

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