

Resurrection

The Temper Trap

in the cold stone walls
house where the fleeting dead fall
a mother
is crying
outsideIn the darkest of hours
left with her perilous thoughts
they circle
to squeeze dry
her soulshe said
lord, imma' lose my baby
lord, imma' lose my way
but if
living means I'm dead here
come hurry
and resurrect me
aaaaahhhh.....
When the sun goes down
into another night's arms
we're babies
in a scavenger's glimpse
then a neon cross shines
and shows us to tread on the line
of guilt trips
while love grips
the blindI said,
lord, imma' lose my head here
lord, imma' lose my way
but if pushing means I'm stuck here
come hurry and resurrect meimma' drop my head
before I'm ready to stop
imma' drop my head
before I'm ready to stop
imma' dig that grave
and fall in line for the drop

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