

Colorblind

Peanut Butter Lovesicle

Right before you open the gate, the wolves find ways to break the chains
Show their teeth to find them face, scarcity

The wolves find ways to break the chains that bind their souls, awake
Today, become what they

At each desolate site, the wolf wonders out into the night
And as he shows his teeth, commanding pride among the weak

The wolves find ways to break the chains that bind their souls, awake
Today, become what they fear or mean to save
Re-praised feelings mean to be arranged
So the wolves can

Right before you open the gate, the wolves find ways to break the chains
They show their teeth only to find themselves confronting scarcity
If they stay in desperation they become weak with apathy
At each desolate site a member of the pack is abandoned
Leading the lone wolf into his own competition

Lyrics submitted by Jake.

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