

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