Temper Temper

General Fiasco

With a jester to warn me otherwise,
I despise,
Every step when you're coming near.
Let me want to make the best out of yourself,
Or you want to make a meal out of everything.
If you want to keep on coming unclean, then,
Just reel it in.

Chorus:
Take you what you need,
Yeah, you are what you eat,
We are young, we are dumb, we are dead.
'Cause violence breeds violence with misplaced defiance,
We are fucking it all up again,
Up again,
Up again.

Temper, temper, the cracks begin to show,
Say no more.
And our luck begin to disappear.
If this is growing up, get a spine, and,
If this is doing right, then I'm giving up.
If this is a matter of trust, then,
Don't dance me in.

Chorus:
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Lyrics submitted by Michelle Mulfor.

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