

Howling Syn "The Muse"

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The page was white but is no longer
- you found her or did she find you?
Forgive her for upsetting your world
Behold the beauty your pain has grown

You're drowning in her pool of thorns
Catching your breath on the moon-driven tides
And clinging to your words and colors
Like bits of her flesh you want to make whole

And she cries with you but of joy
As she sees the blood you've masterpieced
In trying to understand
Why her labyrinthine ways ever reached you

I was naught before you came. Now my life's a work of
art.
Let me always take the blame but let nothing tear us
apart.

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- you found her or did she find you?
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She cuts the wings you never thought you had
As you sculpt her out of eternity
Into a mortal figure of love and punishment
And your false hope stretches but never breaks

Come to me, my muse. Torture me with my
lamentations.
Cruel one, you shan't refuse. My genius lies on your
passions.
You're my soul, my miracle! My desperately beautiful!
Angel divine of purest gold! My wonderfully painful!

Until the fall, she holds your name
Until the fall... before the fame

