

# Iota "Outside"

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Painting my roses red  
Remember all the  
Bloody things they said  
Wiping my hands  
That bleed  
Bleeding into the dirt  
That groans under me  
Constantly my dirty friend  
Help me roll over again  
There's a fence by the road  
I should climb  
It was there  
That my palette  
And I would wait  
For our paintings  
To flower and stitch up  
The canvas on our return  
Elbow on a broken seed  
Opening an angry mouth

That bleeds  
Times when the grounds  
Crawling like mice  
Are birds and like birds  
Are men and me eyes  
On either side  
Of my head so never  
Either eye shall meet  
Firey come, firey go  
Burning you memory on me  
There's an artist  
Whose strength I admire  
Who's warming his feet  
By my fire  
These riches he owns  
Aren't the same  
As the tokens we win  
Playing games  
We play outside

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