

Eyedea & Abilities

"Color My World Mine"

Visit "[Color My World Mine](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I once met a man who trained himself not to dream

What he seems to have seen was a glimpse of
everything

He's been painting pictures on canvas since age
thirteen

And claims he only exists in the mind of a higher being

And I enjoy his work; mostly scenic landscapes

But each one is focused on an easel where the man
paints himself painting himself

And all that's in his visual field

He said this was the only way he could make himself
real

Ever since he could remember, he had one nightmare
reoccur

But until about ten years ago, it didn't matter

It consisted of loud, distorted sounds echoing off the
concrete

He ran on top of it in attempt to reach a ladder

Now sometimes, he'd get so close but never touch his
destination

Which caused him much frustration 'cause he didn't
know what it meant

And by the end of the dream, he saw the scene from a
bird's eye

Only to witness his dead body laying on the cement

It was only to witness his dead body laying on the
cement

At first it freaked him out, but after a while he grew
content

So he thought, "It's just a dream," and kept living his
life

Writing his soul on the canvas 'cause it sheds his
planet light

And it goes on and on like space and time, ain't
nothing odd

It's not that he didn't believe, he just didn't approve of
God

His experience was one I couldn't comprehend

'Till I stopped being detective and listened to him as a
friend

He said

[Chorus]

He once saw a painting that told his whole life story

It was then that he knew he was the art of divinity

He once saw a painting that told his whole life story

A brush stroke of the gods made him one note in their
symphony

He once saw a painting that told his whole life story

He spoke for himself and not the rest of humanity

He once saw a painting that told his whole life story

And I realize that I'm not real

God just imagined me

It's like I said

About ten years ago, the event that changed his whole
reality

Took place on his monthly trip to the local art gallery

It was there where he studied his contemporaries

And there where he nearly carried his sanity to a hole
and buried it forever

It was a very mysterious day

The place was almost empty

And he got chills down his spine just being present in
the scene

On the wall, there was a picture that looked familiar

And when he got close, his heart stopped

cause he saw it was a painting of his dream

It was a painting of his dream

His body on a runway

By a ladder to an airplane with its propellers spinning

Which accounted for the loud noise

The match up was perfect

And that was the day he stopped believing in existing

He resented his creator

I mean, words can't explain

What must have went on in his brain while he stared
into a frame

Of a work of art which he created and was at the same
time

The mind can't handle that much, it's just insane

It's like reading a book where each words describe
your thoughts

And in quotations, it reads whatever you say when you
talk

You think it can't happen

But it did happen

I guess there's surprisingly wide cracks in each life's sidewalk

He stumbled upon an answer when he never had a question

And decided to stop dreaming to maintain his mental health

Now he hardly talks to people

Just stays in his basement

Writing infinity, by painting himself

Painting himself

This is a strange universe

Is it all just a blueprint?

In the real universe, is my consciousness useless?

Are we really something a higher intelligence made up?

A figment of imagination colored by a cosmic paintbrush?

Maybe all of our art creates the fate of other beings

Then every character in ever novel thinks it's alive and were just gods

Ruling blindly

Just a theory

I don't know what it means

But that's the story of the man who trained himself not to dream

[Chorus]

He once saw a painting that told his whole life story

He witnessed the paradox of the word "existing"

He once saw a painting that told his whole life story

He colored his world theirs, and concluded he wasn't
living

He once saw a painting that told his whole life story

The hidden variable that all that is is art

And when I close my eyes, I see eternity as a story

A God imagined the God that imagined me

And I am God

And so on

Visit [Eyedea & Abilities](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.