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Busy Doing Nothing

I'm stuck between the now and the past
Into a door a i cannot advance
Waiting an eternity it seems
And i only find comfort in my dreams

Emotional baggage i have plenty
Yet my heart and soul are empty
The ideas are already sold
And the loneliness is getting so old

There is no beauty anymore
And nothings shocking
Trying to walk down a path in store
That my mind is blocking

This emptiness is hard to satisfy
But i have no reasons to cry
Things are starting to lose their color
So why am i waiting for another?

They dont see me as truly blue
My youth will be over soon
A heart that can't stay in tune
I wish there could be a you

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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