

Inky Fingers

Manic Street Preachers

Oh where are the young men?
Men of destiny
Only intervention can really set you free

How can we put our faith
In the United Nations?
When there's always someone
With ink on their fingers

The gospels and swan-songs
The sick and the destroyed
Drowned out, below inside Satan's disguise
Please God do your work, make it swift and secure
Sometimes justice can be sweet and so pure

All the naive politicking
Hang your heads in shame
Your guilt is paralysing
From the colonial age

Sanctions and speeches
Melt like snow in your hands
One man's freedom fighter is another dictatorship

The gospels and swan-songs
The sick and the destroyed
Drowned out, below inside Satan's disguise
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Sometimes justice can be sweet and so pure