

# 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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and i am the word  
my mind is free  
like a beautiful bird  
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