

Colour Of Fire, Italics

The sound of your soul is watered down,
a finished thoughts not a work of art.
You see the line, take the bait,
you're stuck to the tracks
of a figure of eight.

The blossom fell for the moment that
you held the heart of an acrobat.
The dew has dried, the leaking skies
are all patched up.

Square peg, round hole,
you won't feel this way forever
arrest your sadness,
let the sting run out of venom

(when love's) a silent sounding frequency,
a distant noiseless memory,
you'll hold words to your brand new heart,
closer still.

Your DNA's in the blood red beat,
the claustrophobic sound of heat
will take control, move you there,
you won't have to think.

Square peg, round hole,
you won't feel this way forever.
Possess the movement
away from nights much darker

Whilst others try to save your life,
promise me this one
You'll try again, and shout out
'Hey, I won't lie still'

Square peg, round hole,
you won't feel this way forever
Believe in silence,
We could share a mind between us,
share a map between us,
share a moment, even.