

The well of the artist

Satariel

I paint in black and white
A face appears as my creation on canvas
Structured lines expressing the very foundations of chaos
These lines are but words
Words I read upon each wall, each scene I behold
I swallow the pictures of the surroundings
and set them in the womb of my mind
The plant grows in my garden obscure
From the poisoned ground a flower then rises
Black and dead it still grows further more and more
And I adore it's beauty, grace, it's lonely pride
As I summon it's essence to manifest for me,
powers of creations are running through me
In trance it's nature comes undressed to me
I then gently dress in colours,
and give it name by words,
give it soul by tunes...
Soul by tunes!
For every flower that springs from upon the grave holds a mirror of l
ife itself
Yes, even youth and thirsting striving for what's above
But the grave it's bound forever
My soul must bleed to create
As Osiris - I die to be resurrected
the pain is the words
The tears the real fluid on my brush
I am the crying dying one
I am the magician
For I am the artist
And as the world devours me
I am resurrected in an other one
Created from the devastation of myself
Devastation of myself!
I hear the voices haunt across the spaces
They grant me the speech of my world - our world
And though they cut me deep, very deep
I search them for more as soon as they're gone
They hurt so badly, still it's of them I consist
There is no real joy in this, purely a need for deed
My soul must bleed to create
As Osiris - I die to be resurrected
the pain is the words
The tears the real fluid on my brush
I swallow the pictures of the surroundings
and set them in the womb of my mind
The plant grows in my garden obscure
I travel by the tears, falling down
Into a perfect satisfaction in the soil of the graveyard