

# Echobelly, Centipede

You're a centipede crawling down my spine,  
You're the evil world of the nursery rhyme,  
You're the drug in which I fly.

Drag me under,  
Douse the tracks,  
Dressed in anger,  
Hit back, hit back, hit back.

You're an open wound that was left to bleed,  
You're my only friend,  
Don't be cruel to me,  
I smash the looking glass against my head,  
Let my senses burn as my body bled,  
We are immigrants in a fractured time,  
Found the pieces of a life that's mine,  
You're all I fear that I might find.

Drag me under,  
Douse the track,  
Dressed in anger,  
Hit back, hit back, hit back,  
Oh, oh, oh, oh.

You're an animal in an open cage,  
You're an orchestra in a manic phase,  
You're the dream in which I die.

Drag me under,  
Douse the track,  
Dressed in anger,  
Hit back, hit back, hit back.

Drag me under,  
Douse the track,  
Dressed in anger,  
Hit back, hit back, hit back,  
Hit back, hit back, hit back.