

Black Canvas

Gory Blister

A blank canvas is the widest place
Where the whole art is standing still

The sky - to give shape to a masterpiece
Is full - I need the artist's mystic will
Of flaming darkness

To make choices, my sacred toil
To create life, colours, greatness
To reveal riches, our decaying spoil

My artwork were to be the universe
My artwork were to be this twisted universe

To draw life, the most supreme
All wrong, a blind paint stream
No life, in a black canvas

There is no chance to pray and cleanse
The work of art now lives in dark
Dying planets and black blood
Created by a failing God

Here life is to float
In a gout of black
Guessing it is the universe

Mankind - to make the brush a fecund place -
Was born - to let flow the masterpiece -
Of black - the whole art keeps standing still
To perish in darkness

To make choices, my sacred toil
To create life, colours, greatness
To reveal riches, our decaying spoil

To draw life, the most supreme
I need the perfect stroke
But the brush streamed spurts of black
And the spell broke
There will be no life in a black canvas