

Stolen Babies, Tall Tales

The days are colored, the days are colored
Painted by numbers with dirty little fingers
The trail and error, the trail and error
Put me away from this fleeting exterior
Will I leave her in the distance?
Out there hiding, where are you hiding?
As a monkey, dancing faster, eating traces of disaster
Will I wash my hands of me?
Point to yourself
The days are colored.
Its been greasepaint in canisters
Its what Im not that breaks me faster
Running away from the paper
The tallest tales are the letters
Will I wash my hands of me?
Point to yourself
If I bend my hands back enough
What can I pull out of my blood?
All the stories that my spirit run away from
Have they erased me?
Will I wash my hands of me?