

# Epicentre

## Manic Street Preachers

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

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