

Manic Street Preachers, Never Want Again

I'm feeling sick with alcohol
I'm feeling numb with stupid pain
I smelt death all around our name
I feel the snakes crawling upon my skin

Everywhere, everywhere is on its knees
I'm too scared and I'm too afraid ... too afraid

We'll go down, we'll go down together
And meet a few of you in hell
Burn on by our side, burn on by our side and never want again

I get told I should be happy
I got no rights on how I feel
I lost my language easily
I saw the rain bleaching my way

My gut gets sick of all its lies
Thrown all hope way outside, way outside

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