

## **Hush Sound, The "The Artist"**

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I know that you're an artist  
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 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  
Love, will you turn out the lights?  
Cause we're already home, home

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 sleeping world  
Where waking isn't worth it

You perceive all of these things  
I'd never have known, oh  
Love, will you turn out the lights?  
Cause we're already home, home

Can you live without your lies?  
Love, I've had enough of you tonight

All of these things  
I'd never have known, oh  
Love, will you turn out the lights?  
Cause we're already home, home

You perceive all of these things  
I'd never have known, oh  
Love, will you turn out the lights?

'cuz we're already home, home

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