

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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