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Låtext skriven vid vardagsrumsbordet i april -10

paper world

he held

his breath

in his dirty hands

afraid to let spread free

because

his World

was as always paperthin

he used to fold it into a plane

she was

his link

to reality

pulled him out of his own hell

sometimes

when he

had gone way too far

into his creepy, mental shell

he had

too much

of unwanted attetion

and that made him hide in himself

or in

the backyard

of her summerhouse

he prayed for that he never would be found

she made

a point

of never be swimming

in the same water

as five black sharks

he just laughed

and said

"hey darling, what do you know?

they do it every day in paper world."

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Clockwork med Poeter.se id #31506 innehar upphovsrätten