

## Color Me Blood Red

Converge

Please love, just come home again  
Just let this one pass, there will be another  
And this after before the pain  
Every deliberate hangs by my left hand  
Those eyelids and this warm wated floods my nostrils  
Neck deep, I cry high  
Together we sleep, slouched discolored porcelain  
Dreaming of those elucid moments when smiles hang high  
Limbs outstretched, a bad moon rising  
Faucet turning  
Desolation churning  
Drowning in what we've become  
Neck deep, I cry high  
I have spilled and you cannot fathom the notion that it was the  
end of something  
This is the end