

The New Word

In Flames

The great world of blessedness
And a feeling of ease
A cup of the well of freedom
And a life we joyfully drink
Inside, all was new, but outwards
Nothing had changed

An escapade,
Then to the altar to
Evaluate all parts
Of the great mystery
But all remains
On the same spot,
No signs of a new season

In my hand is a new world,
But the world is still
Without body

A hidden life-stream that
Swells in the deep
Will soon give the world
A second face