

Colosseum

"The Company Won't Colour Me"

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Ive taken a piece of her, her aorta

I stole her silhouette,

Now I'm meeting my ghost.

I treasure this souvenir.

I made her mine.

I held her darker side. I cast colours and sounds,

I put the vowels inside these nouns...

Company don't colour me,

Don't call on me.

Don't call on me.

Don't collar me,

Don't colour me.

Don't call here.

Shes losing her maiden name.

Giving it up, taking a new title,

III bet they let it all drop.

Im starting a new chapter,

Although i read the last page long ago

Its gonna be a long night,

A longer day, if this feeling stays

Company don't colour me,

Don't call on me.

Don't call on me.

Don't collar me,

Don't colour me,

Don't call here...

Feigning lost words,

Its the same mistake i made before...

The pages fell out of my book,

The paperback to which I look

For an angle,

For an idea.

The print is spread across my palms

Marking out the syllables...

Of the answers,

Of my prospects

The company wont colour me,

Wont call on me,

Wont call on me.

Don't collar me.

Don't colour me,

Don't call here.

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