

Level

"A Kinder Eye"

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In his widowed years of longing, in his windowed room
of light
He lay the oil upon the canvas, brought sweet memory
to life
His speckled beard a brush of colour, his spotted
hands both grace and speed
I was the boy who came with evening, to sweep his
floors and bring his tea

To the world he was the master, his landscapes filled
the gallery halls
But now he painted only portraits, unframed upon his
private walls
Subjects sitting-walking-laughing in playful flight or
soft refrain
A thousand forms and colours, but every face the
same

Across the page (across the ages) the moving hand of
history bleeds
... for a kinder eye to see us, not as we are, but as we
dream

A winter's night when I arrived there, he looked so tired
and near the end
And as I cleaned his bench and brushes, I wished out
loud to be like him
He said that art was only longing, trying to do what
can't be done
And though he'd signed a thousand paintings, still he'd
never finished one

As I finished up my sweeping, in his sleep he spoke her
name
I looked again at all the portraits, each and every face
the same
Not as she was in pain or sorrow, but in timeless beauty
seen
As she served his noble dream

Across the page (across the ages) the moving hand of

history bleeds
... for a kinder eye to see us, not as we are, but as we
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