

Epicentre

Busso de la Lune

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 epicenter, it is my epicenter
 A non existent energy, adrenalin my god
 Still clinging to the umbilical chord
 Umbilical chord
 I'm breaking and I'm shaking
 So delete the, 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 epicenter, it is my epicenter
 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 epicenter, this is my epicenter
 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 epicenter
 Happy black days, here's the summer
 (Here's the summer)
 Happy black days, here's the summer

(Here's the summer)
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