

Lanterns On The Lake, Until The Colours Run

The great crime of our lives
could be silence or closing eyes
this could be our revolution or our downfall
in a seedy part of town
where vermeer tracked me down
he said 'it's yours for the taking or yours to burn'

Soon the world will know all the secrets of your soul
you can run for the forrest or face your fate

There is a corpse of a prince on the front line
where the colours run where the colours bleed
So we'll drink and we'll sing on the bread line
Until the colours run until the colours bleed

The great crime of our times
Was the silence and closing eyes
This could be ours for the making
but we'd sooner fold

There is a corpse of a prince on the front line
where the colours run where the colours bleed
So we'll drink and we'll sing on the bread line
Until the colours run until the colours bleed