

Thrice, Paper Tigers

They preach to the choir, always in the permanent daylight
They toss paper tigers from their perfect porcelain skylines

Listen for the sound (for the sound, for the sound),
as it all comes crashing down (as it all comes crashing down)
[x2]

They preach to the choir, always in the permanent daylight
They toss paper tigers from their perfect, shatterproof spires

They light the world on fire, just to watch it burn
it'll be their funeral pyre, but they never seem to learn
[x2]

Listen for the sound (for the sound, for the sound),
as it all comes crashing down (as it all comes crashing down)
[x2]

And we paid the price, we paid for their crimes with our blood,
with our blood, with our blood, with our blood
Paid with our blood and our lives,
with our blood and our lives,
with our blood and our lives
with our blood and our lives,
with our blood and our lives