

Echobelly, Ondine

You say you can walk away
Any time at all
Ahhahhhhhaa

You say you're not afraid to die
But you're not sleeping
Ahhahhhhhaa

You're bringing me down, so slow
Bringing me down, so slow
Bringing me down...

You burn so cold,
Lost your voice when it needed you
Ahhahhhhhaa

Black veins that tied you prisoner
To coax your severed highs
Ahhahhhhhaa

But this is the plastic age
The quite rage is dank and civilised
You're bringing me down so slow
Bringing me down so slow
Bringing me down so...
Tell... who made it hurt?
Won't you say... who made it hurt?
Won't you tell me now... who made it hurt again?

Ahhahhhhhaa
You ache for something...
Ahhahhhhhaa
You ache for something...
You ache for something...
You ache for something...
You ache for something...