

Auto-Intoxication

Manic Street Preachers

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

But 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 fulfil my dreams
A new economy embraces the ruins
It makes us strong and soothes our fears

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