

Paris in Flames

Thursday

Now its time to wrap our fears in the night
And on the first day I'll dress this city in flames
After 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 slips 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 I think it's going to rain, rain down 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 The lower east side is a jukebox playing the dead man's crescendo
The needle is a vector
An intersection that well all must cross
A dimly lit hallway where shadows of moths decorate the walls
Discard this message
Burn this city 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
Because it's going to rain
And it never ends

Songwriters

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