

The Artist

Alesana

What is wrong with her eyes?
A glossy stare that won't leave me be starts my blood running cold.
A gaze that could make hell freeze over...
I have to understand she's gone.

But she's not! Don't you tell me she is dead.
Watch her lips softly move because she's still whispering to me!
And something here is not quite right...

Skin so cold beneath my touch as I brush back her hair and close her eyes.
But I cannot stand to turn away.
When I do, she'll be gone...
It's frightening...

Sweaty hands will fail to lock the door...
They'll be here soon.
I wish I could keep my teeth from grinding.
I wish I'd stop looking behind me.
Running now will only make it worse...
They'll be here soon.
I wish I could shake the awful feeling.
I wish my mind would stop...

Maybe I am crazy and my mind is trying to deceive me.
As the ground vanishes I wonder will the sky be the next to fail me?
Paint abandons canvas.
And my brush can't seem to start again from scratch.
As I watch everything unravel, why should I even try to stop the collapse?
I won't...