

# 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