

Clear

Twenty One Pilots

I wish that I had two faces to prove which theory works,
Yelling on the street corner or cleverly masking your words,
I take my face off at the door 'cause I don't know who they will
I take me for,
I wonder if I tell them what I did last night,
Whether or not I got caught, they just might,
Wage war on you, therefore it's true,
That I shot my general on my side of enemy lines.

I'm the son of all I've done,
Impostor, Been fostered, Then my new father drained my dirty blood.

I'm not trying to be lying to you,
But it takes a clever guy to do what I do,
It takes some chivalry and well placed energy,
To subliminally get yourself inside you,
Introspection is the name of this session,
Spread this infection, reflect it on the next one,
The next one, the next one, and when we're done,
We'll all have made something new under the sun,
I'm not done, I'm not done yet, no,
Kick me off the stage and take my microphone,
Then you'll walk up to me and when you get close,
I'll look you in the face and say, "Where's your home?
Where are you going and why are you here?"
Have you asked these questions? Have you been sincere?
Want to know what I believe, it's right here,
Dig a little deeper and it's crystal clear.

I will tell you what I can,
But your mind will take a stand,
I sing of a greater love,
Let me know when you've had enough.