

Publicerad 2005-10-29 21:49 av Elina

Om den innehåller stavfel så är det p.g.a mitt wordprogram.

In the eyes of a killer

Blended by my vision

I had no choice

As the night broke free so did I

Fire rushed thru my

blood

As I moved along the hills

The children played there

But they played no longer

My scimitar was

Clocked with blood

But my spirit

found no rest

She was beautiful

so scared

so helpless

As my sword dove it way into her broken body

a tear dripped from my face

This is my curse all that's left of me

sickness and hate

I feed on the death of others

I know she saw the tear

the last thing she saw

She won

I ran away to the safety of hate

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Elina med Poeter.se id #5387 innehar upphovsrätten