

## Archives Of Pain

### Manic Street Preachers

I wonder who you think you are  
You damn well think you're God or something  
God give life, God taketh it away, not you  
I think you are the Devil itself

If hospitals cure  
Then prisons must bring their pain  
Don't be ashamed to slaughter  
The centre of humanity is cruelty  
There is never redemption  
Any fool can regret yesterday  
Nail it to the House of Lords  
You will be buried in the same box as a killer, as a killer, as a killer

A drained white body hangs from the gallows  
Is more righteous than Hindley's crotchety lectures  
Pain not penance, forget martyrs, remember victims  
The weak die young and right now we crouch to make them strong

Kill Yeltsin, who's saying?  
Zhirinovsky, Le Pen,  
Hindley and Brady, Ireland, Allit, Sutcliffe,  
Dahmer, Nielson, Yoshinori Ueda,  
Blanche and Pickles, Amin, Milosovic  
Give them respect they deserve  
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Execution needed  
A bloody vessel for your peace  
If man makes death then death makes man  
Tear the torso with horses and chains  
Killers view themselves like they view the world, they pick at the holes  
Not punish less, rise the pain  
Sterilise rapists, all I preach is extinction

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