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 ends
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

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