

## The Red Paintings

### "Portrait Of A Dead Soul"

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Scratches  
Another fake disease  
Is there reality in this?  
Or it just a dream?  
Checkered floors  
We've come a long long way  
It seems we all just look the like stones  
It makes us all the same

And I feel alone  
Theres no pain involved  
Is there reality in this?

Another time and place  
Another pessimist way  
Is there reality in this?

Your portrait of your dead soul

Hope will come  
And carry us away  
Another day  
Plea, we still  
Dream on hope

Change the way that people think  
Things will never be the same  
Theres not enough time to think  
And I'm scared to talk to you  
You might just notice me  
I wish I could be someone else  
Someone you could talk to  
Someone who could make you melt

The planes are a rocking pirate ship and I'm not ready  
to walk the plank  
I havn't saved the kids  
Save the kids  
Breathe underwater  
And live a secret

I loathe the world, I hate the system  
Too much talking and suicides by hanging  
And my queen might pick the oxygen to capture  
Happieness forever gone  
So what am I doing?  
You must not loose your mind in this  
You must paint  
You must not miss  
Or see your portrait created  
You may be stuck and weighed down  
Focus on the corner of her face  
It's all there  
What you need to know  
Portait of a dead soul

I whisper in the silent thought  
It takes time for the leaves to fall  
But headaches climax reluctantly  
We will be, for reality

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