

Black Square

Manic Street Preachers

Let us overcome our war, our endless progress
Art is never modern, for art is eternal
Where every single day you're hunted by perfection
Paintings are never finished but merely abandoned
Resources, divorces with unknown forces
Endless endorsements, slowly passing always [x2]
Let us wipe the slate clean, let us dig our own graves
Let us choose our own wars, and make out mistakes
free yourself from the tyranny of objects
Paintings on the wall, the purest abstractions (Chorus x3)

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