

I'm not alive.

These pills are my mind and I invite thieves inside to steal my soul.

They've been dancing down my throat, in the form of smoke.

So far from safe but so close to sound.

So high, every step you take will miss the ground.

Fortunate son, didn't you know that the sky is painted on?

You were born to start, programmed to stop.

Born to fly, expected to drop.

Obvious to the touch, invisible to the eye.

Bottoms to the sky.

So far from safe but so close to sound.

So high, every step you take will miss the ground.

Fortunate son, didn't you know that the sky is painted on?

So Stop living your life around alarms.

Tonight we are invisible!

(All) We are is ghosts.

(All) We breathe is smoke.

(All) We are is ghosts

(All) We breathe is smoke