

Emanuel's Secret

You called me up on Sunday
To take me to your secret place
A hideaway in the forest
An artist's final rest

You showed me all these wonders
I had never seen before
My very eyes saw life and death
And so much more

All the colours of Autumn
Rested in the winter of life
Gave more warmth than any Summer
Cut impressions deeper than any knife

Emanuel, you made everything so clear
Emanuel's, it's as if you were still here

As the door closed behind me
And sealed off the room
I walked out into daylight
But I'll be back real soon

Nothing had changed
the trees were green
the sky was blue
But I was not the same
After that Sunday afternoon