ItÂ´s Spring

Project Pitchfork

Spirit is like a finger in the paint of life
I'm writing something at your door
You have to come out to read what was written
At your door stands a person who looks like you
No sign - no letter - no message
Movement is a color and time a shapeTo focus on - it needs time
To leave the own creation
Is a way to feel about sentences
Placed in your heart
Accepted as a law
To break your will - to give a choice
Which paint to use - which paint you useTo color the world
From outside the house
Of black and white nightmares
Planted long ago by the ones
Without a home in their hearts
They never read the message
Written on their doors
They never crossed the threshold
So the world outside is yours!I'm writing something at your door
You have to come out to read what was written
At your door stands a person who looks like you
To focus on - it needs time
To leave the own creation
Planted long ago by the ones
Without a home in their hearts
And they never read the message
Written on their doors
They never crossed the threshold
So the world outside is yours!And they never read the message
Written on their doors
They never crossed the threshold
So the world outside is yours!

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