

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
Derail me
Derail me
Derail me

Some in paint
Some in blood
Some in makeup

Derail me
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