

# Sleepflower

## Manic Street Preachers

Morning always seems too stale to justify  
Lament blossoms, hours minutes of our lives  
Broken thoughts run through your empty mind  
At least a beaten dog knows how to lie I feel like I'm missing pieces of sleep  
A memory fades to a, a pale landscape  
You were an extinction, a desert heat  
A blind illness of my anxiety Endless hours in bed, no peace in this mind  
No one knows the hell where innocence dies  
Fragments crawling like cobwebs on stone  
Blows away the safety, only a sleeping pill knows I feel like I'm missing pieces of sleep  
A memory fades to a, a pale landscape  
You were an extinction, a desert heat  
A blind illness of my anxiety I feel like I'm missing pieces of sleep  
A memory fades to a, a pale landscape  
You were an extinction, a desert heat  
A blind illness of my anxiety, yeah

Lyrics provided by

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