

Bellyache

Echobelly

Impotence, the price of a dark affair,
It's more than a bellyache,
There's something alive in here.

What do I, what do I care now that it's over,
What do I care I, what do I care now that it's over.

Splinters, shatter my one track mind
I lie on a sea of nails and thorns
Spitting out the same old line.

Oh, what do I, what do I care now that it's over,
What do I care I, what do I care now that it's over.

Now you shoot me down,
Serenade my ears my heart I'm falling falling,
Echoing your sound.

Winter's breath all fall down,
Spin me out and spin me round,
Enter darkness enter lies, oh no.

What do I, what do I care now that it's over
What do I care I what do I care now that it's over
Now you shoot me down, serenade my ears my heart
I'm falling, falling, echoing your sound.