

# Pacifier, Derail

abrasive to the touch  
all in all in all the same thing now  
we are gathered here in nonesuch  
hooks back to the line  
and I trip over myself here  
and i trip over myself  
something's stuck in me here  
and I can't get out

some in paint  
some in blood  
some in makeup  
derail me

to everything -  
churn, churn, churn  
there is a season -  
churn, churn, churn  
there is a reason  
churn, churn, churn  
this ain't the time or the place

i am sick of walking into rainbows  
i am sick of plugging into rainbows  
i am sick of tuning into rainbows  
i am sick of turning into rainbows