

Can't stop thinking about if and when I'll die
For now I see that "if" and "when" are truly different cries
For "if" is purely panic and "when" is solemn sorrow
And one invades today while the other spies tomorrow
We're surrounded and we're hounded
There's no "above", or "under", or "around" it
For "above" is blind belief and "under" is sword to sleeve
And "around" is scientific miracle, let's pick "above" and see
For if and when we go "above", the question still remains
Are we still in love and is it possible we feel the same?
And that's when going "under" starts to take my wonder
But until that time, I'll try to sing this

If I keep moving, they won't know
I'll morph to someone else
What they throw at me's too slow
I'll morph to someone else
I'm just a ghost
I'll morph to someone else
Defense mechanism mode

He'll always try to stop me, that Nicholas Bourbaki
He's got no friends close but those who know him most know
He goes by Nico, he told me I'm a copy
When I'd hear him mock me that's almost stopped me
Well we're surrounded and we're hounded
There's no above or a secret door. what are we here for
If not to run straight through all our tormentors?
But until that time I'll try and sing this...

If I keep moving, they won't know
I'll morph to someone else
What they throw at me's too slow
I'll morph to someone else
I'm just a ghost
I'll morph to someone else
Defense mechanism mode

I'll morph to someone else

Lights they blink to me, transmitting things to me
Ones and zeroes, ergo this symphony
Anybody listening? Ones and zeroes
Count to infinity, ones and zeroes

I'm surrounded and I'm hounded
There's no "above", or "under", or "around" it
For "above" is blind belief and "under" is sword to sleeve
And "around" is scientific miracle, let's pick "above" and see
For if and when we go "above", the question still remains
Are we still in love and is it possible we feel the same?
And that's when going "under" starts to take my wonder
But until that time

I'll morph to someone else, I'm just a ghost

If I keep moving, they won't know

I'll morph to someone else
What they throw at me's too slow
I'll morph to someone else
I'm just a ghost
I'll morph to someone else
Defense mechanism mode
If I keep moving, they won't know
Defense mechanism mode

Night-time, night-time, night-time
Josh Dun
I'll morph to someone else