

Taproot, Blue-Sky Research / What's Left

So you want more affection to add to your distractions contraction?

The snow it bleeds a sky so grey today

Of memories what's lost not gained pretty

Reliving awful yesterdays

We can't see the other side We forget obstructed views can't see blue skies

No longer blind

Paint a portrait to be seen of hopes and dreams

Stain the canvass carelessly (our enemies)

(Take the present as a gift reversal

Make the message of what's left)

So you plead for attention to add to this dimension contention

The stroke of time just hides the safe to reign

The choke of loss despise our taste

And our soul's honest side which leaves us just to be our own disguise