

The Descent (pages 1 & 2)

Manic Street Preachers

Will my kingdom disappear and fade away
Will sleep overcome the hurt and then decay
I can't be poisoned and you will not make me cry
I've cleansed my ugliness & I've cleansed my paranoia

The winner takes it all
My baby teeth are gone
Into a better place
That I have yet to go
Will I burn or will I pray
Will sleep consume my waking days
Descent is getting steeper day by day

This is my last descent
I hope I'm making sense
I've lost my last defence
This is my last descent

Have my expectations gone too far again
Do I have the courage of the books I've read
Do you understand the pain we're going through
There is no need to leave us* beaten black and blue

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Into a better place
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The pages that you left