

# Sub-Urban Tribe, Into The Blue

The colour of grace alters  
depending on the light  
reflects my manic state  
commotion fades  
all details and shades  
leaving black and white

Blinded by obscurity  
ears bleed from discolouring silence  
bare and disarmed before you  
talk to me god  
talk to me god

Beneath my silent skin  
I reach for you  
into the blue  
undress my disbelief  
I follow you  
into the blue

The more it simplified  
the harder it gets for me to see  
I'm straying in the dark  
grasping air with a hollow stare  
please lead me on my way

peel off all the layers one by one  
till I see the true heart of my impurity  
I disarmed before you  
talk to me god  
talk to me god