

# 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 than 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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