

# The Sound

## Technicolor Fabrics

If I only had an ocean to compliment the sky  
I'd pull it down and paint it for you and I'd never question why  
Cause "red would mean you loved me"  
And "blue would mean you cared"  
But black my heart when left alone to cold and killing stairs  
This is the burning of a dream  
This is the burning of a dream  
The sound now turns to silence  
But I'll keep spinning around  
Naked in the rain of my own tears  
As they fall into the bucket of your apologies  
While closing everyone else's eyes  
Because your own are shut  
Not to see the volume rise again  
Feels like I'm waiting in the last hiding place on earth  
Haman's noose tight round my neck but im saved  
and for 100,000 memories been washed ashore  
Be swept again by forever  
And sailed away from you  
Now the rain has ended

So the sun can shine through me  
The sound now turns to silence  
But I keep spinning around  
Naked in the rain of my own tears  
As they fall into the bucket of your apologies  
While closing everyone else's eyes  
Because your own are shut  
Not to see the volume rise again  
Only you could row my boat ashore  
Only you could set my fears at rest  
But until lack of sympathies regress  
I'm still waiting...  
I'm still waiting for your call  
The sound now turns to silence  
But I keep spinning around  
Naked in the rain of my own tears  
As they fall into the bucket of your apologies  
While closing everyone else's eyes

Because your own are shut  
Not to see the volume rise again

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