

Alesana "The Artist"

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What is wrong with her eyes?
A glossy stare that won't leave me be starts my blood
running cold.
A gaze that could make hell freeze over.
I have to understand she's gone.

But she's not! Don't you tell me that she is dead.
Watch her lips softly move because she's still
whispering to me!
And something here is not quite right.

Skin so cold beneath my touch as I brush back her hair
and close her eyes.
But I cannot stand to turn away.
When I do, she'll be gone.
It's frightening.

Sweaty hands will fail to lock the door.
They'll be here soon.
I wish I could keep my teeth from grinding.
I wish I'd stop looking behind me.
Running now will only make it worse.
They'll be here soon.
I wish I could shake the awful feeling.
I wish my mind would stop.

Maybe I am crazy and my mind is trying to deceive me.
As the ground vanishes I wonder, will the sky be the
next to fail me?
Paint abandons canvas and my brush can't seem to
start again from scratch.
As I watch everything unravel, why should I even try to
stop the collapse?
I won't!

Shaking as I rest her body down.
No one knows, only me.
It's frightening.

Sweaty hands will fail to lock the door.
They'll be here soon.
I wish I could keep my teeth from grinding.

I wish I'd stop looking behind me.
Running now will only make it worse.
They'll be here soon.
I wish I could shake the awful feeling.
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As I watch everything unravel, why should I even try to
stop the collapse?
Why should I even try to stop to collapse?

There's a madman glaring straight at me!
Oh I know I've seen his face before!
I am sure I've seen his face before.

Maybe I am crazy and my mind is trying to deceive me.
As the ground vanishes I wonder, will the sky be the
next to fail me?
Paint abandons canvas and my brush can't seem to
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As I watch everything unravel, why should I even try to
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I won't!

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