

About creation

Music & Words by Claas Fischer

Introduction:

There's an inconspicuous conifer somewhere near on earth
Where all inhabitants and neighbors know about the birth.

Welcome to life, little Spide!
You belong to us. - And naturewide
The beetles and the bees,
The geese on the leas,
The wheat and the vine,
The frogs in the bogs
And their prey
Celebrate today.

1.

Full of joy and curious about himself and the world,
Spide takes the first breath and begins to move.
Eight legs - but it's easy to crawl.
He explores his home from the root to the roof.

Suddenly, he perceives a strong impulse from inside,
A motive that offers him a service to guide.
From a glimpse of an ideal he is thrilled;
A harmonious structure needs to be fulfilled.
Such a silver shimmering notion,
An inspiration by which he is led.
And with patience and with devotion
Spide begins to weave the net.

2.

And when the whole work is done,
An ingenious wonder glitters in the sun,
Between twigs and cones gently swaying,
The message of self-realization raying.
Spide sees his work and he sees it is good.
But work makes him hungry. Where can he get any food?

Suddenly, the web is shaking, trembling, quaking;
A rambling fly is hardly aching suicide making.
Entangled in a sticky thread,
No way to escape but sensing no dread.
Spide is completely astonished when it comes to mind
That flies must be very friendly and kind.