

# Poets Of The Fall, Passion Colors Everything

This is my toothpaste moment, oh, I'll need to flash a smile  
I'll be the super-absorbent-man, watch them flock to me in single file  
And I'll need to do it with style, I need to keep me up to date  
Swallowing the sun run another mile, it's overrated how we underrate

I dance in tune with what I fear  
To do adrenaline  
Completely rapt with what I hear  
When passion colors everything  
The songs I sing, from way out there to deep within  
The face I wear behind my grin  
The mess I made to the original sin  
Everything, everything, everything

I have a mind for simple things, but things are not of mind to simplify  
There's always some loophole technicality you buy into and pay until you die  
Money doesn't bring me joy, it's more like a darling dead weight  
And I seem to have lost my appetite, it's underrated how we overrate

I dance entangled with my dear  
She pulls my every string  
Completely trapped yet never here  
When passion colors everything...

And when I'm finally brought to my senses  
Parade the rain on my parade  
Before I'm back to my defenses  
To watch the whole thing escalate