

Publicerad 2012-09-23 22:49 av Marcus_Sjölander

One kiss, two bangs

Don't let me know
Just close those two knowledgeable eyes
And shut that watchful heart away
Throw away the key
Forever running away, and lay
Under the bed
Too scared to face
That little two crazed
Two mazed
Wrathful girl who stay
Inside my brain, and you learn
To live off of dust
And dirt, and leftover toys
Cutting one rotting string each day
To that damnable box
Two feet away, and
Kicking it back to
That pitch black rose coloured
Romanticised hell
Heaven!
Angels are provided at a cost
Pastime under the bed not included
But the red void may
Never be satisfied, but
Clay are recommended
I saw it on television
But the papers make up good stories about
Heart break, sick brains and
Two time cheating frogs
I'll tuck those magazines under the
Bed for you to read
Man
Lying in
Bed and writing
Shitty poems all over my bed
Discretely dropping one for
You to read and wishing
I wasn't so fat and lazy
So I could walk up

And finally switching
The light off for you forever
But I guess I would just stumble
Upon your toys and never
Find my way back to
The comfort of my own bed
So I'll leave it on for now

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