

# 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