

## Shapes And Colors

Passafire

Shapes and colors, father mother on this fantasy  
And I'm chasin' yes I race into a hazy dream  
I lived so long ago inside just like a time machine  
And in the future you will use your magic hyper beam

We fall apart and get put back together  
Our heads go floating past  
We'll make this start for the  
And to forever  
If they don't make it back

It's something underrated  
Treated like a chore  
Often been debated  
Too many times before

Too many times we come intoxicated  
I think I'll go to sleep  
Drink til the morning comes  
Wake when the day's begun  
I pray my soul to keep

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