

Deamonpainter

Arcturus

Walking among shadows
Shady characters of faded casts
Acting out their last role
Beautiful lonely stars

These are my people
These fallen stars
You may think you see us
You never had a part

Flickering performance
On a burning stage
In naked daylight
For you to hate

Directing the audience
I paint in tones of gray
In shades of black
In cold dismay

I paint my deamons
As scars of blood
In a barren landscape
Where all is lost