

Manic Street Preachers, Removables

Conscience binds you in chains
Trail by stone hammer and nails
No-one made the holes but me
Misery mourns to be devoured

Killed God blood soiled unclean again
Killed God blood soiled skin dead again
Again everywhere again

All removables, all transitory
All removables, passing always
All removables, all transitory
All removables, passing always

Never grown preserved gently
A bronze moth dies easily
Unknown to others weak to me
Broken hands never ending

Aimless rut of my own perception
Numbly waiting for voices to tell me
For voices to tell me

All removables, all transitory
All removables, passing always
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All removables, passing always
All removables, all transitory
All removables, passing always