

Your skin

without demands
too weak to stand
you sing to stay alive

white as sleep
a lie to keep
a gift to make you strive

hollowed out
and still i doubt
your hand is fused to mine
you watch me go
and soon i'll know
it's worse when i feel fine

stay on course
without remorse
and fall right out of time
seduce me now
i don't care how
your skin is in its prime

you'll have enough
and i'll act tough
on that you can depend

it got too hard
just stay on guard
this war will never end

hollowed out
and still i doubt
your hand is stuck with mine
you watch me go
and soon i'll know
it's worse when i feel fine

stay on course
without remorse

you fell right out of time

seduce me now

i don't care how

your skin is past its prime

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Thespianity med Poeter.se id #42105 innehar upphovsrätten