

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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