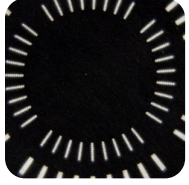


# Neon Gravestones – Twenty One Pilots

What's my problem?  
Well, I want you to follow me down to the bottom  
Underneath the insane asylum  
Keep your wits about you while you got 'em  
'Cause your wits are first to go  
While you're problem-solving  
And my problem?  
We glorify those, even more, when they  
My opinion  
Our culture can treat a loss  
Like it's a win and right before we turn on them  
We give them the highest of praise,  
And hang their banner from a ceiling  
Communicating, further engraving  
An earlier grave is an optional way  
No  
Neon gravestones try to call  
Neon gravestones try to call for my bones  
Call  
Call, call, call  
Call  
Call  
What's my problem?  
Don't get it twisted  
It's with the people we praise who may have assisted  
I could use the streams and extra conversations  
I could give up, and boost up my reputation  
I could go out with a bang  
They would know my name  
They would host and post a celebration  
My opinion will not be lenient  
My opinion, it's real convenient  
Our words are loud, but now I'm talking action  
We don't get enough love?  
Well, they get a fraction  
They say, "How could he go if he's got everything?"

I'll mourn for a kid, but won't cry for a king  
Neon gravestones try to call  
Neon gravestones try to call for my bones  
Call  
Call, call, call  
Promise me this  
If I lose to myself  
You won't mourn a day  
And you'll move onto someone else  
Promise me this  
If I lose to myself  
You won't mourn a day  
And you'll move onto someone else  
Neon gravestones try to call  
Neon gravestones try to call for my bones  
Neon gravestones try to call  
Neon gravestones try to call for my bones  
But they won't get them  
No, they won't get them  
They won't get them  
But they won't get them  
Don't get me wrong  
The rise in awareness  
Is beating a stigma that no longer scares us  
But for sake of discussion  
In spirit of fairness  
Could we give this some room for a new point of view?  
And, could it be true that some could be tempted  
To use this mistake as a form of aggression?  
A form of succession?  
A form of a weapon?  
Thinking "I'll teach them"  
Well, I'm refusing the lesson  
It won't resonate in our minds  
I'm not disrespecting what was left behind  
Just pleading that "it" does not get glorified  
Maybe we swap out what it is that we hold so high  
Find your grandparents or someone of age  
Pay some respects for the path that they paved

To life, they were dedicated  
Now, that should be celebrated



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych