

Technicolor

Ghost Atlas

If you were saved by an ounce of what I gave
Well, that's all I really wanted
When we are shaped by the sounds and shades of truth
The colors never fade

Sending whispers throughout the walls of my cave, setting sun
Crush all my fears
Chanting whispers escalate hesitation, oh

If you erased the artificial safety
You'd find what you really wanted
If you replaced the black and white with truth
You'd finally come to life
Manifest the tasteless hypocrites
Is this what you really pay for?
Watch it crumble around, burning to the ground
Embrace a new sound

Sending whispers throughout the walls of my cave, setting sun
Crush all my fears
Chanting whispers escalate hesitation
And all this time they spent trying to sell their skin
They'll fade sooner or later
Chanting whispers escalate hesitation
Crush all my fears

Woah, woah, yeah

Ooh, yeah
Ooh, try

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