

## Comadre

### "Storyteller"

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The cities, the rain, the heat, the lights.  
He would tell if there were something to tell,  
but there is nothing to tell.

"They want the exciting stories from the front but there is nothing to tell. Nebulous memories of absurd and macabre. The cities, the rain, the heat, the lights. He would tell if there were something to tell but the milieu of moments is tough to sift through. The thick brush is hardly the instrument of finely painted recollections. Conceptual ramblings, monochromatic, vague. Jackson Pollock's personally drawn Rorschach test

- lesser artst have gotten away with worse. With time and practice, the strokes will become refined and the subjects discernable: the borders, the local cuisine, the people, how her hair fell, just how many beers. Sat in a static studio apartment, one takes on no dimension or definition without his presence, he will fill the blank walls with these vissages. He will paint the walls."

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