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Two Sides

You are so dirty
and I am so pure.
It's like you are my decease
and there isn't a cure.
I am so wealthy
but you are so poor.
I am a virgin
and you're the whore.

Now if I haven't met you
I would still be with god.
Not sticking filthy needles
into my arm.
I would have a house
with a garden and a pound,
Now all I have is this mattress
on the ground.

You are my madness
can you not see it my dear?
The closer you come
the more I fear
that this monster

Inside of me is what is real.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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