

Satanic Warmaster

"The Well Of The Artist"

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I paint in black and white
A face appears as my creation on canvas
Structured lines expressing the very foundations of
chaos
These lines are but words
Words I read from upon each wall, each scene I behold

I swallow the pictures of the surroundings
And set them in the womb of my mind
The plant grows in my garden obscure

From the poisoned ground a flower then rises
Black and dead it still grows further more and more
And I adore it's beauty, grace, it's lonely pride
As I summon it's essence to manifest for me,
Powers of creations are running through me
In trance it's nature comes undressed to me
I then gently dress it in colours, and give it name by
words,
Give it soul by tunes...
Soul by tunes!

For even the flower that springs from upon the grave
Holds a mirror of life itself
Yes, even youth and thirsting striving for what's above
But to the grave it's bound forever

My soul must bleed to create
As Osiris - I die to be resurrected
The pain is the words
The tears the real fluid on my brush

I am the crying dying one
I am the magician

For I am the artist
And as the world devours me
I am resurrected in another one
Created from the devastation of myself
Devastation of myself!

I hear the voices haunt across the spaces
They grant me the speech of my world - our world
And though they cut me deep, very deep
I search them for more as soon as they're gone
They hurt so badly, still it's of them I consist
There is no real joy in this, purely a need for deed

[REPEAT VERSE 5]

[REPEAT VERSE 2]

I travel by the tears, falling down
Into a perfect satisfaction in the soil of the graveyard

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