Nothing But Thieves, Unperson

We lose all control of our senses So slowly Give tchem up untill 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