
May all the wisdom of the universe  
Converge to bless your minds  
And guide you in the maze  
But outside in the cold we will be waiting for you  
The army of those who died in vain  
We of the Marne, of Montecassino  
Treblinka, Dresden and Hiroshima  
And with us will be  
The leprous and the people with trachoma  
The disappeared ones of Buenos Aires  
Dead Cambodians and dying Ethiopians  
The Prague negotiations  
The bled dry of Calcutta  
The innocents slaughtered in Bologna  
Heaven help you if you come out disagreeing  
You'll be clutched tight in our embrace  
We are invincible because we are the conquered  
Invulnerable because already dead  
We laugh at your missiles  
Sit down and bargain  
Until your tongues are dry  
If the havoc and the shame continue  
We'll drown you in our putrefaction  
Primo Levi  
14th January 1985  
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