

Crikey! My Kneecaps! "The Painter"

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I bring the nightmares to the surface
Darling you are a canvas waiting to be drenched in
blood [x2]
Paint a grin on your face
Paint a grin on your fucking face
Paint a grin on your face
Paint a grin on your fucking face
So why does it hurt to caress your face with my brush?
I count the nights, I count 'em all
For they are mine to connect [x2]
To connect
There's paint on the paint, there's paint where we don't
need paint
We sit in denial as we paint all black with cigarettes
In a place that smells of life and decay
Every breath is wet in your throat
Until your legs fail and your muscles burn
Abstraction to all who didn't see
Until your legs fail and your muscles burn
Abstraction to all who didn't see
Paint a wide grin on your face [x2]
I am your painter and I decide what shade you'll wear
[x2]

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