

Resurrection

The Temper Trap

in the cold stone walls
house where the fleeting dead fall
a mother
is crying
outside

In the darkest of hours
left with her perilous thoughts
they circle
to squeeze dry
her soul
she 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 blind

I said,
lord, imma' lose my head here
lord, imma' lose my way
but if pushing means I'm stuck here
come hurry and resurrect me
imma' 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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