

Before There Was Color

Halou

It must seem
Permanent
It must seem
Important
It must take
All your control
Not to get
Obsessive
Just as pain becomes discomfort
Over time
What the human soul can tolerate
Is no surprise
Im rooted to my path
And Im blinded on the sides
Why is it I feel so?
I have everything I want
The stuff of all my dreams
Why is it I need so?
In the same way pain can become humor
Over time
The scars that time will wash away
Are no surprise
Im rooted to my path
And Im blinded on the sides
Why is it I feel so?
I have everything I want
The stuff of all my dreams
Why is it I need so?
I know you're inside
Because I can feel your life
Why is it I bleed so?
And you thought that these times
Were just ordinary