

Currents Convulsive

Pierce the Veil

So long, congratulations, break a leg tonight
What a shame I heard the understudy died under the knife
Crying backwards under bedroom light
The operation

I don't think you'll ever want to love me
You'd better listen to your doctor doctor

Sober up and bury the empty cup
In a backyard of Seattle we used to lie
When I sew you up, don't let me stop bleeding
Tiny stitches that you placed into my skin
Won't let me go, oh no, oh no
And they're ruining the mood
So I'll toast every beat of my heart like a miracle

And I don't think you'll ever want to love me
You'd better listen to your doctor
doctors lie, lie, lie if the dollar is right
oh my sweet little girl, hold your mouth and you'll be alright

(Gather round, gather round. Ladies and gentlemen,
come from far come from wide,
The moment you've all been waiting for
Tonight, join us as we explore the spine-
chilling mystery of death
And the miracle of resurrection)

Please understand me when
I'd rather see you dead
Than live without me, so thirsty for more
Beyond the sea blue light I met the love of my life
She'd rather see me dead than face me
I like your starry eyes, they yell surprise! Surprise!
I'm in love...but not for long
Our operation, call off the operation

Another wave has turned its back on me
Crashed back on the eyes of the first I see
(If your delicate eyes don't blink someday they might as well be gone) Can't count on anything. For you I'd count the salt under the sea