

Bronx, The

"Minutes in Night"

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Live for the moment as fast as you can
Before that moment slips right through the palm of
your hand
Punished and permanently home
Held hostage over the phone

Whether you're in for the night
Or in for a minute
You will be buried in it

If I ever get the time to control my laughter
Much to everyone's surprise, I will kill my master

Middle-east summer here in LA
No explanation and no one can get out of the way
Punish and cherish what is left
Shock and suspense at it's best

Whether you're in for the night
Or in for a minute
You will be buried in it

If I ever get the time to control my laughter
Much to everyone's surprise, I will kill my master
If I ever get the time to control my laughter
Much to everyone's surprise, I will kill my master

We are men of many faces, disguises and disgraces
When problems come our way, we just throw them all
away

If I ever get the time to control my laughter
Much to everyone's surprise, I will kill my master
If I ever get the time to control my laughter
Much to everyone's surprise, I will kill my master
Kill my master! Kill my master! Kill my master!

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