

Manic Street Preachers, Archives Of Pain

I wonder who you think you are
You damn well think you're God or something
God give life, God taketh it away, not you
I think you are the Devil itself

If hospitals cure
Then prisons must bring their pain
Don't be ashamed to slaughter
The centre of humanity is cruelty
There is never redemption
Any fool can regret yesterday
Nail it to the House of Lords
You will be buried in the same box as a killer, as a killer, as a killer

A drained white body hangs from the gallows
Is more righteous than Hindley's crotchet lectures
Pain not penance, forget martyrs, remember victims
The weak die young and right now we crouch to make them strong

Kill Yeltsin, who's saying?
Zhirinovsky, Le Pen,
Hindley and Brady, Ireland, Allit, Sutcliffe,
Dahmer, Nielson, Yoshinori Ueda,
Blanche and Pickles, Amin, Milosovic
Give them respect they deserve
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Execution needed
A bloody vessel for your peace
If man makes death then death makes man
Tear the torso with horses and chains
Killers view themselves like they view the world, they pick at the holes
Not punish less, rise the pain
Sterilise rapists, all I preach is extinction

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