



Still Colorful

WAIN's *Still Colorful* is a debut EP which does not so much feel like a set of eight songs and more like one immersive emotional journey cut through by many different human voices. Written with a succession of alternating vocalists and co-writers who worked together, the lyrics have an overall of disparate personal introspection, loss, resilience, and redemption. Bidding the project coherence is its refusal to reconcile personal progression through polarities: sadness and optimism, vulnerability and hardness, loss and renewal. Each album's lyrics occupy a distinct emotional terrain, but they circle the same gravitational pole—the search for identity and belonging in a world continually receding from beneath one's feet.

In its heart, *Still Colorful* explores what it's like to be human in discord. The lyrics are written as the chapters of an adolescence story, not linear but cyclical, where each failure leads to a new epiphany. Throughout the EP, WAIN employs relational and inner conflict as reflective surfaces for transformation. There's a lyrical trajectory of dependency to acceptance, of desiring someone else to learning how to be alone, to a dream of color restored after emotional grayscale.

The opening track, *Three or Four* (feat. YALI), establishes the album's emotional thesis: the bittersweet ache of love's leftovers and the pull of memory over the burden of transformation. Its lyrics—"Every night when I lie in my bed / Every second that you're in my head / I miss you"—lay the foundation for the album's repeated motif of memory as comfort and prison. WAIN situates love in a loop, repeating phrases like "just once or twice or three or four," suggesting the compulsion to relive what's already gone. Yet beneath the heartbreak, there's awareness. The line "You knew we'd never work / Still played along" reveals self-awareness growing out of pain. This is where WAIN's writing excels: emotion isn't romanticized, it's dissected. Every repeat is a step towards acceptance, every "I miss you" tinted with wisdom in knowing that missing and needing are different.

That emotional connection feeds directly over into *Take Me Home* (with Tay Lerner), where yearning becomes seeking self. The song "home" is not located on a map but complete. "All I want is to feel whole / Won't you take me home" is now a call to be taken home with oneself, not with another. This introspective turn is one of the most significant thematic plot turns of the song—WAIN begins to move from relational dependency towards inward reclamation. The line "I need to learn to love myself" sums up the EP's bigger theme: emotional stability is not found in other people's approval, but in the painful process of self-acceptance. The verses still stay along the line of dream and disillusion, especially when he belts out, "Chasing a dream / But is the dream the same I always had? By this interrogation of purpose, against the visions of Sunset Boulevard's faded glory, is the contemporary predicament of creating success when worthiness is provisional.

The musical questing escalates in *Hit the Ground* (with Nitzan), when WAIN broaches the concern of overintelligencing pleasure. "Instead of being where you are / I'm in my head" encapsulates the inertia of existing to the next catastrophe. The refrain—"When you smile at me / It's hard for me to tell / If I imagine things"—is a portrait of vulnerability as beautiful and exhausting. There's that sense of emotional vertigo: fear of falling, fear of remaining still, fear of happiness itself. But repetition of "When I hit the ground" becomes assertion. The crash isn't the disaster—it's a form of redemption, a return to earth. Throughout the EP, this motif of falling is insisted upon as a metaphor for succumbing to imperfection.

With *I Wish I Could Fly* (feat. Shira Vysler), the tone of the lyrics softens into introspection. The imagery of rainy streets and mirrors showing "my cracks" in the song is dense with emotional exhaustion. But beneath that exhaustion is resistance. "I just wanna live without faking" becomes a battle cry for authenticity—WAIN and his co-writers remove the performative aspect of healing to confront the unpleasant truth that recovery is not straight line. The C part's verse—"And I don't want to care / If you're staring / When I'm laughing even if it's raining"—is among the album's freest moments. It's the first time that the lyrics allow self-pity and hurt together.

Breathe (with Ophir BM) continues this thread of freedom in release. In its opening line, "Stuck in my mind and I can't find / Searching for a place to be," it puts WAIN in the space between where he can still be and where he would prefer to be. The chorus—"When I was young / Thought every road would lead to me / But now I'm drifting far / From who I wanna be"—captures the collective disappointment of youth. But the refrain "Now I can hear the oceans calling me / 'Cause all I want to do is breathe" becomes a resolution of despair. Breathing is physical and metaphysical—a loss of control, a return to presence. In the context of the EP, *Breathe* is a vocal sigh after the emotional strangulation of the previous two tracks.

Then there's *We Don't Belong* featuring Mira, which is like a fight against loss that's sort of inescapable. "Too much room in bed / Since you walked away" and "Oscar-worthy fake" encapsulate the numbness of heartbreak. But there's maturity underneath all that cynicism. When WAIN asks, "When you said we're gonna be forever / Did you mean together or alone," it is no longer an accusation—it is an acknowledgment of how frequently loneliness and love are companions. "Well now I know / We don't belong" is not a defeatist line; it is a determined one. It is the first truthful moment of surrender. The repeated phrase "You don't deserve my time" is in the style of emotional closure, but couched in muted sadness, that healing does not erase tenderness—it redefines it.

The Yellow Sign (with YOTAL) expands the album's affective range. The lyrics unfold from reflective rumination to backward-looking gratitude. "Every wrong turn still brought me to today" summarizes the album's central revelation: pain and purpose coalesce. The "MacLaren's nights and lessons learned" and "midnight calls and faded dreams" imagery in the song is nostalgic yet positive. The previous desire for guidance in *Take Me Home* is answered by the time WAIN arrives at composing, "Nothing's wasted, nothing's wrong / Every step has led me home." Home isn't a destination anymore—it's accepting one's imperfect path. This song reframes mistakes as milestones, heartbreak as education, and waiting as a form of faith.

The closing track, *Colorful* (featuring ORIAN), ties the entire lyrical journey into a single declaration of survival. Its chorus—"Every scar and every fall / Left a mark, now I'm colorful"—transforms pain into pigment. The lyric "It's ok to not feel ok" encapsulates the emotional philosophy that the EP has been building toward. Earlier songs wrestled with denial, self-doubt, and overthinking, but *Colorful* accepts contradiction as beauty. The repeated affirmation "I'm colorful" doesn't deny the darkness; it celebrates having lived through it. Even the line "Broken hearts can't be fixed / Only start healing" acknowledges that wholeness is not the absence of pain but the willingness to carry it.

Structured as a cohesive lyrical narrative, *Still Colorful* is an arc of wholeness that ends in shattering, but one of beginning. The EP is not neat in its ending—it is conscious. WAIN walks the emotional mathematics of not knowing through each song: the way that we are relentlessly oscillating between loss, self-doubt, and hope to know who we are growing into. The recurring imagery—rain, dreams, breathing, falling, waiting, color—serve as emotional checkpoints, marking shifts from despair to accommodation.

So effective is WAIN's writing because it is truthful. There are no affectations, no forced metaphors. Instead, the lyrics adopt a language of lived reality: simple but poetic, confessional but commensurate. The various vocalists heighten this commensurateness—the different voices adopt pieces of the same emotional veracity. WAIN is narrating his own story through them, illustrating that identity is fluid, relational, and shared.

In the end, *Still Colorful* is a record about seeing light in imperfection. Its songs are in praise of contradiction without synthesis. WAIN constructs an emotional color spectrum where weakness is strength, where happiness and sadness coexist. By the album's conclusion, "colorful" is no longer a title—it's a philosophy. Every scar, every heartache, every uncertainty adds to a more richer, more textured sense of self. WAIN's words remind us that to be human is to be unfinished, and that's what makes life, and this record, so unmistakably colorful.



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