

Publicerad 2013-03-17 22:50 av L. C. Nielsen

Tiden är knapp. Eller evig. Det spelar väl ingen större roll, egentligen.

Indestructible

As trust is broken and your words betray you
and the city falls and every person staggers
as the ocean boils and skies abandon blue
I am still indestructible

When the trees grew smaller and I felt
your hand was cold, I saw
The tulips become ash but you could never tell
that I was still indestructible

The mountains weep the winter's death
and the air is filled with mourning cheers
Behind the march a lone man left
He is still indestructible

The hooves of time seem to have halted
And all the stars are starting to look dim
Nothing else remains – but me exalted
I am still indestructible

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren L. C. Nielsen med Poeter.se id #42185 innehar upphovsrätten