

drunk on fears and past tense love
is this what ive been dreaming of
eyes that will not give me rest
from the things i cannot hide

dont temp me dont tempt me dont
ive got my finger on the trigger
dont temp me dont tempt me dont
ive got my finger on the trigger

fragile hands to hold me up
what have my nightmares become
guilty conscience has no shame
to occupy your every day

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ive got my finger on the trigger

dont temp me no dont tempt me dont
ive got my finger on the trigger

dont temp me dont tempt me dont
ive got my finger on the trigger
dont temp me dont tempt me no dont

walking on the fault lines
a shaking of our waking life
keeping distance from the rest
of those who know themselves the best

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