

## Bleeding In The Blur

Code Orange Kids

Your fighting over crumbs and starving in the shit  
Burning in the garden as they watch over it  
Put you out to pasture, while you're chomping at the bit  
The line between art and pain no longer exists

You're bleeding in the blur  
You're dying in a ditch  
Paint the picture how you want it  
It's yours to make fit

I'm basking in the black on black  
While you're grinding in the gray  
A factory of cowards an army of inane  
Faith in numbers on the paper  
The view will never change  
Constructed just to fill the void  
You oil the machine

You're bleeding in the blur  
You're dying in a ditch  
Paint the picture how you want it  
It's yours to make fit

You're bleeding in the blur  
You're dying in it again  
Paint the picture how you want it  
It's yours to make it

You're bleeding in the blue