

## A Car, A Torch, A Death

Twenty One Pilots

The air begins to feel a little thin  
As I start the car, and then I begin  
To add the miles piled up behind me  
I barely feel a smile deep inside me

And I begin to envy the headlights driving south  
I want to crack the door so I can just fall out  
But then I remember when you packed my car  
You reached in the back and buckled up your heart  
For me to drive away with  
I begin to understand why God died.

The demons sat there waiting on her porch  
It was a little dark so we held a makeshift torch  
And when my car was far out of sight  
He crept in her room and stayed there for the night

And then I felt chills in my bones  
The breath I saw was not my own  
I knew my skin that wrapped my frame  
Wasn't made to play this game  
And then I saw Him, torch in hand  
He laid it out, what He had planned  
And then I said I'll take the grave  
Please just send them all my way

I began to understand why God died

The air begins to feel a little thin  
As we're waiting for the morning to begin  
But for now you told me to hold this jar  
And when I looked inside I saw it held your heart  
For me to walk away with  
I began to understand why God died