

## **Manic Street Preachers "Removables"**

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Conscience binds you in chains  
Trail by stone hammer and nails  
No one made the holes but me  
Misery mourns, to be devoured

Killed God, blood, soiled, unclean again  
Killed God, blood, soiled skin, dead again  
Again, everywhere again

All removables, all transitory  
All removables, passin' always  
All removables, all transitory  
All removables, passin' always

Never grown, preserved gently  
A bronze moth dies easily  
Unknown to others, weak to me  
Broken hands, never endin'

Aimless, but of my own perception  
Numbly waitin' for voices to  
Tell me, for voices to tell me

All removables, all transitory  
All removables, passin' always  
All removables, all transitory  
All removables, passin' always  
All removables, all transitory  
All removables, passin' always

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