

Thursday "Jet Black New Year"

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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:
These air raid sirens
Flood 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?
We're 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
And 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 what we love?
Have we said everything?
Does it change anything?
Stare at the clock
Avoid at all costs,
This emptiness.
Have we lost everything now?
We're walking
like each other's ghosts
Around these silent streets
(the sedatives tell you everything
is alright)

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at New Year's Eve parties
As we kiss hard on the lips
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Have we lost everything now?
We're walking
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(the sedatives tell you everything
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Like calendars dying
at New Year's Eve parties
As we kiss hard on the lips
and swear 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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