

# 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"