

Where is the light?

Music & Words by Claas Fischer

1.

I enter the lift expecting no tricks,
Wanna join in a workshop up at floor thirty-six.
Hope to find my self, my inner star.
The door opens now, meeting point is not far.
When I step out,
In the blink of an eye,
Everything is dark.
What does it testify?
Suddenly night,
No one to hear me sigh:
Where is the light?

2.

A stony black wall blocks up my way.
How mighty and cold I cannot say.
Cannot get through, cannot reach my aim.
On every storey it is the same.
I find myself
In a cellar vault
Surrounded by darkness
And solid walls.
Everywhere night.
Is it my fault?
Where is the light?

3.

With bag and guitar, I wade through the pools
On the uneven floor. Oppression rules.
I see some stairs that lead to a door.
No use, it is locked. Imprisoned like before.
When I walk on,
In the blink of an eye,
It is healed, revealed.
And where I go
Is an open field,
A dazzling bright sky.
Gone is the fright.
Here is the light!

4.

The sun is smiling into my face.
Workshop is over, people leave the place.
The cause I find out of this strange fun
Was a huge flying object covering the sun.