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If I'm not dead am I living then? Or is my watching eyes really just a fantasy?

Trapped in Dawn...

In the faint morning light I almost wished I was alive.

I'm not lost, I'm just not sure
where I am in this particular moment.
Possibly in some dead end,
just forced to turn around and leave.

"When God closes the door he somehow opens a window."

But I'm trapped inside myself
and cannot escape through either of these
all that's left is dying, stop to breath.

I'm sorry but faith is not really my thing,
"that is longing, just to believe"
is nothing I understand.
In my world you live or you die.

Nothing ever stays in a shade of grey.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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