Into The Blue

Suburban Tribe

The colour of grace alters
depending on the light
reflects my manic state
commotion fades
all details and shades
leaving black and whiteBlinded by obscurity
ears bleed from discolouring silence
bare and disarmed before you
talk to me god
talk to me godBeneath my silent skin
Il reach for you
into the blue
undress my disbelief
Il follow you
into the blueThe more it simplified
the harder it gets for me to see
I'm straying in the dark
grasping air with a hollow stare
please lead me on my way

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/