

Manic Street Preachers, Love Torn Us Under

Heaven's weariness, you're climbing the walls
Asleep I daydreamed I could change it all
Running from something too painful to face
Epitaphs torn into bare foot soiled feet

Ecstasy's columns decay into night
Underneath hope she loves only to die?
Wasting my time on the shackles of her love

At night complete love's torn us under
Love is dragging me under
Betray my other self
The lost hours are over

Gentleness left me, a cataract's past life
Searching for something I'm unable to find
Too weak to render a sorrow's daily grind
I find too much grief in her chastened eyes

Memory cannot choose where it wants to be
Love this sex through pity as mangled sheets
The tenderness that climbs in the mind

At night complete love's torn us under
Love is dragging me under
Betray my other self
The lost hours are over