

Removables

Manic Street Preachers

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, passin' always
All removables, all transitory
All removables, passin' always
Never grown, preserved gently
A bronze moth dies easily
Unknown to others, weak to me
Broken hands, never endin'
Aimless, but of my own perception
Numbly waitin' for voices to
Tell me, for voices to tell me
All removables, all transitory
All removables, passin' always
All removables, all transitory
All removables, passin' always
All removables, all transitory
All removables, passin' always

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