

# The Artist

## Allen-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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