

# Thrice

## "Kill Me Quickly"

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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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