

Small Black Flowers That Grow In the Sky

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
Wanna get out won't miss you sensoround
To carry your own dead to swing your tyre tricks
Wanna 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
Wanna get out won't miss you sensoround
Carry your own dead to swing your tyre tricks
Wanna get out in here you're bred dead quick
For the outside
The small black flowers that grow in the sky
Here chewing your tail is joy

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