

The Smoke, The Feeling

Cloud Control

Leave a trace on me in colours
Dark vivid hues
No one would expect these colours
To compliment the rest

Taking note of all that was wrong
But is it possible you can't take love along

When you reappear
It's like we're still waiting
Fire behind
The smoke the feeling
You reappear
And the world I'm breathing
It tastes of all
That I've been dreaming

A parcel returns
I run run run til my feet burn
Burning down your door
I'm falling
How can I want more

Taking note of all that was wrong
But is it possible you can't take love along

When you reappear
It's like we're still waiting
Fire behind
The smoke the feeling
You reappear
And the world I'm breathing
It tastes of all
That I've been dreaming

I'm dreaming
I'm dreaming
I'm dreaming
Everything I'm dreaming
I'm dreaming
I'm dreaming
I'm dreaming
Everything I dream