

"Seen again for the thing we in"

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Before discovering being a child the children where already grownup. Before i discovered my adulthood I was a child. Going through life without phases. Gates and gardens being discovered or giving time to rest.

Descriptions of moments in paintings, moments of the paintings becoming the protégé of the artist. Moments of intimacy, los of control and jealousy. Moments go fast, some will stay unnoticed and others will be ignored. Seems like states of paintings are as clear as it is clear that the sky is blue.

Seen again as a necessity of coming back to a state which is not unknown. Moments that feel like a deja-vu without becoming scared of them. Moments of noticing that you are going in circles in the labyrinth you are in. Being undisturbed and appreciating that the sky is blue.

Singing together and increasing the loudness to not hear any surroundings that are inappropriate and disturbing to unite through a passionate action. We signed the same contract without knowing the language, not only the fine printed was missed but the contract itself was not understood.

"And I know that you remember how I talk, how I walk, how my body works So don't treat me like a stranger, cause it hurts, yeah, it hurts, uh and I know that you remember how I talk, how I walk, how my body works so don't treat me like a stranger, cause it hurts, yeah, it hurts, uh"

\*Remember, Smerz\*

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