

Imperial "The Painter"

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He is the warrior but uses no sword
He is the painter that brings hope to this world
Tonight he dines at the table of filth

But conceals it as his darkest grey
He lives in horror and fear that his actions will show the
secret of his own soul
The story is told simply as this

Just a disguise just the grey in his mind
The only color in the black of his mind

Beauty on the outside is not real

He is the warrior but uses no sword
He is the painter that brings hope to this world
Tonight he dines at the table of filth
Wearing a mask made of glass to hide the grey that
consumes his mind
Like a painting of sorrow, of fear
Beauty becomes a face in the crowd

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