

# 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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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  
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