

# Echobelly, Ondine

You say you can walk away  
Any time at all  
Ahhhahhhhhaa

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

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  
Ahhhahhhhhaa

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

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?

Ahhhahhhhhaa  
You ache for something...  
Ahhhahhhhhaa  
You ache for something...  
You ache for something...  
You ache for something...  
You ache for something...