

# Thrice, Silhouette

Your eyes, followed me here.  
Your eyes, seamless and sure.  
They leave me broken and, in need of a cure.

Your eyes, followed me here.  
Your eyes, sifting my soul.  
They leave me broken and forge diamonds from the coal.

They race me along  
the infinite synapse of white lines.  
and then while chasing the dawn  
with storybook syntax  
Your eyes slit the throat, of all I know.  
About myself in this life.  
This silhouette lie.

And your eyes, speaking in tongues.  
Vigilant still, filling my lungs.  
Testing my will.  
They leave me broken and, bruised and bleeding.

Your eyes, resting in flame,  
Leave me breathless again  
Like hydrogen  
Split on faultlines  
or ten years living with  
exposure to radon

Your eyes slit the throat, of all I know.  
About myself in this life.  
This silhouette lie.

Your eyes, Your eyes.  
Speaking in tongues.  
Vigilant still, lead our way.  
Filling my lungs.  
Testing my will.

You slit the throat, of all I know.  
About myself in this life.  
This silhouette lie.

You slit my throat.  
Because I know,  
That this life, is a lie.  
So slit my throat.