

Bleeding In The Blur

Code Orange Kids

Your fighting over crumbs and starving in the shit
Burning in the garden as they watch over it
Put you out to pasture, while you're chomping at the bit
The line between art and pain no longer exists

You're bleeding in the blur
You're dying in a ditch
Paint the picture how you want it
It's yours to make fit

I'm basking in the black on black
While you're grinding in the gray
A factory of cowards an army of inane
Faith in numbers on the paper
The view will never change
Constructed just to fill the void
You oil the machine

You're bleeding in the blur
You're dying in a ditch
Paint the picture how you want it
It's yours to make fit

You're bleeding in the blur
You're dying in it again
Paint the picture how you want it
It's yours to make it

You're bleeding in the blue