

# The New World

## Cranky

The great word of blessedness  
And a feeling of ease  
A cup of the well of freedom and life We joyfully drink  
Inside all was new  
But outwards nothing had changed An escapade then to the altar  
To evaluate all parts of the great mystery  
But all remains on the same spot  
No signs of a new season In my hand is a new word  
But the word is  
Still without a body A hidden life stream  
That swells in the deep  
Will soon give the word  
A second face In my hand is a new word  
But the word is  
Still without a body In my hand is a new word  
But the word is  
Still without a body

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