

Nothing But Thieves, Unperson

We lose all control of our senses
So slowly
Give them up until we're defenceless
So surely

This is not what you think it is
This is not what you think it is
It's worse

Now my computer gets sad without me
It's scary
It's turning off everything i believe in
Cos it know it's easy

This is not what you think it is
This is not what you think it is
It's worse

I am another person
You created this mess
You're the grand designer
Revel on our unrest