

Contemplation over this
Everything disaster is
It's true
The climbing sources
Empty out the mood

When I found blue
When I found blue

Consequences reached a twist
Everything disaster is
Is pure
The evening of everything untrue

When I found blue
When I found blue

A floating ghost of numbers twist
The sheen come off the specter's wrist
Now cut to watch the tripping through it
Warming wounds to feed the new age
Beating public rage and treason
Subject ate this stinging feeling
Once again to feel it through

The blue

Condemnation feels the debt
A thousand nights of knives digged in
Reduce those darkened forces
From a naked view

When I found blue
When I found blue