

I guess this is who I am.
I'll keep my life in my own hands.
'Cause who am I to right your wrong,
With all you've said, and all I've done.

Even the bluest skies,
Become the blackest nights,
For the reddest hearts,
Sometimes, sometimes.

But what makes you think
You can have it all?
When you set me up,
Just so I would fall.
I cannot fade into this grey anymore
While all of these colours unfold.

If this were all a work of art,
I'd trace your lines, colour your heart.
If I could leave a watermark,
I'd paint my smile, light up the dark.
Even the bluest skies,

Become the blackest nights.
Not all that is rose translates to white.
But what makes you think,
You can have it all?
When you set me up,
Just so I would fall.

I cannot fade into this grey anymore
While all of these colours unfold.
What makes you think,

You can have it all?
When you set me up,
Just so I would fall.
I cannot fade into this grey anymore
While all of these colours unfold.
What makes you think,
You can have it all?
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