

The Further

The Colourist

There's a thickness
Rolling into thoughts of grey
and you don't know what
you're use to Restless thoughts now
Sleep them off now
Make sure the trouble's gone
or else you're gonna find out Dreams are getting truly oh
They're never gonna be revoked
From the center of what's factual
The room fills up with something cold
Oh tell me what I'm lost in, lost in, lost in
Never kind of warning
(look around there's something more)
Tell me what I'm lost in, lost in, lost in
Never felt a feeling
(look around there's something more) See your hands squeeze
While my lungs breathe
Keep the gaze on what has made
my heart freeze
Hands on your chest
Feel it pressing
Never understood why it kept progressing Dreams are getting truly oh
They're never gonna be revoked
From the center of what's factual
The room fills up with something cold
Oh tell me what I'm lost in, lost in, lost in
Never kind of warning
(look around there's something more)
Tell me what I'm lost in, lost in, lost in
Never felt a feeling
(look around there's something more)

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