

Taproot

"Blue-sky Research/what's Left"

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So you want more affection to add to your distractions
contraction?

The snow it bleeds a sky so grey today
Of memories what's lost not gained pretty
Reliving awful yesterdays
We can't see the other side We forget obstructed views
can't see blue skies

No longer blind
Paint a portrait to be seen of hopes and dreams
Stain the canvass carelessly (our enemies)

(Take the present as a gift reversal
Make the message of what's left)

So you plead for attention to add to this dimension
contention
The stroke of time just hides the safe to reign
The choke of loss despise our taste
And our soul's honest side which leaves us just to be
our own disguise

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