

Changes

Mutemath

Stay where you like
They won't care
You pay for the right
But what is there?
When every place in the world
Is all built up
And every space in the herd
Is all filled up

I can hear all the obsolete
From a landfill, singing out

I'm just suffering from changes
Locked outside for good
Paper cut by turning pages
Sitting under dust cause
I'm not understood

Monuments blush while rising
In the ashes and dust horizon
When everything has to turn
And march onward
Only fall if you're sure
That you fall forward

I can hear pallid choirs sing
From their headstone hymnals now

I'm just suffering from changes
Locked outside for good
Paper cut by turning pages
Sitting under dust cause
I'm not understood

Suffering, suffering from changes
Suffering, suffering from changes