

## Thurisaz

### "Paris In Fla"

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Now it's time to wrap our fears in the night  
And on the first day I'll dress this city in flames  
After 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

#### CHORUS 1:

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  
When we saw Paris in flames

#### CHORUS 2:

Rain, rain down  
Think it's gonna rain, rain down  
Think it's gonna rain, rain down  
Think it's gonna rain  
Think it's gonna rain, rain down  
Think it's gonna rain, rain down  
Think it's gonna 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

#### (CHORUS 1)

The lower east side is a jukebox  
Playing the dead man'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  
Discard this message

Burn your city down  
Down  
Burn your heart  
Now burn it with this song  
You were on the first day

Discard this message  
Throw this bottle back into the ocean  
Rip this page from the history book  
Smash all the street signs  
Erase all the maps  
Forget my name  
Forget my face  
Forget my name  
Because it's gonna rain  
It's gonna rain  
And it never ends

We all sing songs of separation (CHORUS 2)  
Watch our hearts bleed through our hands  
That's how it was on the first day  
We saw Paris in flames

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