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skrev några rader såhär innan jag ger mig in i ännu en sömnlös natt.

The greatest man on earth

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talking about troubles

in life

attempted to live it

to love it

trapped or liberated

alone

together

His solitude finds no indifference

everything else seems little

from his view

he looks down to us

speaks about freedom and gods will

but we all know, he's carrying the devil
inside his chest.

While time quickly passed by

his life faded out

nor he liked it

in the beginning

but as time quickly passed by
he changed into a lonesome

phantom

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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