

## 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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