

Small Black Flowers That Grow In The Sky (Demo)

Manic Street Preachers

You have your very own number
They dress your cage in its nature
Once you roared now you just grunt lame
Pace around pathetic pound games want to get out won't miss you sense around
To carry your own dead to swing your tyre tricks
want to get out in here you're bred dead quick
For the outside
The small black flowers that grow in the sky They drag sticks along your walls
Harvest your ovaries dead mothers crawl
Here comes warden, Christ, temple, elders
Environment not yours you see through it all want to get out won't miss you sense around
Carry your own dead to swing your tyre tricks
want to get out in here you're bred dead quick
For the outside
The small black flowers that grow in the sky

Songwriters

BRADFIELD/EDWARDS/JONES/MOORE Published by

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