

Noa, Nothing

first there was nothing
till i created the word
first there was nothing
and nothing was good
nothing is moving
nothing is moving
nothing was heard

and who am i anyway
if i dont have a name
if moving is nothing
and nothing is shame
nothing is moving
nothing is moving
nothings the same

and the word is me
and i am the word
my mind is free
like a beautiful bird
and the terms of love
and the germs of hate
nothing is waiting
nothing is waiting

first there was darkness
till i created the night
first there was darkness
and darkness was right
darkness is moving
darkness is moving
into light

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