

Krux, Depressive Strokes Of Indigo

So no one's nice enough to paint your face
With red or blue or black or white
A snapshot of your truer you
To show you what no mirror can do

I do it myself, but I don't like myself
But if anyone knows you know yourself
Can I come close enough to rescue me
I'm pretty sure what the colour will be

Will I stay sane, will I be framed?
Will I look cool, will I be ashamed?
Nightfall dark or morning bright?
I think I'll choose the colour of night

I paint me a picture, with depressive strokes
Selfportrayed in indigo
I paint me a picture, with depressive strokes so bold
Selfportrayed in indigo

Grey's the skin hanging eyes
Sick and thin not so nice
Uncut nails hair has died
Stressed and frail I look so tired

Here you are, discolouration
Can't believe that this is me
A bum and freak, abomination
Forget about all vanity

Canvas tales of seven sins
The fucking face of an evil twin
I look like horror, look like fear
Like I haven't slept for a hundred years

When I die when I am dead
Bury me when life has fled
In return I give to you
A little gift of black and blue
Sing a song party on
Have one on me drink and breathe
In the days that will pass
Remember me who I was