Jet Black New Year

Thursday

Don't even take a breath, the air is cut with cyanide
In honor of the New Year
The press gives us cause to celebrate
The air raid sirens, barbed wire skylines
By artificial night
As we sleep, to burn the red
From our bloodless lives
Tonight we're all time bombs on fault lines
Have we lost everything now?
Walking like each other's ghosts
Around these silent streets
The sedatives tell you everything is alright
Like calendars dying at New Year's Eve parties
As we kiss hard on the lips
And swear this year will be better than the last
Jet Black, the ink that spells your name
Jet Black, the blood that's in your veins
Jet Black, we say, "How long can we take
This chance not to celebrate?"
There's music playing
But we dance to the beat of our own black hearts
Draw diagrams of suicide on each other's wrists
Then trace them with razorblades
Fire to flames, 'Strike Match'
Burn these words from our lips
As 'The Daggar' screams, "Love is dead"
And it's a 'Newspaper Tragedy'
Have we lost, have we lost, what we love?
Have we said, have we said, everything?
Does it change, does it change anything?
Stare at the clock, avoid at all costs, this emptiness
Have we lost everything now?
Walking like each other's ghosts
Around these silent streets
The sedatives tell you everything is alright
Like calendars dying at New Year's Eve parties
As we kiss hard on the lips and swear
This year will be better then the last
Have we lost everything now?

Walking like each other's ghosts
Around these silent streets
The sedatives tell you everything is alright
Like calendars dying at New Year's Eve parties
As we kiss hard on the lips and swear that
This year, this year
Ten seconds left until midnight
Nine chances to drown ourselves in black hair dye
Eight faces, turned away from the shock
Seven windows and six of them were locked
Five stories, falling forever and ever
Three cheers to the mirror, now there are two of us
Can we have one last dance?
Jet Black, the ink that spells your name
Jet Black, the blood that's in your veins
Jet Black, we say, "How long can we take
This chance not to celebrate?"
Jet Black, the ink that spells your name
Jet Black, the blood that's in your veins
Jet Black, we say, "How long can we take
This chance not to celebrate life?"

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