

The Artist (feat. Brendan Murphy)

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 illuminate
We fight through and 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
With 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)

Songwriters

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