

## Portraits of the Poor

Mushroomhead

Finger painting pictures  
Of this sad existence  
Fixed with stitches none the richer  
You could never call me poor  
Bled out the old me  
Family does not know me now  
Someone better show me how to live

Now the times nigh in the night sky  
How can you walk away  
This is your lifetime  
Don't let them break you  
Let this torture be exposed  
Can you paint me a picture  
A portrait of your soul  
All the discarded and the broken  
All they martyrs and the orphaned  
All the soldiers and sovereign  
All the sisters of the fallen  
(4x)  
There's a bad moon in the rear-view  
And a blood sun on the horizon

(2x)  
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