

Waltz

Brothers Among Wera

Rest in peace she said
But I was not alive or dead
and yet the tombstone would be fed in plastic flower beds
Don't insult me don't you cry
I'm as old as I am high
I heard no tears I heard a sigh
the artist that was bound to die
Feel no shame my friend I'm fine
89 still traveling, I'm too weak to die to strong to fight
a vacuum between space and time
I've never seen the magic in my creations or my sins
I'm soulless, lost, I'm swimming in an ocean where my failures been
Just follow my eyes they'll shine in the
dark
all the way up to my grave in the north
oh how I've found, art is not blind
so I bury myself alive and alone
Just follow my voice it's echoing still
dancing disgraceful in trees and the wind
oh how I found the curse will be gone
when I bury myself alive and alone
Just follow my eyes they'll shine in the dark
all the way up to my grave in the north
oh how I've found, art is not blind
so I bury myself alive and alone
Nature wants me dead
my poems will be unread
Nature wants me dead
my poems will be unread
Nature wants me dead
my poems will be unread
An artist turns the world to art
I have set these two apart
I let you down but I'm not
sorry that I broke your heart

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