

# 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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