

What We Become

Kisschasy

The night is perfect.
Take out your blades, get out your guns.
We'll drink our poison, then wait and see what we become.

Hey boys grab a girl, let's move until the stars are gone.
Step to the rhythm, let's give it all we've got, Whoa
C'mon get up, Whoa,
Get out your guns, Whoa,
It's all we've got, Whoa.

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The stars are gone, Whoa,
Come on get up, Whoa,
Get out your guns, Whoa,

It's all we've got, Whoa.
The stars are gone, Whoa,
Come on get up, Whoa,
Get out your guns, Whoa,
It's all we've got, Whoa.

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