

ONLY US

I see through your eyes; you breathe with my lungs; I strain with your ear to make out the words your mother sung. I bless with your hand; you pray on my knees; it's my blood in your veins, and your heart is beating in me. Finally when will it be enough? To find there's no them, there is only us. There's only us. I strike with your fist; you shoot with my gun; we spit in your face with with my mouth, and curse me with your tongue. We cast us aside; we silence our plea; but the system that terrifies you should terrify me. We burn at our stakes, we die by our swords, we choke in our trenches, we drown in our wars. We're locked in our chains though we long to be free; we keep building walls till it's so hard to see we are one with everything. We are one, but it's so hard to see.

THE GREY

There was a time when I tried to hold the ocean in my fists – when I mistook the language for the light. There was a tightness that gripped my soul and bubbled at my wrists, and choked me within inches of my life. But now I'm letting go, and I can finally breathe – I can finally breathe. And my hands are open, reaching out – I'm learning how to live with doubt – I'm learning how to lean into the grey. 'Cause I've had enough of black and white – I'll find another way – and I will lean into the grey. I'll lean into the grey. There was a time when I tried to bind and bottle up the sea – I tried to hide my heart inside my head. There was a maze of these vicious lines that cut through everything – I pulled against them till my body bled. I will find another way – and I will lean into the grey.

THE DARK

You try to keep me out of sight and out of mind. You try to keep me from the light, but I know it's mine. You're rigging the game, you're part of the system; it shows in the way that you never listen when I speak. I'm not gonna wait – I've made my decision – and I'm not gonna sit in the dark anymore. No I'm not gonna sit in the dark anymore. You're always telling me I'm not enough, but I'm enough. You're always turning back the clock, but time is up. We've taken our knocks – we're not gonna take them anymore. We're not gonna stop 'cause we've seen a world worth fighting for. Ready or not – together we're kicking down the door. And we're not gonna sit in the dark anymore.



JUST BREATHE

There's always something, somewhere, that's running through my mind – I know it's going nowhere but I still chase it. There's always something, somewhere, that I'm supposed to find – it's like a piece is missing, and I can't place it. But I wanna feel the ocean's spray – drink in the sun as it surrounds me – but something, somewhere's always pulling me away. Stay deep in the moment – just breathe – feel the flow of all things in the moment's sway. Why don't you stay? There's always something, somewhere, that's breathing down my neck – and I could run forever and never shake it. There's always something, somewhere, that's pressing on my chest – and I don't really know if I'm gonna make it. But I wanna feel the wind's embrace – each blade of grass between my finger – but something, somewhere's always pulling me away.

EVERYTHING BELONGS

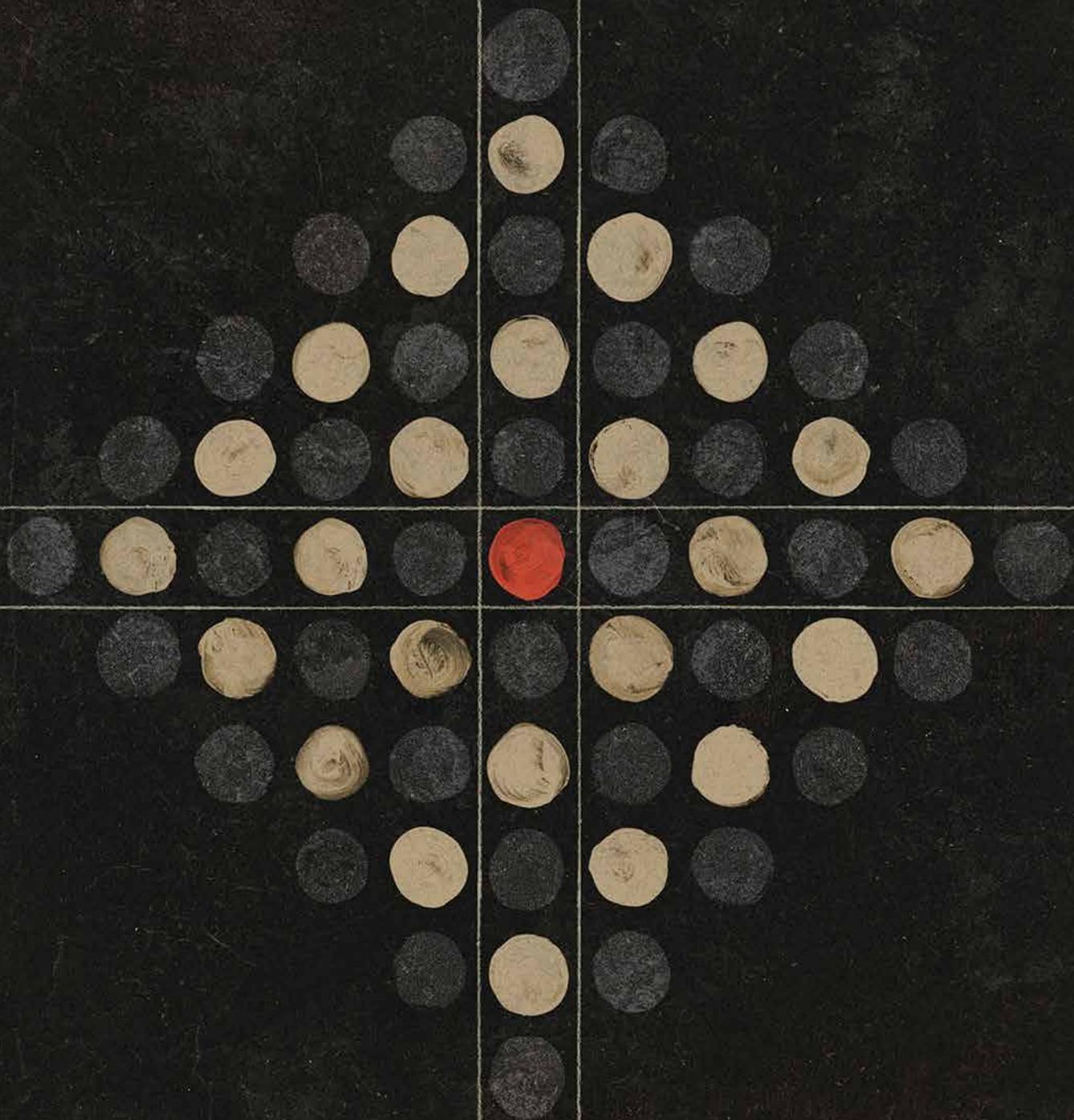
There's a darkness that is brighter than our light; there's a danger, love, to holding on so tight. I'm finally seeing I've been seeing this all wrong. I'm finally seeing now that everything belongs. Yeah, everything belongs. There's a shadow that believes in fits and starts, and it's the paradox that feeds the famished heart. I'm finally seeing how the spaces make the song. I'm finally seeing now that everything belongs. Yeah, everything belongs. There's a web and every thread ties you to me; and we are here and now, the future's yet to be. I'm finally seeing that our weakness makes us strong – and everything belongs.

