

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

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