

# Manic Street Preachers, Love's Sweet Exile

between the billboard masturbation across highways of metallic isolation  
there lies the deafening screaming of the millions wiping out the diseased pages  
of apathy that bleed our innocence...

Love's sweet exile  
Love's sweet exile

We blur into images of state coercion  
Classified machines die misunderstood  
City reflections pour out misery  
We don't count cos we hate

Raindown alienation  
Leave this country  
Leave this country  
Raindown alienation  
Leave this country  
Leave it

Despair seeps through and cuts our eyes  
Unified collapse of everything inside  
We understand but can't accept  
You are not dead cos we hate

Raindown alienation  
Leave this country  
Leave this country  
Raindown alienation  
Leave this country  
Leave it

Our lives drift into a faceless sense of void  
Everything of meaning becomes destroyed  
There's too much concrete for us to breathe  
We are kept down cos we hate

Love's sweet exile  
Love's sweet exile

Raindown alienation  
Leave this country  
Leave this country

Raindown alienation  
Leave this country  
Believe it

Love's sweet exile  
Love's sweet exile

[Intro taken from 'The Eloquence In The Screaming', a poem by patrick jones]