

The New Word

In Flames

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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