

A Drop Of Colour

Hyde

Confusion rules this shifting age
And uproar fills the town
My thoughts are drowning in the noise
How could you know?
Why should you know me?

You gently nourish my dry skin
A drop of color saves me from
The fate I'm facing everyday
A single bloom piercing the snowdrift

How softly, the springtime breezes sing
How deeply, the distant mountains breathe
There are so many thins to show you

Oh why does hate bring forth more hate?
A long abandoned fruit
Is hastening the process of decay
This country's, it's void of feeling

How softly, the springtime breezes sing
How deeply, the distant mountains breathe
There are so many thins to show you

How softly, the springtime breezes sing
How deeply, the distant mountains breathe
There are so many thins to show you

One of these days