

# Manic Street Preachers, My Little Empire

My little empire  
Has risen and it's set  
My little empire  
Is as good as it can get  
My little empire  
Is coming around  
My little empire  
It don't make a sound

My royalty it does not exist  
It is extinct for the eye to see  
My ideology it is dead and gone  
Almost forgotten for the eye to see

My little empire  
I'm sick of being sick  
My little empire  
I'm tired of being tired  
My little empire  
I'm bored of being bored  
My little empire  
I'm happy being sad

All of my sins are attempts to fill the voids  
All of my voids they are filled with sin  
All of my demons they are kept within  
And all my violence it does not exist

My little empire  
I'm happy being sad  
My little empire  
I'm fucked with being fucked  
My little empire  
I'm done with being dumb  
My little empire  
I'm happy being sad  
Happy being sad  
Happy being sad  
Happy being sad