

Goresleeps "The Portrait"

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Eternal thirst for creation
When he became like the Lord
The painter believed that some time
He would paint a picture and it will revive
But hours of heavenly inspiration
Could not save for the want.

Time out of mind the grief came in our homes
With the dying of dearest man your soul's been
becoming the stone
In fit of despair you appealing for heaven's sake
But They don't hear the prayer and she will never wake.

He thought, his art, far above the death
And the painter refired, going on paint.
While under his city spread the wings
The Black Death and ruled Her ball on the streets.

But ruthless evil had touched him by bony hand.
She, he loved dying, had lain on deathbed.
In fit of despair he appealed for God's sake
But he didn't hear the prayer and she will
Never wake.

He cursed the people, he cursed god
He heard the Devil and chose own lot.
The black agreement sighed by blood
It remained to blend paints with ash of her heart...

By the last touch the portrait finished
And at that instant it came to life.
But her cold fingering and spiritless sight
In a flash sobered down his desire
Without the heart she's only lifeless image
Nobody twice bear under these skies.

And he cut the canvas, beyond expiation
Shape of the one, he loved turned into ash
In fit of despair he appealed for Devil's sake.
But he didn't hear the prayer and she will never wake.

