Bang

Armchair Cynics

Break the skin
'Cause I can't tell where your body ends and mine begins
Tear the flesh
I woke today feeling like some kind of masochist

You manifest
You bring things to be
And your mojo witchcraft, Honey, it's working on me

I must confess
Pull, beg, and plead
That I need your kiss like the ocean needs a breeze

Oh, I go off like a gun
Like a loaded weapon
Bang, bang, bang
Grip me in your hands
So here we go again
It echoes in my head
Bang, bang, bang
Grip me in your hands

So I can feel you here with me

Soaked in sin
Baptized by your kiss and now I'm born again
Bite your lip
Wrap my hands around your head and pull you in

I can't catch my breath
Sleep, think, or speak
Yeah your mojo witchcraft, Honey, itâ€™s working on me

So let's make a mess
Tear up these sheets
Every whisper you speak sends shivers through me

Oh, I go off like a gun
Like a loaded weapon
Bang, bang, bang

Grip me in your hands
So here we go again
It echoes in my head
Bang, bang, bang
Grip me in your hands

Oh, I go off like a gun
Like a loaded weapon
Bang, bang, bang
Grip me in your hands
So here we go again
It echoes in my head
Bang, bang, bang
Grip me in your hands

So I can feel you here with me (tear the flesh)
So I can feel you here with me (break the skin)
So I can feel you near me (tear the flesh)
So I'll make sure you hear me

Oh, I go off like a gun
Like a loaded weapon
Bang, bang, bang
Grip me in your hands
So here we go again
It echoes in my head
Bang, bang, bang
Grip me in your hands

Oh, I go off like a gun
Like a loaded weapon
Bang, bang, bang
Grip me in your hands
So here we go again
It echoes in my head
Bang, bang, bang
Grip me in your hands

Bang, bang, bang
Grip me in your hands
Bang, bang, bang
Grip me in your hands

Lyrics submitted by Don.

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