

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
Fall in love, fall in love with me
Nail a crucifix onto your soul
Fall in love, fall in love with me
Nail a crucifix onto your soul
Fall in love, fall in love with me
Nail a crucifix onto your soul

[Intro taken from 'Torying', a poem by patrick jones]