

# It's Spring

## Project Pitchfork

Spirit is like a finger in the paint of life  
I'm writing something at your door  
You have to come out to read what was written  
At your door stands a person who looks like you  
No sign - no letter - no message  
Movement is a color and time a shape  
To focus on - it needs time  
To leave the own creation  
Is a way to feel about sentences  
Placed in your heart  
Accepted as a law  
To break your will - to give a choice  
Which paint to use - which paint you use  
To color the world  
From outside the house  
Of black and white nightmares  
Planted long ago by the ones  
Without a home in their hearts  
They never read the message  
Written on their doors  
They never crossed the threshold  
So the world outside is yours!  
I'm writing something at your door  
You have to come out to read what was written  
At your door stands a person who looks like you  
To focus on - it needs time  
To leave the own creation  
Planted long ago by the ones  
Without a home in their hearts  
And they never read the message  
Written on their doors  
They never crossed the threshold  
So the world outside is yours!  
And they never read the message  
Written on their doors  
They never crossed the threshold  
So the world outside is yours!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>