

Interpol

"The Portrait Of Pain"

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Ships of oblivion
Fall from the sky.
The leaves are fallen angels trying
To remember how to fly.
I've spent my whole life trying to understand
Why the tree of life is dead
And I finally reached the answer:
It's shadow had nothing else to shade,
But a portrait of pain.

Withered leaves,
With their remains they paint the world.
This autumn will live forever
Through my song and through my words.
There's a stranger in the mirror,
But I can recognize the chain
That keeps me nailed to the canvas
Of a portrait of pain.

This is the season
When God will become an atheist.
This is the reason
Why the fire will quench the thirst.
I'm the shadow who didn't have a tree,
I'm the shadow who didn't have a Sun,
Being more than the eye could ever see,
I'm the shadow who shades within me
A portrait of pain.

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