

Isle of Flightless Birds

twenty one pilots

Now is the climax to the story
That gives the demons and angels purpose
They fly around while we are walking
And mold our emotions just to please them I am cold, can you hear?
I will fly, with no known fear
And the ground, taunts my wings
Plummet as I sing, plummet as I sing All we are is an isle of flightless birds
We find our worth in giving birth and stuff
We're lining our homes against winding roads
And we think the going is tough
We pick songs to sing, remind us of things that no body cares about
And honestly we're probably more suicidal than ever now
If you decide to live by, what you think's wrong and what's right
Believe me you'll begin to wish you were sleeping
Your weeping will creep in your head and you'll cry
But if we wake up every morning and decide what we believe
We can take apart our very heart and the light will set you free I am cold, can you hear?
I will fly, with no hope, no fear
And the ground, taunts my wings
Plummet as I sing, plummet as I sing I am cold, can you hear?
I will fly, with no hope, no fear
And the ground, taunts my wings
Plummet as I sing, plummet as I sing
How frustrating, and so degrading
His time, we're wasting
And time will fly by and the sky will cry as light is fading
And he is waiting, oh so patiently
While we repeat the same routine as we will please comfortability
Please think about why you can't sleep in the evening
And please don't be afraid of what your soul is really thinking
Your soul knows good and evil, your soul knows both sides
And it's time you pick your battle, and I promise you this is mine
(I promise you)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>