

# Frying Paint

## Archive

Set this city alight  
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See us through the cracks, we're staring at your backs  
We're crumpled under foot, scared to look  
Like a thing I thought of for a second  
Then just took what was that my friend

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Meet the saint, the frying paint maker of the sun  
On the track of dirt he's glued, nowhere left to run  
Crusted lips, happy lies  
He tells himself the rain won't hurt  
Just a drop could make it stop, make it stop

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All colours washed away again  
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Hit the bars, the dusty bowls  
Cars are taking empty souls 'round rabbit holes  
The saint is looking to the sky  
The clouds they have a story yet to come  
Illicit loving with the sun

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Washed away again  
All colours washed away again  
All colours