

# A Billion Balconies Facing The Sun

Manic Street Preachers

We've finally found a way  
To consume boredom every day  
We've all become our personal gods  
We've all become so sad and lost  
So sad  
So sad and lost

A billion balconies facing the sun  
A billion faces turned to their screens  
The perfect answer to camouflage our screams  
A billion lies becoming the truth  
An ecstasy of the eye  
As wide as eternity tonight

We found expression for our hate  
Without any kind of consequence  
Who needs patience anymore  
When all our pleasure's virtual

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A billion faces turned to their screens  
The perfect answer to camouflage our screams  
A billion lies becoming the truth  
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