

## Delight

# "Plenitude Is A Perfect Vacancy"

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'Words move, music moves  
Only in time [...]"

In the labyrinth of soul  
The internal voice roams  
He burns the flowers of dreams  
The time is his alley  
To destroy the youth and arduor  
With the words of old man  
They ruin souls of artist  
With unnecessary criticism

Let the song fly to the sky  
Let the cold walls cry  
Let the melody dance with the crowd  
Let the song sound through the night  
Let Salome dance tonight  
We will pay the biggest price  
Our souls will reach salvation  
Our sound will reach destination

Trying to touch the Plenitude in vain  
We create new ideas  
There won't be full satisfaction  
"Plenitude is a perfect Vacancy"  
"Words move, music moves  
Only in time, but that which is only living  
Can only die.  
Words, after speech, reach into the silence.  
Only by the form, the pattern  
Can words or music reach  
The stillness (...)"

[written by P. Maslanka except the last part - a fragment  
of. T.S. Eliot's poem "Neither plenitude nor vacancy"]

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