

## Krux

# "Depressive Strokes Of Indigo"

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So no one's nice enough to paint your face  
With red or blue or black or white  
A snapshot of your truer you  
To show you what no mirror can do

I do it myself, but I don't like myself  
But if anyone knows you know yourself  
Can I come close enough to rescue me  
I'm pretty sure what the colour will be

Will I stay sane, will I be framed?  
Will I look cool, will I be ashamed?  
Nightfall dark or morning bright?  
I think I'll choose the colour of night

I paint me a picture, with depressive strokes  
Selfportrayed in indigo  
I paint me a picture, with depressive strokes so bold  
Selfportrayed in indigo

Grey's the skin -- hanging eyes  
Sick and thin -- not so nice  
Uncut nails -- hair has died  
Stressed and frail -- I look so tired

Here you are, discolouration  
Can't believe that this is me  
A bum and freak, abomination  
Forget about all vanity

Canvas tales of seven sins  
The fucking face of an evil twin  
I look like horror, look like fear  
Like I haven't slept for a hundred years

When I die -- when I am dead  
Bury me -- when life has fled  
In return -- I give to you  
A little gift -- of black and blue  
Sing a song -- party on  
Have one on me -- drink and breathe  
In the days -- that will pass

Remember me -- who I was

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