

## War With Strangers

Deadguy

I'm at war with strangers  
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Scream bad poetry at the sky  
Fall in love with the wrong guy  
Steal my bread and I'll steal yours  
Paint the world red and wish me dead

Build your dreams and your schemes in dark corners  
Use words that come with warnings

This is a war, but it's not of our making  
So proud to be manipulated  
Just give me a weapon and some grievances  
But this is not my war  
Feels like we've been manipulated  
It's none of my business  
Can I just get a witness?

I'm at war with strangers  
I'm tired of listening to talking heads

Gonna listen to the devil instead  
I'm so tired of walking on eggshells  
I'm holding my breath while I choke on opinions

Can I get a witness  
This is a war not of our making  
The only danger is that we'll trip over the strings  
We scratch and claw while they laugh and watch  
We are tonight's entertainment

I'm at war with strangers  
The clothes you wear, it's none of my business  
The bed you share, it's none of my business  
Fake friends in the air, it's none of my business

The poisons you inhale  
The tales that you tell  
The opinions that you fake  
Do whatever it takes  
It's none of my business