

The Judge

Twenty One Pilots

Na na na na, oh oh
Na na na na, oh oh
Na na na na, oh oh

When the leader of the bad guys sang
Something soft and soaked in pain
I heard the echo from his secret hideaway
He must've forgot to close his door
As he cranked out those dismal chords
And his four walls declared him insane

I found my way
Right time wrong place
As I pled my case

You're the judge, oh no
Set me free
You're the judge, oh no
Set me free
I know my soul's freezing
Hell's hot for good reason
So please, take me

Na na na na, oh oh
Na na na na, oh oh
Na na na na, oh oh

Three lights are lit
But the fourth one's out
I can tell cause it's a bit darker
Than the last night's bout
I forgot about the drought
Of light bulbs in this house
So I head out
Down a route I think is heading south
But I'm not good with directions
And I hide behind my mouth
I'm a pro at imperfections
And I'm best friends with my doubt
And now that my mind's out
And now I hear it clear and loud
I'm thinking, "Wow
I probably should've stayed inside my house."

I found my way
Right time wrong place
As I pled my case

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So please

I don't know if this song

Is a surrender or a revel
I don't know if this one
Is about me or the devil

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