

# Life Becoming A Landslide

Manic Street Preachers

Childbirth tears upon her muscle  
Very first second a screaming icon  
Babies in time barely even recognise  
Words that once stroked now bruising tired lips

My idea of love comes from  
A childhood glimpse of pornography  
Though there is no true love  
Just a finely tuned jealousy

Life becoming a landslide  
Ice freezing nature dead  
Life becoming a landslide  
I don't wanna be a man

Everyday more numb to agony  
This the howl this the sigh of the lonely  
One day I realise oil on canvas  
Can never paint a petal so so delicate

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Ice freezing nature dead  
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I don't wanna be a man  
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Life becoming a landslide  
A mile empty inside  
Life becoming a landslide  
Desire on it's knees  
Life becoming a landslide  
A mile empty inside  
Life becoming a landslide  
Desire on it's knees