

# Villains To The Masses Heroes To The Holy, Sho

My manifesto is a compound of blood  
The sweat that left me long ago  
Your fingers move by candlelight  
I prefer the closet to the naked sunlight

Shoot down the sun

The scene of the crime is a carnival ride  
Bystanders weep on every side  
You shot down the sun, our hand are tied  
Two faced victims have no place to confide

Shoot down the sun

Breakdown

Shoot down the sun