

A Place Before The End

Flood Of Red

If we could start again,
Or find a place before the end.
I've been falling apart.
I'm living with the greys,
Shake me up, show me a new way,
Because I'm lost without you now.

Do you think we can make it out?
Do you think that we will somehow?
Whoa it's so hard moving on.

Do you think we can make it out?
Do you think that you know what I'm all about?
It's so hard moving on,
Oh you don't know me anymore.

I was whiter than, oh whiter than the snow.
Come colour me, come colour,
Before the paint by our sides dries up and dries out.

Come find me with your own brush and a pallet.
I was a brand new piece of canvas,
Waiting for your touch.

Do you think we can make it out?
Do you think that we will somehow?
Whoa it's so hard moving on.

Do you think we can make it out?
Do you think that you know what I'm all about?
It's so hard moving on,
Oh you don't know me anymore.

I just keep apologising, will this ever resolve?

Do you think we can make it out?
Do you think that we will somehow?
Whoa it's so hard moving on.

Do you think we can make it out?
Do you think that you know what I'm all about?
It's so hard moving on,
Oh you don't know me anymore.

I don't know you anymore.