Deamonpainter

Walking among shadows Shady characters of faded casts Acting out their last role Beautiful lonely stars

These are my people These fallen stars You may think you see us You never had a part

Flickering performance On a burning stage In naked daylight For you to hate

Directing the audience I paint in tones of gray In shades of black In cold dismay

I paint my deamons As scars of blood In a barren landscape Where all is lost Arcturus