

# 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 bucked up your heart

For me to drive away with  
I began 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

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