

Too Cold Here

Manic Street Preachers

Born in burial gowns, recessing slowly
You soon wish you couldn't see at all
Tortured in the mind, six voices alone
Futile gestures, emotionless groans
Everyone asks what's wrong, but what's right?
And a cute lie makes everything uptight
To kill your dream before it's considered
To live in silence, airless closet, no vision

It's easier to make love to a stranger than to ask a friend to call
Suspicion knows nothing and is known for not much at all, much at all

Too cold here
Turn yourself bleeding inside
Always look for walls to lean beside
Too cold here
Turn yourself bleed it's eyes
Always look for shade to cover your eyes

Self pity yourself is so shallow
I am so sick in mind and body, heart cold as stone
Whisky my coral, my piece of mind
Hello mr. samsung you can't clean my soul
Wake up sighing, mass for the bleeding
Never share sadness mine no man prays painless
Coalescing mine are hidden rooms,
Cannot give anything and never could

Prison it's only four walls but sometimes
The mind is the smallest prison of all,
Offering there upon offering
As a ball with a touch feels
Through it's fall, through it's fall.

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To lean beside
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To cover your eyes