

Beep

flipturn

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