

Evermore  
Check your pulse, bite your tongue, to make sure  
That you're feeling  
Paranoid  
Go in mine, melt it down, think too much  
Overheating

So blame it on me  
Yeah run your mouth  
High energy  
The speed of sound  
You talk too loud  
And you won't put down  
Your guns to the ground

Lock and load  
Sweaty hands pull a trigger that's cold  
Bitter freezing  
Take your aim  
Set your sights on my thoughts and my brain  
Patient breathing

So blame it on me  
Yeah run your mouth  
High energy  
The speed of sound  
You talk too loud  
And you won't put down  
Your guns to the ground

Move on, move on, move on, move on  
Move on, move on, move on  
Move on, move on, move on, move on  
Move on, move on, move on  
Well move on, move on, move on, move on  
Move on, move on, move on