

## Holding Patterns

Manic Street Preachers

The universe it waits  
All the miseries that we make  
The global emptiness  
Identikit heroes, giant alter-egos  
Internal monologues  
The branded demagogues  
To all the first responders  
And all the early adopters

Bad blood chlorine  
The most modern of our pain  
Perpetual, eventual  
Perpetual slavery, eventual shame  
Holding patterns are all that matter  
Holding patterns draw back curtains  
Hold back morning, no returning

All the mess we made  
Failure to communicate  
The missing millions  
All are sinning from the beginning  
No point in hanging on  
Legacies are too far gone  
Scared souls are never free  
Black moons and hyper-galaxies

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