

# Actors

Smoking thin cigarettes out of a theatre  
In a town far from their home  
They are the actors, enchanters of  
people Now that the applauses are gone  
What are they thinking?  
What are they feeling?  
Are all the emotions still in them?  
They look a bit different now  
That they left the stage  
Smoking like anyone else  
Dreamers who make people dream  
They build new realities  
From the human frailty  
Reciting a scrip  
They can explain the deep  
Of everyone's personality

Actors, dreamers, crowd redeemers  
Freedom found playing a part  
Scenes of beauty, movements of bodies  
They seem to get freed by the art  
And no matter which language they speak  
They talk to the heart  
And no matter which language they speak  
They talk to the heart

Smoking thin cigarettes out of a theatre  
In a town far from their home  
Drama or cabaret  
In the ash of those cigarettes  
Magic turns into smoke  
What are they thinking?  
What are they feeling?  
Are they persons or the parts they play?  
Or are the parts they play  
Made up with what they are?  
Do the script tell about them?  
Dreamers who make people dream  
Create new realities  
To escape the normality  
Reciting a script or just improvising  
They can turn into something so big

Actors, dreamers, crowd redeemers  
Freedom found playing a part  
Movements of bodies, images of beauty  
They seem to get freed by the art  
And no matter which language they speak  
They talk to the heart  
And no matter which language they speak  
They talk to the heart