

Thrice, Kill Me Quickly

Can we,
can we kill each other quickly?
Quick enough so I won't feel it?
A shot of strobe light anesthesia
and I'll be fine

'Cause I'm beginning to feel cold
My hands are shaking from fear,
white from clutching my pride,
red from cutting you,
and blue from telling lies.

'Cause I'm sick of the stabbing,
I'm sick of the breaking,
I'm sick of the bleeding until we fall down,
sick of this circle of death that we dance through
again and again, just lay me in the ground.
Let's fall asleep together,
hold me darling 'cause I'm scared,
and I can't do this alone.

But I need!
your heartbeat
to haunt me,
your cold lips to breathe,
a promise that, tomorrow
we'll wake up somewhere new.