

## Builder of Routines

Manic Street Preachers

I've sealed myself in  
Laminated all of my skin  
Sellotaped my world in bits  
I must embrace paralysis

Only in you do we see ourselves  
Only in you can we see our end  
So sick and so tired of being 4 real  
Only the fiction still has the appeal

Builder of Routines  
It makes me safe and clean  
It crucifies parts of me  
But never seems to make me bleed

Only in you do we see ourselves  
Only in you can we imagine our mend  
So sick and so tired of being 4 real  
Only the fiction still has the appeal

How I hate middle age  
In between acceptance and rage  
Democracy has sure made a fool out of me  
But I am the builder of routines