

The Artist

Silverstein

The artist's palette falls,
The paint is spilled with blood.
Someone shot him down,
Left him without a soul.
His body's laid to rest and underground he'll stay,
With hopes to resurrect and live again another day.
Now they decide who lives and dies.
Now!

His peers won't come around,
They're too disgraced to face.
Another soldier down,
His life's work a waste.
And now these walls are bare,
No one pretends to care.
A distant memory,
His masterpiece
In disrepair.
Now they decide who lives and dies.
Now they will hold you back.
They will hold you back.
They will hold you...

We stand tall and illumine.
We fight through and prevail. (We will prevail)
We don't stop where you'd be giving up.
We won't ever fail.

A martyr takes his hand,
To make him live again.
With savage sleight of hand,
He'll force his legs to stand.
A sick and gutless joke,
A serenading hoax.
Interrupted peace.
A waste of time.
A pathetic excuse for hope.

The sleepless nights have no compassion
And the dreams that come aren't true.
A charade of lies unconscious
And so much left to be proved.
But the sun will rise and fall again
And the nights will start to shorten.
The memories will fade into darkness.
You can't let it go.

But your world is turned upside down.
It's a panic you can't release.
Once you have it, you just can't
Ever ignore it.
That's when you realize your best
Days are behind you.
And all you ever live for
Is regret.
You can't take it away. (You!)
You can't take it away. (You!)