

# Converge, Color Me Blood Red

Please love, just come home again  
Just let this one pass, there will be another  
And in this laughter before the pain  
Every deliberate hung by my left hand  
Eyelids flutter and warm water floods my nostrils  
Neck deep I cry high  
Together we sleep, slouched discolored porcelain  
dreaming of those elucid moments  
when smiles hung high  
Limbs outstretched  
A bad moon rising  
Faucet turning  
Desolation churning  
Drowning in what we've become  
Neck deep I cry high  
I have spilled dry for you  
and you cannot fathom the notion  
that it was the end of something  
This is our end