

Discolored

Mr.Kitty

Dissipate from within
Mitigate wounded skin
Disappear, wearing thin
I am clear, infinite

You're letting go
I think I know
Our colors fade
When fears are made

Wash away pastel boy
Trouble me, intently
Hide inside empty trees
Earth of black made of me

You're letting go
I think I know
Our colors fade
When fears are made