

Visqueen, Blue

You're killing yourself
If you think you can find
The fractures in my mind

You're sinking like a stone as he hangs up the phone
And the red's all you've left over

When sun sets west too long
Another arctic heartbreak song
When the waves upon the ocean, and your
Paint's another potion, turns you blue

Blue

When children come back home
Another city's own
And mixed their blood on south side

And you try to see things through, but no one comes for you
When your busy running traces
Instead of tying up your laces
You'll be blue

Blue

Come what may, try to discover
Unlocked hearts to throw away
You're killing yourself if you think you can find primaries

The song can write itself
Dear someone help me love myself
Gun the fun down little soldier
When his arms reach out to hold her you'll be blue

Blue