

Axiom

"Colors Of A Bruise"

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You're a child, crayon in hand
You're out of line again
And your colors are untrue
You make the border disappear
Like it was never there
To justify the things you do

The red comes washing down
And this time there's no white to be found
I'm reaching out to you
To try and take your color

So grab your paintbrush
Now's the time to showcase your pain
And all inferiority
Your eyes, they speak
Your eyes they meet everything and everyone
They feel your sense of jealousy

The red comes washing down
This time there's no white to be found
I'm reaching out to you
To try and take your color

To try and take your color

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