

Manic Street Preachers, Epicentre

We use ourselves like politicians
For all the money and indecision - indecision
Indecision

Feels like there's no escape
Except through my hate
Second hand germ warfare
Denied oxygen everywhere

Like a stunned fox - with memory loss
A sad numb creature - I worship the painkiller
It is my epicentre
It is my epicentre

Non-existent energy adrenalin my God
Still clinging to the umbilical chord - umbilical chord
I'm breaking and I'm shaking - so delete the feeling
Beneath the real thing - delete the feeling - delete the feeling

Like a stunned fox - with memory loss
A sad numb creature - I worship the painkiller
It is my epicentre
It is my epicentre

I'm sleeping myself away
Into the blurred life of yesterday
I'm tip-tip-a-tapping tip-tip-a-tapping
My nerves are destroyed

Feels like there's no escape
Except through my hate
Second hand germ warfare
Denied oxygen everywhere

Like a stunned fox - with memory loss
A sad numb creature - I worship the painkiller
This is my epicentre
This is my epicentre

You don't drink - you don't get high
So make sure you take your medicine boy
You don't drink - you don't get high
So make sure you take your medicine boy

This is my epicentre

Happy black days, here's the summer (here's the summer)
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