

Twilight Singers, The "Gunshots"

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The sky descends to meet you
Of this, I can recall
As I prepare to leave you
A kiss, a curse, a draw

Gunshots, baby
Let's cut thru the crowd
Gunshots, baby
Let's cut thru the crowd

Your smile, I came to see thru
And paint it on the wall
As I began to deceive you
I held your hand in thrall

Gunshots, baby
Let's cut thru the crowd
Gunshots, baby
Let's cut thru the crowd

Breaking, taking-
We've all gone inside now
To steal-
Deface-
Corrupt-
Erase-

The sky descends to meet you
Of this, I can recall
As I prepare to defeat you
A kiss, a curse, the law

Gunshots, baby
Let's cut thru the crowd

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