

Dead Trees And Traffic Islands

Manic Street Preachers

Paralysis through analysis
Yellow moral unclean decay
Silence begins to help me now
The sunshine it fades away
Symbols have now disappeared
How could this happen to me?
How could this happen to me?
But now I feel so weak
Dead trees and traffic islands never meet
Is this, is this my defeat?
This purgatory for beginners
Dead trees and traffic islands
Tolerance slips away
Body shrugs and says hello, once more
Paint the walls within my mind
Clandestine brain finished period
Lips turn gray, inside turns out
I show little defense
I show little defense
But now I feel so weak
Dead trees and traffic islands never meet
Is this, is this my defeat?
This purgatory for beginners
Dead trees and traffic islands

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