

Ode to Sleep

Twenty One Pilots

I wake up fine and dandy
But then by the time I find it handy
To rip my heart apart and start
Planning my crash landing
I go up to the ceiling
Then I feel my soul start leaving
Like an old man's hair receding

I'm pleading, "Please, oh please!"
On my knees repeatedly asking
Why it's got to be like this
Is this living free?
I don't wanna be the one
To have the sun's blood on my hands
I'll tell the moon
Take this weapon, forged in darkness
Some see a pen, I see harpoon

I'll stay awake
'Cause the dark's not taking prisoners tonight

Why am I not scared in the morning?
I don't hear those voices calling
I must have kicked them out
I must have kicked them out

I swear I heard demons yelling
Those crazy words they were spelling
They told me I was gone
They told me I was gone

But I tell 'em
Why won't you let me go
Do I threaten all your plans?
I'm insignificant

Please tell 'em
You have no plans for me
I will set my soul on fire
What have I become?

On the eve of a day that's forgotten and fake
As the trees, they await, and clouds anticipate
The start of a day when we put on our face
A mask that portrays that we don't need grace
On the eve of a day that is bigger than us
But we open our eyes, 'cause we're told that we must
And the trees wave their arms and the clouds try to plead
Desperately yelling, "There's something we need!"
I'm not free, I asked forgiveness three times
Same amount that I denied, I three-time MVP'd this crime
I'm afraid to tell you who I adore
Won't tell you who I'm singing towards
Metaphorically, I'm a whore, and that's denial number four

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I'm sorry.