

Oh Ms Believer

Twenty One Pilots

Oh Ms. Believer.
My pretty sleeper.
Your twisted mind is like snow on the road.
Your shaking shoulders prove that it's colder,
Inside your head, in the winter of death.

I will tell you, I love you.
But the muffs on your will cater your fears.
My nose and feet are running as we start,
To travel through snow.
Together we go. [2x]

We get colder,
As we grow older.
We will walk so much slower.

Oh Ms. Believer,
My pretty weeper.
Your twisted thoughts are like snow on the rooftops.
Please take my hand.
We're in foreign land,
As we travel through snow.
Together we go. [2x]

We get colder,
As we grow older.
We will walk so much slower.