

Mausoleum

Manic Street Preachers

Wherever you go I will be carcass
Whatever you see will be rotting flesh
Humanity recovered, glittering etiquette
Answers her crimes with mausoleum rent
Regained your self-control
And regained your self-esteem
And blind your success inspires
And analyze, despise and scrutinize
Never knowin' what you hoped for
And safe and warm but life is so silent
For the victims who have no speech
In their shapeless guilty remorse
Obliterates your meanin'
Obliterates your meanin'
Obliterates your meanin'
Your meanin', your meanin'
No birds, no birds
The sky is swollen black
No birds, no birds
Holy mass of dead insect
Come and walk down memory lane
No one sees a thing but they can pretend
Life eternal scorched grass and trees
For your love nature has hemorrhaged
Regained your self-control
And regained your self-esteem
And blind your success inspires
And analyze, despise and scrutinize
Never knowin' what you hoped for
And safe and warm but life is so silent
For the victims who have no speech
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No birds, no birds
The sky is swollen black
No birds, no birds
Holy mass of dead insect
And life can be as important as death
But so mediocre when there's no air, no light and no hope
Prejudice burns brighter when it's all we have to burn
The world lances, youth's lamb like a winter, winter

Lyrics provided by

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