

Fra Lippo Lippi, Light Ang Shade

He will paint the light and shade
The colors of the trees
He will climb the steepest hill
Believing what he sees

He will lay down on the ground
Beneath the old oak tree
He will sleep forever
If you try to set him free

Sail on the wings of the clouds
Where to well nobody knows
And cry, cry if you want them to see
Die, everyday to be free

Be proud, to wear the colors that you call your own
Be loud, speak out when you want the world to know
Be strong, hold the flame for everyone to see
Be weak, if you want to love.

He will paint the end as sea
A mystery to me
He will reach out for the sun
Not dreaming what he sees
He will fall down on his knees
Angel touching ground
Takes him to the other side
Sweet love is coming down