

No More Colours

Secrets of the Moon

I was given just one life
one heart
one soul
two hands
one hand to paint on canvas
one hand to stroke the skull

I was given just one chance to find the absent pieces
to clutch the blistering myriads of wounds
I was given just two hands
to turn the heavens upside down
now these are mountain summits to defeat
there is an end of joy
once the end leaps like a flame

Tu t'es perdu sur le chemin
Ta foi t'a mené à ta perte
Cesse de contrôler ton destin
Ta peur reflète ton ignorance
Et la misère de ta piteuse existence
Laisse toi aveugler par la Lumière
Laisse toi gagner par les Ténèbres
Laisse les voix pénétrer ta chair
Il te faut perdre tes certitudes pour avoir accès au Divin
Laisse toi gagner par la Lumière

she gave me all that I promised to protect
here is the rood, here is the rose
here are the stones that hit you
from this day the clock hand is the scythe
and it cuts the mirth, the singing and the light
there is an end of joy
once the end leaps like a flame

draw
black charcoal
scythe
it cuts the mirth, the singing and the light

draw
black charcoal
scythe
no colours will ever reach the sky

I was not able to speak when my word was born
so I painted in colours until the colours were gone