

# Black Canvas

Gory Blister

A blank canvas is the widest place  
Where the whole art is standing still

The sky - to give shape to a masterpiece  
Is full - I need the artist's mystic will  
Of flaming darkness

To make choices, my sacred toil  
To create life, colours, greatness  
To reveal riches, our decaying spoil

My artwork were to be the universe  
My artwork were to be this twisted universe

To draw life, the most supreme  
All wrong, a blind paint stream  
No life, in a black canvas

There is no chance to pray and cleanse  
The work of art now lives in dark  
Dying planets and black blood  
Created by a failing God

Here life is to float  
In a gout of black  
Guessing it is the universe

Mankind - to make the brush a fecund place -  
Was born - to let flow the masterpiece -  
Of black - the whole art keeps standing still  
To perish in darkness

To make choices, my sacred toil  
To create life, colours, greatness  
To reveal riches, our decaying spoil

To draw life, the most supreme  
I need the perfect stroke  
But the brush streamed spurts of black  
And the spell broke  
There will be no life in a black canvas