

## Season's End "A Drowned Canvas"

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Paintings black as evening,  
Rendered helpless,  
Darkest strokes of a brush that mean nothing...

Expressions of silent art,  
Unable to relate,  
Experiments in Death,  
Now I'm the subject...

Elations of slowest death,  
Everything so cold and lost,  
Grandiose show of lies,  
Uneven requiems to the blind.

I am your face in the mirror pane,  
I am the sunlight behind the rain,  
I am mist, a ghostly frost,  
I am the memories that you thought you'd lost...

And you are my foggy reflection,  
The wind that blows from all directions,  
You are my souls other half,  
You are me under your mask.

Am I worth your glance anyway?  
Scared to look at my own face,  
When will the pain cease plaguing me?  
I've lived to hate another day...

I am the pictures on your wall,  
I am everything yet so small,  
And you're the fingers through my hair,  
In a feature where the soul is spare...

I can't feel the same with all this gone,  
I fear that this mind game has gone on for far too  
long...

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