

Manic Street Preachers, Empty Souls

Empty souls will leave their homes
To find a place where they're alone
Rattling memories and hollow bones
Leaves a taste so bitter and cold

For empty souls will stand alone
Shivering like black-eyed dogs
Waiting to be taken home
Where that is they only know

Exposed to a truth we don't know
Collapsing like the Twin Towers
Falling down like April showers
Colossal endless like a marathon
God knows what makes the comparison
God knows what makes the comparison

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