

Ice That Melts The Tips

Curve

Blue, I'm blue as the water
It's true, I'm cleaner than the air
You breathe, I'm clearer than sunsets
And the picture, of that woman in your heart

Push me into overload
Push me into overload

I'm cold, I'm colder than ice that melts the tips
Of the only questions, that really exist, to you
The horizon, frozen moonlight in your eye, in my eyes

Push me into overload
Push me into overload

I'm clearer than sunsets
Of the person that sleeps in your heart