The Artist

Jorn Lande; Russell Allen

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

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