

The Provenance "Painted A Life"

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She comes through the painting
Into this world
Born and bred by colours
With the light as her God

Following every move I make
Every step I take is observed
Killing my thirst of longing
Far beyond the boundaries of death
I'm running down a sunlit path
Strengthened stroke by stroke
The brush, creating lives
It's like the hand of God

But this God is the pastureland of the weak
Where we will never set foot
Life's distorted by these low-minded
Made into a dismal path
Affection sinking below horizons of disgrace
Subsequently dying, immersed in blackened ignorance
The stench of sickening hypocrisy
Hiding from the truth behind walls within
Constantly reinforcing them in this world,
This world of painters

In the arms of midsummer embrace
I leave my body to the wilderness
My thoughts they fall from grace
To discover the secrets of nature
In this world, this world of painters

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