

# Epicentre

## Manic Street Preachers

We use ourselves like politicians  
For all the money and indecision, indecision  
IndecisionFeels like there's no escape  
Except through my hate  
Second hand germ warfare  
Denied oxygen everywhereLike a stunned fox, with memory loss  
A sad numb creature, I worship the painkiller  
It is my epicentre  
It is my epicentreNon-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 feelingLike a stunned fox, with memory loss  
A sad numb creature, I worship the painkiller  
It is my epicentre  
It is my epicentreI'm sleeping myself away  
Into the blurred life of yesterday  
I'm tip-tip-a-tapping tip-tip-a-tapping  
My nerves are destroyedFeels like there's no escape  
Except through my hate  
Second hand germ warfare  
Denied oxygen everywhereLike a stunned fox, with memory loss  
A sad numb creature, I worship the painkiller  
This is my epicentre  
This is my epicentreYou 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 boyThis is my epicentre

Songwriters

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