

# Atmosphere, Painting

Ain't no color 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 places faith

The images visit from the past he witnessed  
Can't stay away from the memory, sticks with  
Each detail, embeded in stone  
Like he chisels those convictions into his bones

The progress stops and pauses,  
Spits and sputters like the basment faucet  
And its obvious hes lost in his regrets,  
You can smell it on his breath

Aint no color paint gonna cover the stains  
But now the alcohol is gonna mother the pain  
Tuck it away, no complaints,  
Just layin on his back on his backyard, under the rain

Take tomorrow, but doesnt know how though  
For ever swallow, theres 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 thats waitin  
Re-up until its three sheets up,  
And pick a place for the skeletons to meet up

Aint no color paint gonna cover the stains  
But if the oxygen escapes, it'll smother the flames  
No introduction, doesnt speak his own name  
Gonna beat them demons at they own game

The sunset rides to the end slopes  
Same song echoing outside of the window  
You cant grow if the skin dont fit you  
Sometimes you gotta get low just to get through

No inspiration left to do your best when  
Nobody hates you more than your reflection  
Suffer the shame until it stuffs the drain  
He's got two hands and a bucket of paint, c'mon