MY SOUL

Are you ready – are you alive to all that moves in me? Are you steady – are you alarmed that I am incomplete? Are you ready for my soul? What if I'm broken from the start, and what if I never heal? Are you ready for my soul? What if I open up my heart, and somehow we stumble into something real? Are you aware of all that's underneath – are you awake to what our love could be?

A BRANCH IN THE RIVER

I was holding on to a branch in the river, so scared of letting go, and praying only that someone would stop the flow. I heard a voice like the sound of an ocean – above the river’s rush – a song as old as the world and my heart was hushed, and I could hear it calling to me ... Let go now, it’ll be ok; let go, and let yourself be carried away. Let go of all your certainty; let go, and let yourself be carried to me. Still I clung to that branch in the river – white-knuckled, terrified – all of my life I’d been warned that the waters lied. Something changed as the flood rose around me and washed away my fear. An echo rose from within – it was crystal clear – and I could hear it calling to me ... so I let go. You’re holding on to that branch in the river, so scared of letting go – you’re praying only that someone would stop the flow. But hear the voice, its chorus in motion – conflate the I and we – weaving along with the song of the endless sea – the song that’s always calling to you.



HOLD UP A LIGHT

Hold up a light, steady and bright – cut like a knife through the cold and dark. These eager flames can't be contained – cities are claimed by the smallest spark. It's raining and I know we're tired, but try to raise your lamps a little higher up. Hold up a light till the morning comes; hold up a light till the world is won. Soaking and scared – worse for the wear – but still we dare for the light of day. Darkness above, but we're dreaming of the new dawn when love burns this night away.

BLOOD ON BLOOD

They carved a name in your neighbor's door, and it's blood on blood. Just making sure that he's know the score, but it's blood on blood. We're gearing up for a holy war, it's either them or us. So ship 'em off to another shore, but it's still blood on blood. Where's the world we're dreaming of? 'Cause I'm waking up. It's funny how we show our love – we need a better blood on blood. A novel take on an ancient book, and it's blood on blood. A scimitar or shepherd's crook, it's still blood on blood. The billy club or the booted foot they buried in your gut – maybe it's time for another look at all this blood on blood. We all pretend that we're civilized, but it's blood on blood. You say it's sanctioned and sanitized, but it's blood on blood. Don't have to look in the devil's eyes or see his infant son – just like a bolt from the bluest skies, but it's still blood on blood.

BEYOND THE PINES

Somewhere down the way, there's a hidden place that anyone – that all of us – could find. But all our maps have failed, so venture through the veil and realize these roads are intertwined. Far beyond those walls, gleaming black and white – further than our false schemes of wrong and right – is a field where we can walk, leaving all our names behind. I will meet you there, beyond the pines, templed in twilight or dawn; the light and easy air tracing the lines on our palms. Somewhere down the road is a place that we can go where everyone and everything is divine. And when we're all awake, we can finally make an end of these divisions in our minds. I will meet you there – don't go to sleep. Our souls and feet both bare – with grass beneath. The oaths we needn't swear are vast and deep. Our breath will be our prayer – alone – complete.

PALMS

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THRICE *PALMS*

1. Only Us
2. The Grey
3. The Dark
4. Just Breathe
5. Everything Belongs
6. My Soul
7. A Branch In The River
8. Hold Up A Light
9. Blood On Blood
10. Beyond The Pines

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