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Till skitstöveln som gjorde min vän gravid... May you burn in hell.

To a jerk

I can't understand
why she loves him
after all he has done
Beacuse if he got the chance
he will be gone

Although he says
He loves her
I don't belive a single word
Beacuse I know
It's only him in his world

He takes her soul
a little bit at the time
So little that she don't notice
untill it's to late
and turn her into ice

So give me one resun
to trust him
And not crush his head
For if I got a wish
he would be dead

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Sikska med Poeter.se id #19803 innehar upphovsrätten