

## Coloured Pastels - Racing Hearts

### We Are The Emergency

My consciousness keeps slipping through my fingers,  
This fragile sense of who I am and where I'm from  
Keep on stretching, reaching for whispers and fragments,  
Do I ever really sleep, or am I just unaware?

Wake up, wake up, my courage is laid to rest

Please somebody tell me, why nothing feels real anymore,  
when I would die to feel anything  
Everything is coloured pastels and racing hearts

When my heart beats in my ears,  
and the blood goes to my head  
It's then that I truly feel alive  
and I think of you  
and I think of you

Wake up, wake up, my courage is laid to rest  
And I don't want to lose my hold, I don't want to lose  
control

In the end, tell me everything will be okay