

## Minutes in Night

The Bronx

Live for the moment as fast as you can  
Before that moment slips right through the palm of your  
hand

Punished and permanently home  
Held hostage over the phone

Whether you're in for the night  
Or in for a minute  
You will be buried in it

If I ever get the time to control my laughter  
Much to everyone's surprise, I will kill my master

Middle-east summer here in LA  
No explanation and no one can get out of the way  
Punish and cherish what is left  
Shock and suspense at it's best

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Or in for a minute  
You will be buried in it

If I ever get the time to control my laughter  
Much to everyone's surprise, I will kill my master  
If I ever get the time to control my laughter  
Much to everyone's surprise, I will kill my master

We are men of many faces, disguises and disgraces  
When problems come our way, we just throw them all away

If I ever get the time to control my laughter  
Much to everyone's surprise, I will kill my master  
If I ever get the time to control my laughter  
Much to everyone's surprise, I will kill my master  
Kill my master! Kill my master! Kill my master!