

Builder of Routines

Manic Street Preachers

I've sealed myself in
Laminated all of my skin
Sellotaped my world in bits
I must embrace paralysis

Only in you do we see ourselves
Only in you can we see our end
So sick and so tired of being 4 real
Only the fiction still has the appeal

Builder of Routines
It makes me safe and clean
It crucifies parts of me
But never seems to make me bleed

Only in you do we see ourselves
Only in you can we imagine our mend
So sick and so tired of being 4 real
Only the fiction still has the appeal

How I hate middle age
In between acceptance and rage
Democracy has sure made a fool out of me
But I am the builder of routines

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