

Three Thousand

These New Puritans

Slice through ice
Minefield mics
Tone-wheel cyclones
You're thoughts, mine
Wear fun death-suit
Tropical design
Blade grammar, to the death
Everybody run

[everybody run]

Some hearts bleed
So do these
Some sounds can put tides in seas

We'll think till our minds align
That's when we're slicing through time
We'll think till our minds align
That's when we're slicing through time
Three thousand thoughts in our mind
That's when we're slicing through time
We'll think till our minds align
That's when we're slicing through time

Fight through ice [?]
Toxic sound
Line for line
Line for line
There are worlds up above
There are worlds inside

Some hearts bleed
So do these
Some sounds can put tides in seas

[everybody run]

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Three thousand thoughts in our mind
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