

My song

Just like the rest i had dreams, i had my beliefs. Thought I was someone´s special, but got proven so wrong.
So still I sing my song...

“Life isn´t what it seems, and death is just a sweet relief...”

Need the fuel to kickstart my heart. Endless whispers wont do it, need more than just a rehearsed chorus.
And not my place to change your mind, i´m not that one.
So still I sing my song...

“Life isn´t what it seems, and death is just a sweet relief...”

Leaving my footsteps on a rough road, cuts and bruises to show the way. Learning my lessons, repeating old ones just for fun. Sometimes I have diamonds in my pocket and other days just bits of charcoal. And the man by the old oak tree is still far ahead and my true path is unknown.
So still I sing my song...

“Life isn´t what it seems, and death is just a sweet relief...”

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Författaren Nili77 med Poeter.se id #40801 innehar upphovsrätten