

# Armchair Cynics, Bang

break the skin  
'cause i can't tell where your body ends and mine begins  
tear the flesh  
i woke today feeling like some kind of masochist

you manifest  
you bring things to be  
and your mojo witchcraft, honey, it's working on me

i must confess  
pull, beg, and plead  
that i need your kiss like the ocean needs a breeze

oh, i go off like a gun  
like a loaded weapon  
bang, bang, bang  
grip me in your hands  
so here we go again  
it echoes in my head  
bang, bang, bang  
grip me in your hands

so i can feel you here with me

soaked in sin  
baptized by your kiss and now I'm born again  
bite your lip  
wrap my hands around your head and pull you in

i can't catch my breath  
sleep, think, or speak  
yeah your mojo witchcraft, honey, it's working on me

so let's make a mess  
tear up these sheets  
every whisper you speak sends shivers through me

oh, i go off like a gun  
like a loaded weapon  
bang, bang, bang  
grip me in your hands  
so here we go again  
it echoes in my head  
bang, bang, bang  
grip me in your hands

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so i can feel you here with me (tear the flesh)  
so i can feel you here with me (break the skin)  
so i can feel you near me (tear the flesh)  
so i'll make sure you hear me

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like a loaded weapon  
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bang, bang, bang  
grip me in your hands  
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