

## Removables

Manic Street Preachers

Conscience binds you in chains  
Trail by stone hammer and nails  
No-one made the holes but me  
Misery mourns to be devoured

Killed God blood soiled unclean again  
Killed God blood soiled skin dead again  
Again everywhere again

All removables, all transitory  
All removables, passing always  
All removables, all transitory  
All removables, passing always

Never grown preserved gently  
A bronze moth dies easily  
Unknown to others weak to me  
Broken hands never ending

Aimless rut of my own perception  
Numbly waiting for voices to tell me  
For voices to tell me

All removables, all transitory  
All removables, passing always  
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All removables, all transitory  
All removables, passing always