TWENTY ONE PILOTS, Heathens

All my friends are heathens
Take it slow
Wait for them to ask you who you know
Please stop make any sudden moves
You don’t know the half of the abused
/2x

Welcome to the room of people
Who have rooms of people that they loved one day
Docked away
Just because we check the guns at the door
Doesn’t mean our brains will change from hand grenades
You’ll never know the psychopath sitting next to you
You’ll never know the murderer sitting next to you
You’ll think how’s I get here sitting next to you?

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We don’t deal with outsiiders very well
They say newcomers have a certain smell
You have trust issues, not ot mention
They say they can smell your intentions
You’ll never know the freakshow sitting next to you
You’ll think: ”How would I get here, sitting next to you”
But after all I’ve said, please don’t forget

Watch out!
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