

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]