

between the lines

between the lines

oder

Die unsichtbare Wirklichkeit

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Die unsichtbare Wirklichkeit ist in der sichtbaren Wirklichkeit verborgen. Wir können sie überall finden. Bilder können sie zeigen, wenn wir durch sie hindurch schauen. Worte können uns zu ihr führen, wenn wir zwischen den Zeilen lesen.











Between the lines

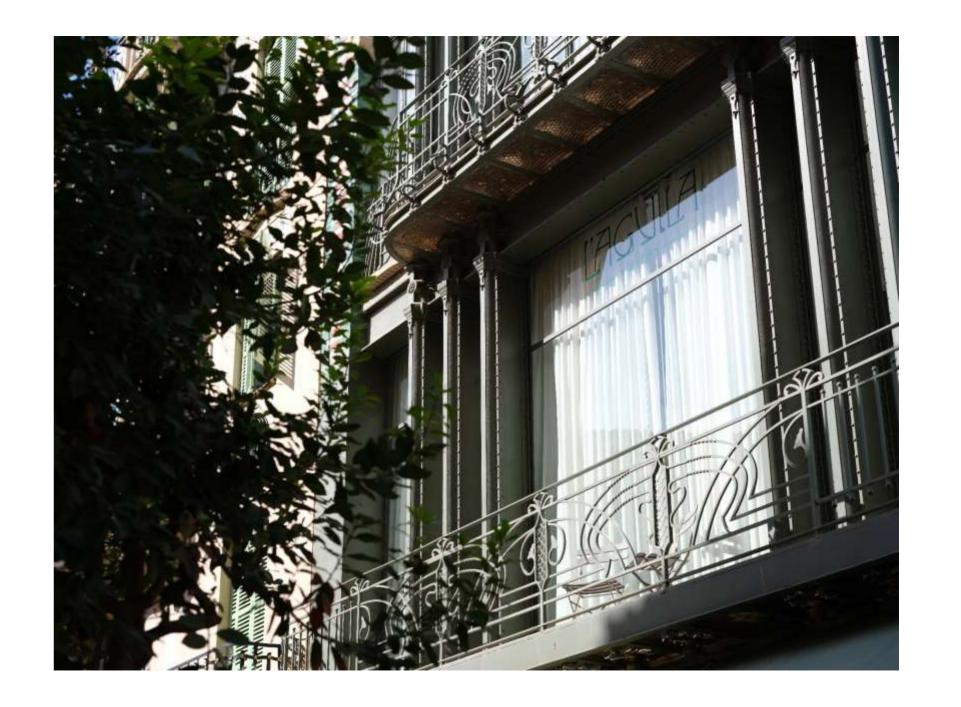
The streets are crowded
The sun always shines
Words fill the air
There's something between the lines

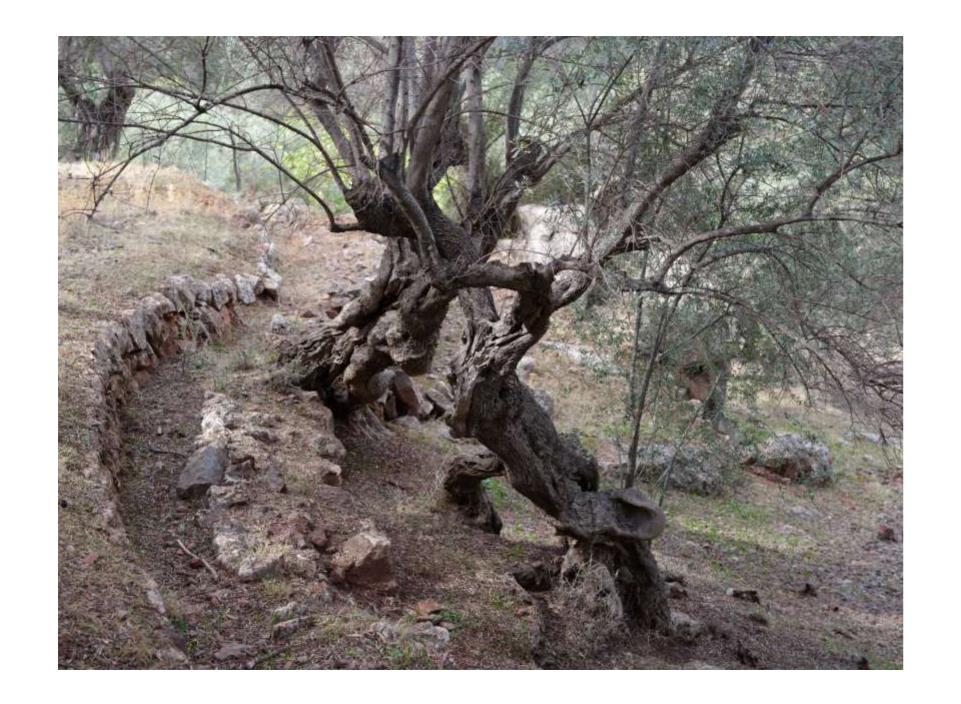
All the noise, the busy days
People waiting for life
There still remains some space
Somewhere between the lines

