

## Forest

Twenty One Pilots

I don't know why I feed on emotion  
There's a stomach inside my brain  
I don't want to be heard  
I want to be listened to  
Does it bother anyone else  
That someone else has your name?

I scream, you scream  
We all scream 'cause we're terrified  
Of what's around the corner  
We stay in place  
'Cause we don't want to lose our lives  
So let's think of something better.

Down in the forest we'll sing a chorus  
One that everybody knows  
Hands held higher, we'll be on fire  
Singing songs that nobody wrote.

My brain has given up  
White flags are hoisted  
I took some food for thought  
It might be poisoned  
The stomach in my brain  
Throws up on to the page  
Does it bother anyone else  
That someone else has your name?

Quickly moving towards a storm  
Moving forward, torn  
In to pieces over reasons  
Of what these storms are for  
I don't understand why everything I adore  
Takes a different form when I squint my eyes  
Have you ever done that  
When you squint your eyes  
And your eyelashes make it look a little not right  
And then when just enough light  
Comes from just the right side  
And you find you're not who you're suppose to be?  
This is not what you're suppose to see  
Please, remember me? I am suppose to be  
King of a kingdom or swinging on a swing  
Something happened to my imagination  
This situation's becoming dire  
My treehouse is on fire  
And for some reason I smell gas on my hands  
This is not what I had planned  
This is not what I had planned.