

## Painting

## Atmosphere

Ain't no colour paint gonna cover the stains  
The pictures on the wall will all remain  
And even though he's home now, sound and safe  
Surrounded by the faces that he place his faith  
The images visit from the past he witnessed  
Can't stay away from the memories  
Sticks with each detail, embedded in stone  
Like he chisels those convictions into his bones  
The progress stops and pauses, spits and sputters  
Like the basement faucet  
And it's obvious he's lost in his regrets  
You can smell it on his breath

Ain't no colour paint gonna cover the stains  
But now the alcohol is gonna mother the pain  
Tuck it away, no complaints  
Just laying on his back, on his backyard under the rain  
Take tomorrow but doesn't no how though  
For every swallow there's another to follow  
He weaves his way throughout the story  
Looking for a new missing piece or a door key  
Spirits used to be for celebration  
But now they just take him away from the hell that's waiting  
Re-up until it's three sheets up  
And pick a place for the skeletons to meet up

Ain't no colour paint gonna cover the stains  
But if the oxygen escapes it'll smother the flames  
No introduction doesn't speak his own name  
Gonna beat them demons at they own game  
The sunset rides to the end slow  
Same song echoing outside of the window  
You can't grow if the skin don't fit you  
Sometimes you gotta get low just to get through  
No inspiration left to do your best when  
Nobody hates you more than you're reflection  
Suffer the shame until it stuffs the drain  
He's got two hands and a bucket of paint  
Come on