

# Manic Street Preachers, We Her Majesty's Prisoners

Jewels drip red and I don't sound proud  
Treason is ambition I want dead procession  
All we got unholy left-overs of a compromise  
Leaving us like butterflies trapped in frost

(Bow down)

Ceremony rape machine  
Love won't corrode you  
Ceremony rape machine  
Love won't corrode you

England's glory lives on in world wide genocide  
So celebrate Buchenwald as Her Majesty's heir  
Now an obsolete face on a currency of illusion  
No matter what we own we can't buy freedom

Ceremony rape machine  
Love won't corrode you  
Ceremony rape machine  
Love won't corrode you

Throw myself against you cos you ain't frail  
Underneath silk riches sixty six million giving slaves  
This needle of religions gonna rust my skin  
Tear out and exit obedience of created sin

Ceremony rape machine  
Love won't corrode you  
Ceremony rape machine  
Love won't corrode you baby

Faces pressed at gates of anniversary torture  
Without these fake images we'd never bow down  
Don't need this history but we still accept  
Conscripted into a past that invents our guilt

Ceremony rape machine  
Love won't corrode you  
Ceremony rape machine  
Love won't corrode you