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I wrote this text in utter confusion. Don't bother to ask me what the hell is the matter with my head, for I will not answer. I simply do not know the answer my self.

"Not only do I not know the answer, I don't even know what the question is."

Cranium

Good morning sunshine

I can feel this morning will be mine

The curtains are pulled aside

And the feeling subsides as I open my eyes

Wandering down the street

Smiles are watching wherever I go

The ground is kissing my feet

My sun is shining, it shows

The subliminal message isn't there

My blanket of happiness is vast

So I make sure it is shared

Just like it was in my past

Good morning new life

All the pain was worth the strife

But the feeling subsides and I open my eyes

My joy was just demons in disguise

In my absence they broke free

And now they're eating me

The (genuine) End

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Bravorion med Poeter.se id #6501 innehar upphovsrätten