

Colourblind

Hands Like Houses

For better or for worse, our vision of the future's getting blurred.

the black and white, naming every shade of grey has left us colourblind.

We are all for none and none for all.

We are the sickness and the symptom and the cure.

So close your eyes, let the colours fly and hide from the noise outside.

We're colourblind from the black and white, but we've never burned so bright.

It's weighing on my mind; did we forget the way a diamond shatters light?

A sight for weary eyes; the colours of the twilight rise and bridge the great divide. Set fire to the sun, let the colours run .