

# 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?