

# 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  
Before I'm ready to stop  
If I'm ready or not

Imma' drop my head  
Before I'm ready to stop  
Imma' drop my head  
Before I'm ready to stop  
Imma' ride my time  
Before they throw out the clock  
Charge me blood by the hour  
And make me pay for the talk

I said  
Lord imma' lose my head here  
Lord imma' lose my way  
Imma' dig that grave  
Imma' dig that grave  
Baby blow this scene  
Hang our hopes up to lean  
And die until the resurrection of the things we believe  
Imma' dig that grave