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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