

Crimson Glory, Painted Skies

When she's sad the world is lonely
Silver clouds are crying only
for the pain she feels
so deep inside
The love she thought would save her
has somehow now enslaved her
To a dream she though she wanted
to come true
Spread your wings you can fly
But the dove is never free
In painted skies that shade the color
of your dream
Only nightmares are real
Confusion conceals the only reason
for the feelings you can't hide
When she smiles the world it shimes
But the silver clouds are only there
to hide the distant storm
that's coming soon
The love she let surround her
has become the waves that drown her
in the sea of everchanging
warmth and cold
Spread your wings you can fly
But the dove is never free
In painted skies that shade the color
of your dream
Only nightmares are real
Confusion conceals the only reason
for the feelings you can't hide
You can fly
Spread your wings you can fly
But the dove is never free
In painted skies that shade the color
of your dream
Only nightmares are real
Confusion conceals the only reason
for the feelings you can't hide
When the nightmares ensue
All that you can do is paint your sky
another brighter shade of blue
Spread your wings you can glide
above the violent storms
that plague your life
You paint the picture blue or grey
Fly away