

Thrice "Silhouette"

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Your eyes followed me here, your eyes seamless and
sure
They leave me broken and in need of a cure
Your eyes followed me here, your eyes sifting my soul
They leave me broken and forge diamonds from the
coal

They race me along, the infinite synapse of white lines
Then while chasing the dawn, with storybook syntax
your eyes

Slit the throat of all I know about myself in this life
This silhouette lie

And your eyes speaking in tongues
Vigilante still filling my lungs, testing my will
They leave me broken and bruised and bleeding
Your eyes resting in flame leave me breathless again

Like hydrogen split on fault lines
Or ten years living with exposure to radon, your eyes

Slit the throat of all I know about myself in this life
This silhouette lie

Your eyes, your eyes speaking in tongues
Vigilante still, lead our way
Your eyes, your eyes filling my lungs, testing my will

Just slit the throat of all I know about myself in this life
This silhouette lie

Slit my throat, 'cause i know that this life is a lie
So slit my throat

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