

## A Painting In Dark

Crimson Moonlight

He weeps, but no one hear  
Is this the final point of his life?

The direction of his soul  
A painting in dark  
Where is he to go  
In this maze of confusion  
Will someone give him the strength  
To chance and forsake this path  
Is there somewhere a heart  
Full of freedom who can call his name?

He strives towards  
Meaningless, endless horizons  
Traveling and searching  
For true life-giving peace  
He wipes his tears with golden cloth  
Lost in the lie: "This is all you need"  
He asks: Is there any true peace at all?

These cries for help echoes louder  
Through the dark night of his soul  
But while praying in despair  
He discerns the shape of Love incarnated  
There he is, the One  
Wearing the bloodied crown of thorns  
His heart is beating with mercy  
And his peace caused the escape of fear

But a silent mist arise  
Covering the vision of loving truth  
With a scornful smile  
The evil one pull down the veil  
Over the human face  
While telling the constant lie  
This mercy is not for you  
Twisting God's true words  
In the presence of honest seeking of truth

That lies is spoken by the lips  
Painted with immutable cruelty  
The own flesh is too weak to resist it  
But God has seen the will of his heart  
And listen: the scarlet story is told.

He can hear the sound of dripping blood  
Deliverance is made  
The punishment for his transgressions  
Are obliterated at the cross  
The final cry from God's  
Faultless wounded Son brought freedom  
The sins are crucified, restoration is given  
And the veil is lifted off

He turn his eyes to the hill  
Beholding the destiny of his mistakes  
There hangs the one who paid his price

The one who conquered death itself  
He looks towards the new horizons  
Where the sun never sets  
And starts to walk in its direction  
On the path of the eternal life