

Ancient Philosophy

Darzamat

Change the mood from joy to sadness
Because sad is the song I sing
On dreams in deep meditations
On seven horses running on the shore at dawn

Born to fly
To fly in the depths of art
To plunge in her captious whirls
To sin by knowing thoughts of god

But I have wasted the dawn
And this is not to be forgiven by any heaven
So look and see I'll paint a picture

Filled with so many questions and sorrow that divine
But instead of an angel I'll paint a man
For the paint set so carefully
Would wash away it's shapes