

# Currents Convulsive

## Pierce The Veil

So congratulations  
Break a leg tonight, what a shame  
I heard the understudy died under the knife  
Crying backwards under bedroom lights  
The operation  
I don't think you'll ever want to love me  
You'd gotta listen to your doctor, doctor  
Sober up and bury the empty cup  
In a backyard of Seattle we used to lie  
When I sew you up  
Don't let me stop bleeding  
Tiny stitches  
That you placed into my skin  
Won't let me go, oh no, oh no  
And they're ruining the mood  
So I'll toast every beat of my heart  
Like a miracle  
And I don't think you'll ever want to love me  
You gotta listen to your doctor, doctors lie, lie, lie  
If the dollar is right, oh, my sweet little girl  
Hold your mouth and you'll be alright  
Gather round, gather round  
Ladies and gentlemen  
Come from far come from wide  
The moment you've all been waiting for  
Tonight, join us as we explore  
The spine-chilling mystery of death  
And the miracle of resurrection  
Please understand me  
When I'd rather see you dead  
Than live without me  
So thirsty for more  
Beyond the sea blue light  
I met the love of my life  
She'd rather see me dead  
Than face me  
I like your starry eyes  
They yell surprise, surprise  
I'm in love but not for long

Our operation  
Call off the operation  
Our operation  
Call off , off, off  
Another wave has turned its back on me  
Crashed back on the eyes of the first I see  
Can't count on anything  
For you I'd count the salt under the sea

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