

# The Further

## The Colourist

There's a thickness  
Rolling into thoughts of grey  
and you don't know what  
you're use to Restless thoughts now  
Sleep them off now  
Make sure the trouble's gone  
or else you're gonna find out Dreams are getting truly oh  
They're never gonna be revoked  
From the center of what's factual  
The room fills up with something cold  
Oh tell me what I'm lost in, lost in, lost in  
Never kind of warning  
(look around there's something more)  
Tell me what I'm lost in, lost in, lost in  
Never felt a feeling  
(look around there's something more) See your hands squeeze  
While my lungs breathe  
Keep the gaze on what has made  
my heart freeze  
Hands on your chest  
Feel it pressing  
Never understood why it kept progressing Dreams are getting truly oh  
They're never gonna be revoked  
From the center of what's factual  
The room fills up with something cold  
Oh tell me what I'm lost in, lost in, lost in  
Never kind of warning  
(look around there's something more)  
Tell me what I'm lost in, lost in, lost in  
Never felt a feeling  
(look around there's something more)

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