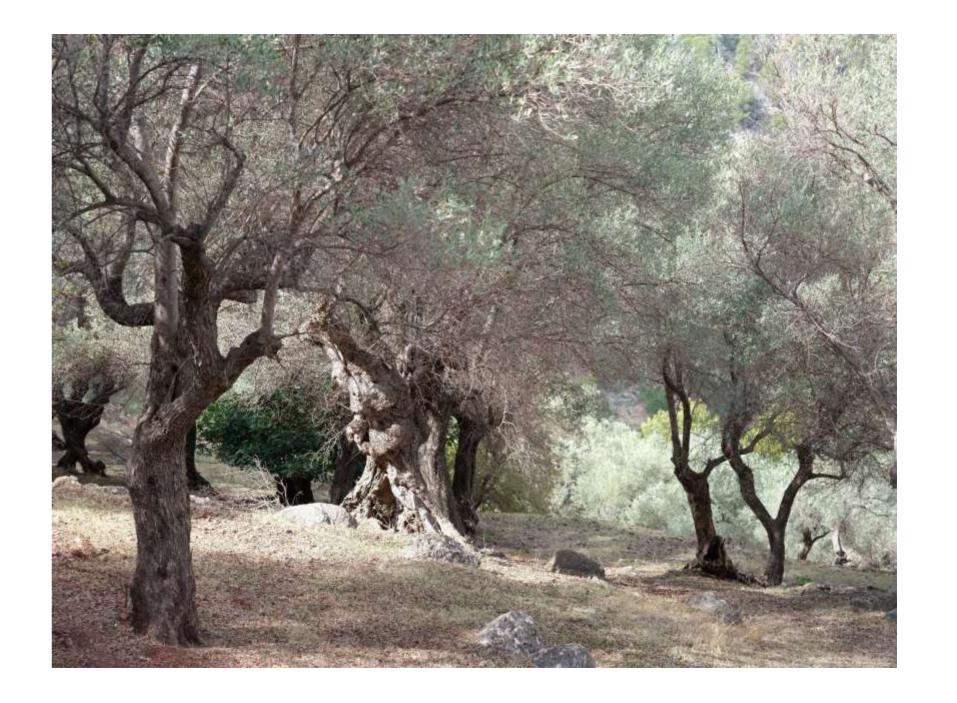
Stone is set on stone
Time is sold for time
Where all the reason is gone
There's something between the lines

