

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