

Spirit is like a finger in the paint of life  
I'm writing something at your door  
You have to come out to read what was written  
At your door stands a person who looks like you  
No sign - no letter - no message  
Movement is a color and time a shape

To focus on - it needs time  
To leave the own creation  
Is a way to feel about sentences  
Placed in your heart  
Accepted as a law  
To break your will - to give a choice  
Which paint to use - which paint you use

To color the world  
From outside the house  
Of black and white nightmares  
Planted long ago by the ones  
Without a home in their hearts  
They never read the message  
Written on their doors  
They never crossed the threshold  
So the world outside is yours!

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At your door stands a person who looks like you  
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To leave the own creation  
Planted long ago by the ones  
Without a home in their hearts  
And they never read the message  
Written on their doors  
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