

Thrice, Blood Clots And Black Holes

Here's your new drug
Shoot it in the left eye
Feel it on the right side
No it's not love
Though it sets up shop behind your ribcage
Building blood clots and black holes
Like using an axe to pull
A sliver from your skin

And they say this is medicine
An overdose of oxygen
A severed head as sedative
To be at peace would be a sin
And surely un-american
I'm breaking

Here's your new blood
Transfusion took us all night
Tell us that you're all right
No it's not love
Though feels like fire inside of your veins
Burning right beneath the wrist
Begging for a razor's kiss
To free it from your skin

And they say this is medicine
An overdose of oxygen
A severed head as sedative
To be at peace would be a sin
And surely unamerican
I'm breaking down

Lift the veil, it's not medicine
And my heart fails, time and time again