

Nocturnal Winds "Of Art And Suffering"

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I'm the painter of human sorrows
Creator of illusion you call life
In my studio of higher arts
I create masterpieces, one after one
Yet there's nothing quite like
The art of suffering
Masterly I play a symphony
With shadows and light

For light and darkness
Are just states of human mind
And when you drift to sleep
Your mind belongs to me
The art of dreaming becomes real
Nothing is what it seems
So surreal

This world I lay before your eyes
Another brush stroke

Another nail to the lid
You can try to scream
But no one hears
My canvas is black
And stained with tears

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