

# Pure Reason Revolution, The Exact Colour

The night when she came,  
It's always been death to her honest words, always in love with her,  
Night when they came and bled.  
He was always in other worlds,  
In debt to their honest words.

The columns lay in ashes drift away.

Fight through the rain,  
Against the herd.  
Crazed by dishonest words,  
Amazed, why? Above the blurs.  
Lost in a wave of hate.  
She was dazed by their honest words,  
And praised by the earnest girls.

The columns lay in ashes drift away.

You've seen the exact colour of my blood.  
Their eyes of tears. The flames unfold.  
Once a dream did weave a shade.