

Mistakes Artists Make (The Dream Is Dead)

Woods of Ypres

Rejection from ourselves, will only lead to reflection in the peace and quiet
The sooner we quit trying to find the sound, the sooner we'll find ourselves instead.

Suffering the pains taken, dwelling in the pain of creation.
For the artist's mistakes, stare him in the face for years after, they are made.

To love music more than life itself, is such a waste, of life, and love, and hell.
Modern desires to create euphoric misery we make for ourselves.

For modern music is self-indulgent, we have always done it for ourselves.
For it is not a matter of life and death, but life only and itself.

To live is to light a torch and carry it as far as you can go,
Before the winds blow so hard, the flame goes out
As you fall crashing down, to the snow.
Knowing at least that when you fail,
Someone could relight that torch
And carry it the rest of the way, someday,
In honor of you and who you were to them

It's never too late to admit you were wrong. It's never too late to admit what you need.
...Beautiful to have come, beautiful to see, but also beautiful to leave.

To anyone who ever said: "You'll never work in this town again!"
...
There is nothing more you can take from us now. This is the end
...'my friend'.

The dream is dead!!! (The dream is dead!)
The scene is dead!!! (The scene is dead!)
The dream is dead!!! (Long live the dream!)
The dream is dead!