

# Bandito

Twenty One Pilots

I could take the high road  
But I know that I'm going low  
I'm a ban-I'm a bandito  
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This is the sound we make  
When in between two places  
Where we used to bleed  
And where our blood needs to be

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In city, I feel my spirit is contained  
Like neon inside the glass, they form my brain  
But I recently discovered  
It's a heatless fire  
Like nicknames they give themselves to uninspire  
Begin with bullet, now add fire to the proof  
But I'm still not sure if fear's a rival or a close relative to truth  
Either way it helps to hear these words bounce off of you  
The softest echo could be enough for me to make it through

Sahlo Folina  
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Sahlo Folina  
Sahlo Folina  
I created this world  
To feel some control  
Destroy it if I want  
So I sing someone  
Sahlo Folina  
Sahlo Folina

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I created this world

To feel some control  
Destroy it if I want  
So I sing  
Sahlo Folina  
Sahlo