

# Hyde, A Drop Of Colour

Confusion rules this shifting age  
And uproar fills the town  
My thoughts of you are drowning in the noise  
How could you know?  
Why should you know me?

You gently nourish my dry skin  
A drop of colour saves me from  
The fate I'm facing everyday  
A single bloom piercing the snowdrift

How softly, the springtime breezes sing  
How deeply, the distant mountain breathe  
There are so many things to show to you

Oh why does hate bring forth more hate?  
A long abandoned fruit  
is hastening the process of decay  
This country's starved, it's void of feeling

How softly, the springtime breezes sing  
How deeply, the distant mountain breathe  
There are so many things to show to you

One of these days

How softly, the springtime breezes sing  
How deeply, the distant mountain breathe  
There are so many things to show to you