

Temper Trap, The "Resurrection"

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In the cold stone walls
House where the fleeting dead fall
A mother
Is crying
Outside

In the darkest of hours
Left with her perilous thoughts
They circle
To squeeze dry
Her soul

She said
Lord, Imma' lose my baby
Lord, Imma' lose my way
But if
Living means I'm dead here
Come hurry
And resurrect me

Ahh...

When the sun goes down
Into another night's arms
We're babies
In a scavenger's glimpse
Then a neon cross shines
And shows us to tread on the line
Of guilt trips
While love grips
The blind

I said
Lord, Imma' lose my head here
Lord, Imma' lose my way
But if pushing means I'm stuck here
Come hurry and resurrect me

Imma' drop my head
Before I'm ready to stop
Imma' drop my head

Before I'm ready to stop
Imma' dig that grave
And fall in line for the drop
Before I'm ready to stop
If I'm ready or not

Imma' drop my head
Before I'm ready to stop
Imma' drop my head
Before I'm ready to stop
Imma' ride my time
Before they throw out the clock
Charge me blood by the hour
And make me pay for the talk

I said
Lord Imma' lose my head here
Lord Imma' lose my way
Imma' dig that grave
Imma' dig that grave
Baby blow this scene
Hang our hopes up to lean
And die until the resurrection of the things we believe
Imma' dig that grave

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