

# Under A Killing Moon

## Thrice

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  
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 flames  
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  
You want to call our bluff  
Get in line and wait your turn  
The blood on our black gloves  
It is none of your concern  
You want to call our bluff  
Get in line and wait your turn  
And watch the witches burn  
Burn  
We'll watch the witches burn  
Burn  
Burn  
Burn  
We'll watch the witches burn.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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