

## The well of the artist

Satariel

I paint in black and white  
A face appears as my creation on canvas  
Structured lines expressing the very foundations of chaos  
These lines are but words  
Words I read upon each wall, each scene I behold  
I swallow the pictures of the surroundings  
and set them in the womb of my mind  
The plant grows in my garden obscure  
From the poisoned ground a flower then rises  
Black and dead it still grows further more and more  
And I adore it's beauty, grace, it's lonely pride  
As I summon it's essence to manifest for me,  
powers of creations are running through me  
In trance it's nature comes undressed to me  
I then gently dress in colours,  
and give it name by words,  
give it soul by tunes...  
Soul by tunes!  
For every flower that springs from upon the grave holds a mirror of l  
ife itself  
Yes, even youth and thirsting striving for what's above  
But the grave it's bound forever  
My soul must bleed to create  
As Osiris - I die to be resurrected  
the pain is the words  
The tears the real fluid on my brush  
I am the crying dying one  
I am the magician  
For I am the artist  
And as the world devours me  
I am resurrected in an other one  
Created from the devastation of myself  
Devastation of myself!  
I hear the voices haunt across the spaces  
They grant me the speech of my world - our world  
And though they cut me deep, very deep  
I search them for more as soon as they're gone  
They hurt so badly, still it's of them I consist  
There is no real joy in this, purely a need for deed  
My soul must bleed to create  
As Osiris - I die to be resurrected  
the pain is the words  
The tears the real fluid on my brush  
I swallow the pictures of the surroundings  
and set them in the womb of my mind  
The plant grows in my garden obscure  
I travel by the tears, falling down  
Into a perfect satisfaction in the soil of the graveyard