

# Manic Street Preachers, Crucifix Kiss

so mighty so hegemonic so hating so desecrating so there so nowhere so hurting  
we fall between indifference rejection and the whole fucking wall  
we fall

Christin me fuhrer nazarine  
Believe in tomorrow but not today  
Give me all your possessions

Make poverty your perfect home  
Allow your leaders to control you  
Questions are now blasphemy

Why walk when you can crawl  
Stay on your knees and kiss my feet  
Censorship'll stop your excess thought  
Check your billboard for my tour

Listen to Luke sermon six  
"And if one of the occupation troops forces you to carry his  
Pack one kilometer carry it two";

Be a tourist in the warzone  
Interrogate scriptures and not your stinking home  
That diet of bread and waters old

Now feed on alcohol drug and do what you're told  
Now we'll take your number for a name  
Soak mind control in christening water out of jail

Fall in love, fall in love with me  
Nail a crucifix onto your soul  
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[Intro taken from 'Torying', a poem by patrick jones]