

Vanaprasta

"Color Of Sin"

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A woodfire stove brings the warmth again,
Reminds me of the color of sin.
The trees are churning.

The brain is on the mend again,
Brings me back to the smell
Of something burning.

Today is the day of yesterday,
And that day will never fade
From our postcards.

And we're sick and tired of this year again,
And comebacks aren't in style,
But your style is.

We should have known by now.
We should have known by now.

Just a little one...
It's eating the edge off the surface.

A window to what
I remember from the good days.

Today is the day of yesterday,
And that day will never fade
From our postcards.

And we're sick and tired of this year again,
And comebacks aren't in style,
But your style is.

We should have known by now.
We should have known by now.

And this time I'm already there.
And this time I'm already there.

We should have known by now

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