

Into the Blue

Suburban Tribe

The colour of grace alters
Depending on the light
Reflects my manic state
Commotion fades
All details and shades
Leaving black and white

Blinded by obscurity
Ears bleed from discolouring silence
Bare and disarmed before you
Talk to me god
Talk to me god

Beneath my silent skin
I'll reach for you
Into the blue
Undress my disbelief
I'll follow you
Into the blue

The more it's simplified
The harder it gets for me to see
I'm straying in the dark
Grasping air with a hollow stare
Please lead me on my way

Peel off all the layers one by one
Till I see the true heart of my impurity
I'm disarmed before you
Talk to me god
Talk to me god