

Idle Sons, This Evening

This evening
I am wasting borrowed time
This evening
I'm your restless alibi

Believe me
You can trust me when I lie
Decieve me
You're put to rest through glaring eyes

It's not my fault
It's not my fault
It's not my fault

That I'm stripped away
From the pain that binds me
And the fear
Of the past
Reminding, the pain

This evening
I your standing broken bridge
Release me
Break that hold you have on this, life

It's not my fault
It's not my fault
It's not my fault

That I'm stripped away

From the pain that binds me
And the fear
Of the past
Reminding, the pain
The pain

To come and call on me again
And again
I'm waiting for it
But I cannot believe it again
I'm searching for an easy way out
So stay out of it

It's not my fault
It's not my fault
It's not my fault
It's not my fault

That I'm stripped away
From the pain that binds me
And the fear
Of the past
Reminding, the pain
The pain
The pain (pain that binds me)
The pain (past reminding)

To come and call on me again
And again