

# Running Out of Fantasy

Manic Street Preachers

My eco-system is based on hatred  
My DNA remains untested  
I hate the tyranny of the Sun  
It always rises, always comes down

I'm running out of fantasy

I don't expect your sympathy  
I'm old, I'm strange I'm confidential  
Has my fantasy run out of delusion?  
Has my fantasy reached its logical conclusion?

I'm running out of fantasy

The dying fall of my sentences  
The magic of lost consequences  
The seduction of a fading power  
In a hotel room in the middle of nowhere

I'm running out of fantasy

I don't expect your sympathy  
I'm old, I'm strange I'm confidential  
Has my fantasy run out of delusion?  
Has my fantasy reached its logical conclusion?

I'm running out of fantasy

I'm revealing myself in layers  
Exposing a core to the inner eye  
Drawn deep into some distant episodes  
I don't know whether to laugh or cry

Running out of fantasy

The obsession with change has bled my dry  
My fantasy forever locked inside  
The obsession with change has bled my dry

The obsession with change has bled my dry  
My fantasy forever locked inside  
The obsession with change has bled my dry