

Iluvatar

"The Final Stroke"

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Thousands have yet to find it.
What it was, I still don't know.
Many had called to grace my work.
Who'd have thought my gallery would steal the show?

Diaries on canvas.
Would they reveal my darker side?
And hanging upon these walls,
The facade I'd left to hide.

Forced into the limelight,
A cancerous thought I'd ran from for years.
Worried sick my family's fate,
Embellished everything I'd held in dear.
From my room I splashed violence,
And colors meshed in moods.
A wet brush choreographed my dreams.
A medium only I could find to groom.

Dusting webs from my frames.
Could they read inside my mind?
Could I hide behind these walls?
They think I've answered life's questions,
I'd broken through it all...

The townspeople they stood and cheered,
As I moved through the main street
In a carriage pulled by the horse of lords.
My offering sheathed in drapes of gold.
The king peered down and stared
At my greeting, shivering informal.
What I had carried was not just a sweep
Of the brush,
But a vision the king
Himself had held.

The doctor's messenger held on
To a note clutched in his hand.
Was it wrong to live in highness?
Greed was not a life prioritized.
This fever of scarlet,

Washed colors from my eyes...

To this day the world will hold
In its heart the memory
Of a man pushed by the right to wish
What many grant themselves each day.
Look close and you will feel
The emotion of this mortal
Who in his final moments of sight
Had canvassed a vision of life.

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