

Migraine – Twenty One Pilots

I've got a migraine
And my pain will range from up down and sideways
Thank God it's Friday
Cause Fridays will always be better than Sundays
Cause Sundays are my suicide days
I don't know why they always seem so dismal
Thunderstorms, clouds, snow, and a slight drizzle
Whether it's the weather or the letters by my bed
Sometimes death seems better than the migraine in my head

Let it be said what the headache represents
It's me defending in suspense
It's me suspended in a defenseless
Test being tested by a ruthless examinant
That's represented best by my depressing thoughts
I do not have writer's block
My writer just hates the clock
It will not let me sleep,
I'll get some sleep when I'm dead
And sometimes death seems better
Than the migraine in my head

Am I the only one I know
Waging my wars behind my face and above my throat
Shadows will scream that I'm alone
But I know we've made it this far, kid
Yeah, yeah, yeah

I am not as fine as I seem pardon
Me for yelling I'm telling you green gardens
Are not what's growing in my psyche
It's a different me
A difficult to be, stop feasting lumber down trees
Freeze frame
Please let me paint a mental picture portrait
Something you won't forget, it's all about my forehead

And now it is a door that holds back contents
That make Pandora's box's contents look non-violent

Behind my eyelids are islands of violence
My mind shipwrecked,
This is the only land my mind could find
I did not know it was such a violent island
Full of tidal waves, suicidal crazed lions
They're trying to eat me, blood running down their chin
And I know that I can fight or I can let the lion win
I begin to assemble what weapons I can find
Cause sometimes to stay alive you got to kill your mind

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And I will say that we should take a day to break away
From all the pain our brain has made
The game is not played alone
And I will say that we should take a moment and hold it
And keep it frozen and know
That life has a hopeful undertone

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Słowa: brak danych

Muzyka: brak danych