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On Iron Horse he flies / On Iron Horse he gladly dies / Iron Horse his wife / Iron Horse his life - Motorhead
White Line

Here I stand, key in hand

Silent raindrops down the visor

A torrent bright as fire in my soul

Born again on glittering surfaces

Destination unknown

Passing young and elder

Reckless and careful

Through and through

Turn the soul to chrome

A momentum of contemplation

A single mistake a road to hell

Yet angels tend to sing to me

In thoughtful equilibrium

71 horses with true power

Crashing down on white lines

See my face again in the mirror

Black pariah comes with dawn

Torquemada flourishes

In our acquired inquisition

He who ask doesn't know

And he who knows gives silent decree

In turns of Red, Yellow and Green

As it comes it's over again

Speedy memories of joy

Blazingly embedded on my soul

Forever turning

This is me, around again

Seeing the places glow

As I wait for the green on the white line

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