

## Before There Was Color

Halou

It must seem  
Permanent  
It must seem  
Important  
It must take  
All your control  
Not to get  
Obsessive  
Just as pain becomes discomfort  
Over time  
What the human soul can tolerate  
Is no surprise  
Im rooted to my path  
And Im blinded on the sides  
Why is it I feel so?  
I have everything I want  
The stuff of all my dreams  
Why is it I need so?  
In the same way pain can become humor  
Over time  
The scars that time will wash away  
Are no surprise  
Im rooted to my path  
And Im blinded on the sides  
Why is it I feel so?  
I have everything I want  
The stuff of all my dreams  
Why is it I need so?  
I know you're inside  
Because I can feel your life  
Why is it I bleed so?  
And you thought that these times  
Were just ordinary