

My Little Empire

Manic Street Preachers

My little empire has risen and it's set
My little empire is as good as it can get
My little empire is coming around
My little empire, it don't make a sound
Don't make a sound
My royalty, it does not exist
It is extinct for the eye to see
My ideology, it is dead and gone
Almost forgotten for the eye to see
My little empire, I'm sick of being sick
My little empire, I'm tired of being tired
My little empire, I'm bored of being bored
My little empire, I'm happy being sad
Happy being sad

All of my sins are attempts to fill the voids
All of my voids, they are filled with sin
All of my demons, they are kept within
And all my violence, it does not exist
My little empire, I'm happy being sad
My little empire, I'm fucked with being fucked
My little empire, I'm dumb with being dumb
My little empire, I'm happy being sad
I'm happy being sad
I'm happy being sad
I'm happy being sad

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