

# All We Make Is Entertainment

## Manic Street Preachers

I'm no longer preaching to the converted  
That congregation has long ago deserted  
All we discovered was even more despair  
But we learned how to cope, we learned how not to care  
And the sun will still keep rising  
Always deflecting, always disguising  
Was there ever another place  
Did we ever really exist?  
All we make is entertainment  
A sad indictment of what we're good at  
We're all part of the grand delusion  
We made so much and we let it all crumble  
To safeguard our rights to make us more human  
Oh, this country is but an empty shell  
A clearing house for heaven, a clearing house for hell  
And the sun will still keep rising  
Always deflecting, always disguising  
Was there ever another place  
Did we ever really exist?  
All we make is entertainment  
It's so damn easy and inescapable  
We're so post-modern, we're so post everything  
All we make is entertainment  
An end to hope and civilization  
A simple way to seek perfection  
The insides of our nation have been exposed  
It only confirms what we already know  
Pointless jobs just lead to pointless lives  
It's breaking up our bones, it's breaking up our minds

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>