

The Artist

The Hush Sound

I know that you're an artist,
you're the hardest one to deal with.
Everything that you conceal
is revealed on your canvas.

You find all of your ugly meanings
in the things I find beautiful.
Do you see the fall is coming?
Come, I'm falling into you.

You perceive all of these things
I'd never have known.
Love, will you turn off the lights?
'cause we're already home.

You painted me in pastel,
colors that don't tell of any boldness.
That's the way you'd love to see me:
so delicate, so weak, so little purpose.

But your eyes are drawn of charcoal
they're black, they're so cold, they're so imperfect.
Because they see a sleeping world,
where waking isn't worth it.

You perceive all of these things
I'd never have known.
Love, will you turn off the lights?
'cause we're already home.

how, how, can you live without your lies.
oh, oh, love I've had enough of you tonight.
all of these things I'd never have known, oh.
love will you turn out the lights 'cause we're already home, oh
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You perceive all of these things
I'd never have known, oh.
love will you turn out the lights, 'cause we're already home, ho
me.