

# Paris In Flames

## Thursday

Now it's time  
To wrap our fears in the night  
And on the first day  
We'll dress this city in flames  
After all the things you say  
You hate me for being this way Still you won't let go of old ideals  
There is no headline to read at night  
When the record skips  
And you're not holding the needle We all sing the songs of separation  
And we watch our lives bleed out through our hands  
That's how it was on the first day  
We saw Paris in flames Rain, rain down  
I think it's going to rain, rain down  
I think it's going to rain, rain down  
I think it's going to rain  
I think it's going to rain, rain down  
I think it's going to rain, rain down  
I think it's going to rain, rain down  
I think it's going to rain Here in this collapsed lung of a borough  
There is no sunlight  
The sunlight is manufactured in a windowless room  
Distant and incoherent  
Businessmen hang themselves We all sing the songs of separation  
And we watch our lives bleed out through our hands  
That's how it was on the first day  
We saw Paris in flames The lower east side is a jukebox  
Playing the deadman's crescendo  
The needle is a vector  
An intersection that we all must cross  
A dimly lit hallway where shadows  
Of moths decorate the walls  
Discard this message  
Discard this message  
Burn the city down, down Discard this message  
Throw this bottle back in the ocean  
Rip this page from the history books  
Smash all the street signs  
Erase all the maps, forget my name  
Forget my face, forget my name

Because it's going to rain  
And it never endsRain, rain down  
I think it's going to rain, rain down  
I think it's going to rain, rain down  
I think it's going to rain  
I think it's going to rain, rain down  
I think it's going to rain, rain down  
I think it's going to rain, rain down  
I think it's going to rain

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>