

# Anthem for a Lost Cause

Manic Street Preachers

It's a cold and lonely message  
At the end of a song  
It invaded hearts and minds  
But they couldn't get along  
It can ask you to remember  
It can ask you for a dance  
So it seems that every song  
Now is just one last chance

Take this, it's yours  
An anthem for a lost cause  
Now ashes, bone and splinter  
What once was a glittering prize  
The composition rites

Oh redemption, love and departure  
I think your work is done  
Paris, St. Petersburg don't need a tower of song  
Escape's not worth the capture  
So walk that lonesome road  
No joy or earthly rapture  
Nothing to take the load

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...Yours...  
...Cause...

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