

Villains To The Masses Heroes To The Holy, Infe

Midnight pass unto 3 a.m.
This work in progress must be severed
She was perfectly arranged
Until we experienced interruption
At this time tonight she's hiding for her life
Powerless I'd still feel guilty
Raise my hand, stand to defend
But I may be just as dangerous

I've never killed a man / But there's never a bad time to start / Hold your head high you are a proud

She sings the words, she's never heard the song
She could have written it in fact she's tried
Hell hath no fury like emotional burn
But we'll see when we get there
Illuminated by interior lights
The overhead it shows me what I need to see
Take the present and slowly unwrap
Power shifts away

So how does betrayal fit you?
Bruises cuts and fingernails
You'll never hear a sound in the silence
As you look straight down