

Manic Street Preachers "Auto-Intoxication"

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The more I want to be me
The less I know myself
The living left to die
While ghosts are brought to life

Welcome to these slave trades
Drained of delusion and buried in debt
How the hell do we find each other
Suffering auto intoxication

The disaster isn't coming
It's already arrived
I am so lucky
I think that I survived

I am what I am, my body belongs to me
My work will set me free and fulfill my dreams
A new economy embraces the ruins
It makes us strong and soothes our fears

Welcome to these slave trades
Drained of delusion and buried in debt
How the hell do we find each other
Suffering auto intoxication

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