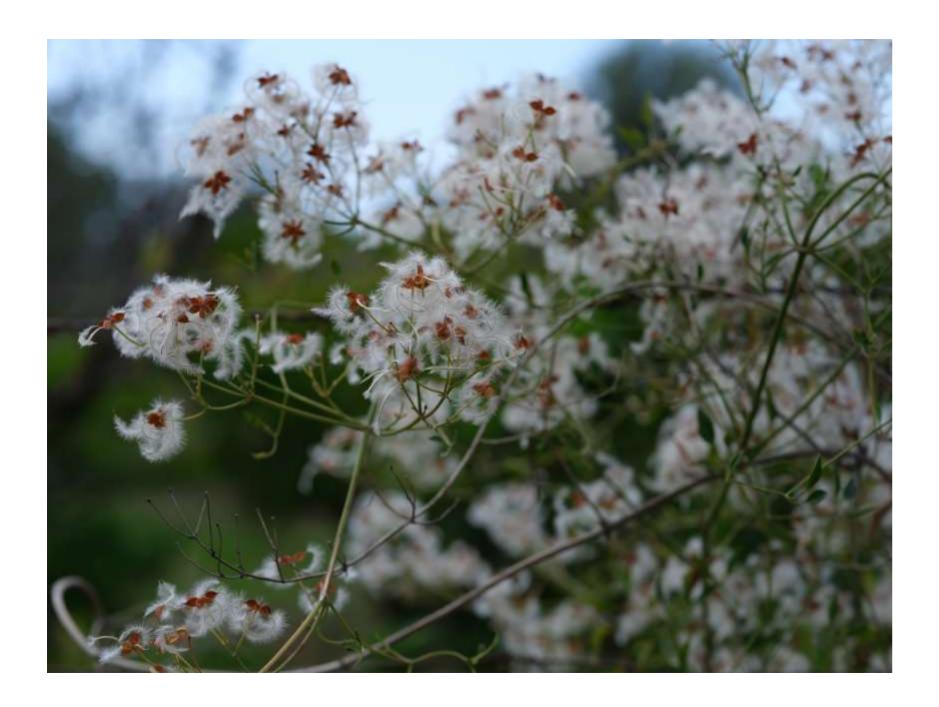












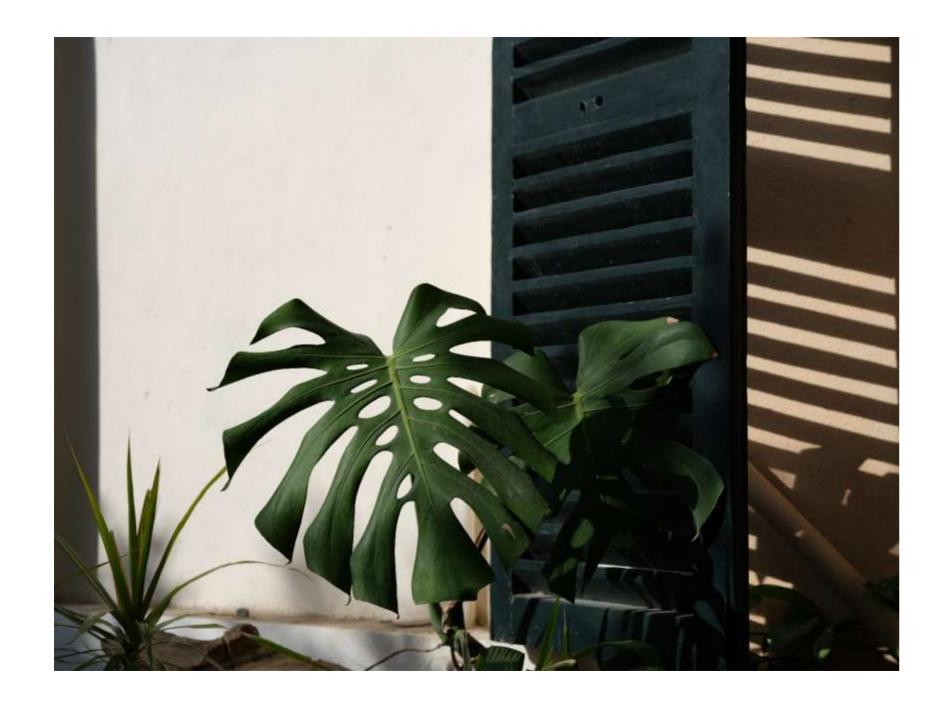
Under the trees of life

Life in time is talking to each other. Eternal life is the talk with god.

Is it possible to talk to each other about god? Or is the real question if it's possible to talk about anything else but god?

If we talk about something, that touched our heart, isn't it about our talk with god? If we talk about something that didn't touch our heart, is it worth talking about?

If we talk about truth, we talk about god. If we don't talk about truth, we're telling lies.







Infinite reflection

If you look through all times
Like Jesus, the cross in his hands
If you can see all your life
Like Jesus watching himself

Turning this cross
That was the end of the way
Into a door to the other side
The real place to stay

Sharing this life
Under the same sun
Feet on the same ground
Same sky for everyone

Then, now and forever
On the same pair of hands
That carry us all
Through the other land

If you think about time
In this way, you can see
It's just the infinite reflection
Of light and eternity





