

# Jet Black New Year

Thursday

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)  
Like calendars dying  
at New Year's Eve parties  
As we kiss hard on the lips  
and swear this year  
will be better then the last  
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  
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?"  
"