

Manic Street Preachers, Mausoleum

Wherever you go I will be carcass
Whatever you see will be rotting flesh
Humanity recovered glittering etiquette
Answers her crimes with Mausoleum rent

Regained your self-control
And regained your self-esteem
And blind your success inspires
And analyse, despise and scrutinise
Never knowing what you hoped for
And safe and warm but life is so silent
For the victims who have no speech
In their shapeless guilty remorse
Obliterates your meaning
Obliterates your meaning
Obliterates your meaning
Your meaning, your meaning

No birds - no birds
The sky is swollen black
No birds - no birds
Holy mass of dead insect

Come and walk down memory lane
No one sees a thing but they can pretend
Life eternal scorched grass and trees
For your love nature has haemorrhaged

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I wanted to rub the human face in its own vomit...
and force it to look in the mirror

And life can be as important as death
But so mediocre when there's no air, no light and no hope
Prejudice burns brighter when it's all we have to burn
The world lances youth's lamb-like winter, winter