

The Hurt Process

"The Artist"

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I know that you're an artist,
But you're the hardest one to deal with.
Everything that you conceal
Is revealed on your canvas.

You find all of your ugly meanings
In all of the things I find beautiful.
Do you see the fall is coming?
Come, I'm falling into you.

You perceive all of these things
I'd never have known. Whoa~
Love, will you turn off the lights?
We're already home. Oh~

You painted me in pastel,
Colors that don't tell of any boldness.
'Cause that's the way you'd love to see me:
So delicate, so weak, so little purpose.

But your eyes are drawn of charcoal
They're black, they're so cold, they're so imperfect.
Because they see a slee~ping world,
Where waking isn't worth it.

You perceive all of these things
That I'd never have known. Oh~
Love, will you turn out the lights?
We're already home. Oh~

Oh~ Oh~

Can. You. Live without the lies?

Oh~ Oh~

Love, I have had enough of you tonight.

All of these things
That I'd never have known. Oh~
Love, will you turn off the lights?

We're already home. Oh~

You perceive all of these things
That I'd never have known. Oh~
Love, will you turn out the lights?
We're already home. Oh~

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