

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 want to be the one, be the one who has the sun's blood on my hands,
I'll tell the moon, take this weapon forged in darkness,
Some see a pen, I see a 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'll tell them,
Why won't you let me go?
Do I threaten all your plans, I'm insignificant,
Please tell them 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'ed this crime,
I'm afraid to tell you who I adore, won't tell you what I'm sing towards,
Metaphorically I'm a whore, and that's denial number four.

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