

Kill Me Quickly

Thrice

Can we
Can we kill each other quickly?
Quick enough so I won't feel it?
A shot of strobe light anesthesia
And I'll be fine As I begin to feel cold
My hands are shaking from fear
White from clutching my pride
Red from cutting you
And blue from telling lies 'Cause I'm sick of the stabbing
I'm sick of the breaking
I'm sick of the bleeding
Until we fall down Sick of this circle
Of death that we dance through
Again and again
Just lay me in the ground Let's fall asleep together
Hold me darling, 'cause I'm scared
And I can't do this alone But I need
Your heartbeat, to own me
Your cold lips to breathe
One promise that, tomorrow
We'll wake up somewhere new

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