

Portraits of the Poor

Mushroomhead

Finger painting pictures
Of this sad existence
Fixed with stitches none the richer
You could never call me poor
Bled out the old me
Family does not know me now
Someone better show me how to live
Now the times nigh in the night sky
How can you walk away
This is your lifetime
Don't let them break you
Let this torture be exposed
Can you paint me a picture
A portrait of your soul
All the discarded and the broken
All the martyred and the orphaned
With the soldiers and the sovereign
All the sisters of the fallen
There's a bad moon in the rear view
And a blood sun on the horizon

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