

Temperance

Royal & The Serpent

Sweat sinful symphonies and succulent storms
I don't think that I can recreate your warmth
Don't you discipline my disarray before
A breath of bourbon baby warrants you be warned

I don't think that I could ever be
More than just a sick catastrophe
Drowning in my asininity
Hoping you won't ever want to leave

Painted paper planes and pixilated views
Tender temperance unfortunately true
Bitter butterscotch and broken bottled blues
This just isn't quiet the life that I would choose

I don't think that I could ever be
More than just a sick catastrophe
Drowning in my asininity
Hoping you won't ever want to leave

I don't even know the reason why
I've been up all night just getting high
All I wanna do is run and hide
I'm afraid that you might say goodbye

Silent silhouettes are sipping on a spin
I don't detonate what doesn't drip in sin
Serpent subtleties are seeping through my skin
This sure ain't a game I'd ever want to win

I don't think that I could ever be
More than just a sick catastrophe
Drowning in my asininity
Hoping you won't ever want to leave

Raging radiating cavalries
Craving just a grip on gravity
Indisputable disparity
Can I get some fucken clarity

I don't think that I could ever be
More than just a sick catastrophe
Now that we have tasted misery
Promise me that you won't ever leave