

Manic Street Preachers, Democracy Coma

Sovereign fingers scrape our lives until we are bought
Screaming comatose with blackboard chalk
Siphoned minds suck a wallet full of love
Spitting out a language I don't wanna talk

Mother of the free she said that we'd breathe
Mother of the free but we just scream

To me the coronation's another auto-da-fe
Taught in schools to see her as a glorious being
I don't see happy homes but the Belfast wall
In Walkman sounds hear Sony control

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Parliament mother of United Nations
Mother of history's dead sun, dead suns
DNA of restriction and law
Death, famine, spectacle and war

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