

Point of Creation

[Marketa Irglova](#)

Take me to the point of my creation,
Take me where my life began.
I was born into this world,
What had I intended then?
What had I chosen for a destiny,
Am I living it right now?
I have this feeling I've forgotten something.
Tell me, how do I know that I am where I'm supposed to be?
Talk to me, God,
I know you're listening to me.
Open up your eyes, look to the sky,
You'll see a rainbow,
That's the bridge you crossed,
On your way to your new life.
Breathe in, breathe out,
Let the color rays pass through you.
Red, orange, yellow, green,
Turquoise, indigo, purple.
Now do you see where your home is?
Do you remember who you are?
Life's longing for itself,
Your wish made upon a star.
You can have whatever you can dream of,
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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