

Coloured Pastels - Racing Hearts

We Are The Emergency

My consciousness keeps slipping through my fingers,
This fragile sense of who I am and where I'm from
Keep on stretching, reaching for whispers and fragments,
Do I ever really sleep, or am I just unaware?

Wake up, wake up, my courage is laid to rest

Please somebody tell me, why nothing feels real anymore,
when I would die to feel anything
Everything is coloured pastels and racing hearts

When my heart beats in my ears,
and the blood goes to my head
It's then that I truly feel alive
and I think of you
and I think of you

Wake up, wake up, my courage is laid to rest
And I don't want to lose my hold, I don't want to lose
control

In the end, tell me everything will be okay