

Douwe Bob Posthuma

"Multicolored Angel"

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multicolored faces, red hands and blue hands
drasp at the shapes in his mind
Black birds and blue birds are resting on his shoulders
waiting for the moment to fly
Multicolored feathers against the sky

Silver shadows spread over the landscape
draped over the background as a veil
and whe are getting drunk, by wheat, looking at the
sunrise
singing song of men who had it al but died in jail

Whatever

Forever

We keep our head up high and voices strong
you told me how to be Keen of mind and clever
the ways of the world where i belong

we got lost in the middle of the desert
we prayed for a little luck, came out smiling
we looked up above, saw the black and blue birds
flying
the colors against the sky,

and i know one day they will die,
and i know one day you will die ,
cause even multicolored angels die,

whatever,

forever,

we keep our head up high

