

The Exact Colour

Pure Reason Revolution

The night when she came.
It's always been death to their honest words.
Always in love with her.
Night & when they came in bed.
He was always in other worlds.
In debt to their honest words.

The columns lay in ashes drift away.

Fight through the rain.
Against the herd.
Crazed by dishonest words.
Amazed why? I'm above the blurs.
Lost in a wave of hate.
She was dazed by their honest words &
praised by the earnest girls.

The columns lay in ashes drift away.

You've seen the exact colour of my blood.

Their eyes of tears.
The flames unfold.
Once a dream did weave a shade.