

# 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