

# Manic Street Preachers, Condemned To Rock 'N'

Always feeling torn and slow  
Love song cull destroy poem  
Misery and trauma making love  
Best go shoot the fucking doves  
The past is so beautiful  
The future like a corpse in snow  
I think it's all the fucking same  
It's a life sentence babe

A line of vodka tears inside  
A shot of boredom helps my mind  
Staring through a thousand dead eyes  
I guess my nerves are brutalised

Lips I kiss just another plague  
Love can't fix the hole they made  
Condemned to rock n'  
Condemned to rock n' roll

No innocent exit when hope dies  
And claustrophobia buys my mind  
I ran to breathe contagious lies  
No reasons for just living life  
Ripcord opens but my soul is cold  
With you I never felt more alone  
Skin never sweating dignity  
Kept my line beneath ecstasy

This fragile prison of sanity  
An ocean wave to death babe  
Masochistic love going nowhere  
You're nothing, pestilence, a seed

Lips I kiss just another plague  
Love can't fix the hole they made  
Condemned to rock n'  
Oblivions all we know

Lips I kiss just another plague  
Lips I kiss just another plague  
Love can't fix the hole they made

Sterile like a line of piss, motherfucker  
Review with avant garde lips, you're just a motherfucker

There's nothing I wanna see  
There's nowhere I wanna go