

Technicolour

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Sometimes I lost my way. Blinded I stumbled through each day.
Chasing the answers in the dark.

Swimming against the tide, I struggled to reach the other side.
But I knew you'd be there with a signal and flare to save me.

When I'm feeling blue, black and white seem to follow me.
Technicolour light filters through the haze.

When I'm hearing grey, cut the noise, find some clarity.
Stereophonic sound racing through my veins.

You pulled me through, into the light. Locked in your gaze,
I feel alive. I've shed my skin, learnt from the pain.
Reborn from within. Reality changed.