

The Temple

"Brace And Break"

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Stuff your sentences
Into your boring diary
Stuff your senses
Into the back of your jeans
Take the controls
Grab hold
Get fuckin' ready

Bring your appetite
And break sobriety
Stuff your senses
Into the back of your jeans
Take the controls
Grab hold
Get fuckin' ready

Brace and break
Be quiet

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Into your boring diary
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Be quiet

You and I
Have minutes between we lie
But we're still listening

It's too soon
I know
But I can walk slow
It's a couple blocks away

Stuff your sentences
Into your boring diary
Stuff your senses
Into the back of your jeans
Take the controls
Grab hold
Get fuckin' ready

Brace and break
Be quiet

We don't have to try
We can turn bad luck into a bad joke
We don't have to sing
We can turn a bad string into a long dream
We don't have to bleed
We can just repeat when we are alone

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