Clip Paper Wings

The Color Morale

Floating on like a plastic bag without a home
Pages folded became paper planes that we could fly
We've clipped every wing we used to flyYour wings might be broken but it's not too late
You hide your emotions so you can escape
You can't be afraid to make mistakes
And you can't fake perfectionBroken compass still moving forward
A constant north, the one I'll never know
Like everything I gravitate to what ends up killing me
We're separated by a hell of a lot more than the skyYour wings might be broken but it's not too late
You hide your emotions so you can escape
You can't be afraid to make mistakes
And you can't fake perfectionIt's not what you've done
But what you'll choose to do
It's not what you've done
But what you'll choose to doYour wings might be broken but it's not too late
You hide your emotions so you can escape
You can't be afraid to make mistakes
And you can't fake perfection

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