

Thrice, Under A Killing Moon

The air my lungs first loved
Carves craters from my eyes
They said "breathe deeply son
Or be the next to die"

Beneath the falling night
And heaven's shutting gate
Pray keep your tongue held tight
Or suffer the same fate

The blood on our black gloves
It is none of your concern
If you want to call our bluff
Get in line and wait your turn
And watch the witches burn

Don't flinch when innocents
Are dancing with the flame
If they wanted to live
They'd learn to play the game

You can still walk away
If you just hold your tongue
If you'd just walk away
You'd live to see the sun but

Under this killing moon
Under this burning sky
The fire's shining groom
I hold my breath and close my eyes

"The blood on our black gloves
It is none of your concern
If you want to call our bluff
Get in line and wait your turn
And watch the witches burn
We'll watch the witches burn"