

The New World

Markus Schulz

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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