

## 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 hope, no 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 a  
bout  
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 head and you'll cry  
But if we wake up every morning and decide what we believe  
We can take a part 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  
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