

When Canvas Starts to Burn

Serenity

We can't deny the signs clearly showing the times are changing
Floods rise and comets fly Is this the end? Is judgment night?

Drawing lines and colours true and fair I create a mirrored universe

I see the world through different eyes, That's the painter's soul and mind
My hands are guided by a force Some would call divine
A gifted man, but I know There is still so much to learn
And in some dreams canvas starts to burn When I touch it

I've been to foreign lands In north and south where legends dwell
But perfect harmony Remains a mystery, hidden well

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