

## **This Town Needs Guns "Baboon"**

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While time waits for no man  
I'll be here in winter.  
Tear down your baracades  
So I may enter.

Your lips are warm  
They comfort me.  
Open up  
And lets begin.

So I'll lay on this  
Bed that I have made.  
So soundly sleep  
And whisper your name.

Ooooooh you... you burn me up.

One touch and I am in  
A trance like state.  
Entwinning our fates to another  
The cost of our will now both bound to each other.  
What was in your head  
When you said  
"until death"?

The marks upon your skin  
Tell tales while envy  
Mocks without remorse  
And ties you up in knots.

One touch and I am in  
A trance like state.  
Entwinning our fates to another  
The cost of our will now both bound to each other.  
What was in your head  
When you said  
"until death"?

Your lies unfold  
Like lines that were left  
In turn and consequently  
Told all.

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