

The Artist

Russell Allen & Jorn Lande

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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