

Purple creeping fingers
Crawling up my spine
Those cherry smells that linger
Long into the night

Orange scented blossoms
Drip their honey wine
They shake their snowflake feathers
A crimson dancing tide

Could be right
Could be wrong
Playing games
Til the dawn

Could be right
Could be wrong
Oh, my love
Keep me strong

I watch the colour spill from the sun
They tell me what I want to know
And as our bodies melt into one
We fade into the afterglow

Golden is the morning
And silver is the night
I know something's coming

Extinguishing the light

They show off every colour
Taking in your mind
Just another lover
Who wants to kiss in time

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