

Thrice, In Years To Come

i want to take the bullet,
the one aimed straight for your heart,
i want to meet the wolves halfway,
and let them tear me apart.
but that's not the way they do it here.

i want to lay on the tracks,
feel hot steel screaming at me,
expose the bones on my back,
let me show you what i mean.
yeah its a different kind of love,
i want to climb barbed wire fences
and warm our hands in blood.

and this is my gift,
is asking you to fix
my ruined hands.
and its a gift that keeps on giving,
and its a gift that keeps on giving,
and its a gift that keeps on giving,
and right now its all i have to give.

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i want to write the perfect song,
and play it just for you,
while you are tangled up in sleep.
i need you more than ill ever know
until i stop breathing
my lungs will take you for granted.