

## Tystnaden

### "The Canvas"

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The world through his eyes is like twisted  
As a thin London rain his discontents pour down on him  
And raging clouds press his thoughts in a vice of blue  
Grief and black agony.

Can't find my dreams in the darkest night without you  
In my romance, without you  
As a thin London rain glides away, I couldn't explain to  
myself what he wants  
What he seeks

Reading in his eyes is like observing the frame of a  
picture  
Disowning its canvas with the oil-paints fallen down in  
the darkness of oblivion.

All he wishes is a burst of lonely words,  
vegetate in a hell of talkin' eyes.  
You wear your life  
A fancy-dress for masses  
An evidence of your thoughts  
You don't want but you feel alone

He's waiting for long  
Silence around  
Only the noise of his time passing by  
Just a trick of the light blinded him for all these grey  
days discovering all his hope

Absent-mindedness draws away from his pursuit  
And he becomes just an actor of himself  
This rain doesn't stop  
If you want, can change your dress  
But you can't deny that you are already wet

Let your spirit free  
Through windows of your mind  
No! You can't deny you're alreadyâ€¦

Please tell me that what you are  
Ever screams stronger than

What you just want to appear.  
Please tell me now what you are  
Ever screams stronger than  
What you just want to appear.

Moon and sun passed their days lightning his eyes  
Over his head  
Only the noise of the time just passing by,  
He crashes to the ground for the first time.

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