White Out

Colin Rayment

Walk your wounded walk to me
Silent sighs
From your gallery

Talk your wounded talk to me
Hollow eyes
Wish to see

I can't tell you what you should do
No lock for your key

Caught in a silent white out
Washed all your clothes too clean
All quiet for the man who
Paints nothing there to see

No one told you how to be
You took your time
Found your feet

Time has spent your last belief
Of where to go
Who to be

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written by FREYBE-SMITH, ANTONIA ALANA/KITTREDGE, ADAM WILSON/GREENWOOD, JOCELYN/HENWOOD, PIERS/RENSHAW, LUCAS STEPHEN
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