

What should I do with this white page?  
I don't know  
What should I do with this wasteland?  
I don't know

I see in the distance life emerging from the void  
I see now the horizon budding under my eyes

I can feel it now, bright colors piercing me deep from all sides

Doubts and fears pulling me down  
Ego and madness pulling me up  
Melodies and rhythms clashing in my mind

Nothing arises, everything is elusive  
Nothing stands still, nothing makes sense anymore

The paint flows and draws this new world  
A place beyond my dreams  
Words are tangling in harmony  
A tale beyond my dreams

The writer's sweet feather has finally written the story  
I can now admire my toil  
And finally savor what has long been locked up  
My work is final  
I close the old book