

## Fragments

Manic Street Preachers

Strung out eyes as cold as worship  
Two minutes silence in a century of screams  
Tiny massive hands, emphatic lonely soul  
Skin against skin and blood against blood

This is the place where peace exists  
This is the place where my mind resists  
The fragments fail to hold me  
The fragments fail to hold me...

When there's time I'll read your words  
There's no point disguising  
You're the one who's hurt  
Laid bloody and bare to see  
The effects will fail to desert me

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