

# The Colored Night

## Blind Pilot

I was in between.  
I wasn't offering.  
I was a burnin' branch.  
Close to feeling tall.  
Almost afraid to fall.  
I was made of chance.  
And when the colours bleed,  
Mix of my memories,  
When I ride the moon.  
I'll just be a sound you heard.  
I'll be a foreign word.  
It's me and your type of blue,  
And I leave that here with you.  
Ohhh  
Lines wither,  
And you got a face like no other,  
I'll keep it where I see things right.  
Ohhh  
Darkness comes,  
But you got a way like no other one,  
I'll keep it where my black keeps light.  
Make me a mirror of,  
All that I cannot love.  
Let me hold the cast,  
  
Of my favourite years,  
The truth how they gave me here,  
And that that they last,  
Let that be my last.  
Ohhh  
Lines wither,  
And you got a face like no other,  
I'll keep it where I see things right.  
Ohhh  
Darkness comes,  
But you got a way like no other one,  
I'll keep it where my black keeps light.  
Ohhh  
And a darkness I do not know.

If it takes me I feel you glow,  
In a darkness I do not know.

Ohhh

Lines wither,  
And you got a face like no other,  
I'll keep it where I see things right.

Ohhh

Darkness comes,  
But you got a way like no other one,  
I'll keep it where my black keeps light.

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