

## Derail

Shihad

Abrasive to the touch  
All in all in all the same thing now  
We are gathered here in nonesuch  
Hooks back to the line  
And I trip over myself here  
I trip over myself  
Something's stuck in me here  
And I can't get out

Some in paint  
Some in blood  
Some in makeup

Derail me  
Derail me  
Derail me  
Derail me

To everything  
Churn, churn, churn  
There is a season  
Churn, churn, churn  
There is a reason  
Churn, churn, churn  
This ain't the time or the place

I am sick of walking into rainbows  
I am sick of plugging into rainbows  
I am sick of tuning into rainbows  
I am sick of turning into rainbows

Some in paint  
Some in blood  
Some in makeup

Derail me  
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