

Drain

The Pineapple Thief

Remove my daylight,
Where sculptures wheeze
Transforming pixels to a green & black freeze,
Sat in my black chair where all my world melts down.

Drain, the colour from my screen,
You have become me.
Drain the surface of my soul,
You have me.

Contain your fears,
In a fragile grasp
Walk along the carpet lain to see her last
Sculpture in green & black before she melts down.

I wouldn't do a thing for this,
I couldn't wish for a system fix.
But if I could change the colours of my life,
They're yours & not in black & white.

Drain, the colour from my screen,
You have become me.
Drain the surface of my soul,
You have me.