

# Manic Street Preachers, The Intense Humming O

The court has come.  
The court of the Nations and into the courtroom will come  
the martyrs of Majdanek and Oswiecim.  
From the ditch of Kerch the dead will rise,  
they will arise from the graves,  
they will arise from flames bringing with them the acrid smoke  
and the deathly odour of scorched and martyred Europe.  
And the children they too will come, stern and merciless.  
The butchers had no pity on them.  
Now the victims will judge the butchers.  
Today the tear of the child is the judge.  
The grief of the mother is the prosecutor.

You were what you were  
Clean cut, unbecoming  
Recreation for the masses  
You always mistook fists for flowers

Welcome welcome soldier smiling  
Funeral march for agony's last edge  
6 Million screaming souls  
Maybe misery - maybe nothing at all  
Lives that wouldn't have changed a thing  
Never counted - never mattered - never be

Arbeit macht frei  
Transports of invalids  
Hartheim Castle breathes us in  
In block 5 we worship malaria  
Lagerstrasse, poplar trees  
Beauty lost, dignity gone  
Rascher surveys us butcher bacteria

Welcome welcome soldier smiling  
Soon infected, nails broken, hunger's a word  
6 Million screaming souls  
Maybe misery - maybe nothing at all  
Lives that wouldn't have changed a thing  
Never counted - never mattered - never be

Drink it away, every tear is false  
Churchill no different  
Wished the workers bled to a machine