

# 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