

# Adam

Anja Bigrell

In the dawning, wakening hour  
He'll lift his head and brush his eyes with gentle strokes  
That will only blindly mislead him  
Into the first day of creation which he only sees in limitation  
Now he sits upon his empty bed  
His heart is warm, his heart is full and he can see  
But it is impossible for him to retain me  
For his arms are without form, he cannot know the word  
As his mind cries out absurd  
Now he's standing inside the doorway  
He is afraid but he believes all that he sees on the floor  
Where everything is merging  
And pictures he sees are tragic as he begins to believe in magic  
Now he lies down in a hole  
Down in the ground where it is cold and now he knows  
Now he realizes his biggest mistake  
That he never had to grow old, and he never had to grow cold and die

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