

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