

## The painter

Low Roar

There's a painter who stares at miles of white  
All around  
Each color he's dreamed is lost in thought and can't be found  
Can't be found

Takes a walk through his head to ask his friends  
If they'd come out  
Come out from your shells, come chat with me and walk around  
Walk around

This is all ours to fuck with  
This is all ours to taunt  
This is our home, our stomping ground

What's stopping us?  
What's stopping us?  
What's stopping us?

Wake up from your sleep, they're only dreams  
Not solid ground  
You'd keep your eyes closed if you had known  
What I have found  
What I have found

Can you blame me for not wanting both feet  
On the ground  
While you follow routine and waste your days  
I'm in the clouds  
Raining down

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