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Legend of the falls

Dearest,

there is a legend about a fall

I cannot guard you, ...fall...

Without nurishing you from my chest

Carefully i went i sneaked in there

Placed a letter

I wish to shield you and myself

Iam guarding our creek, the glittering one with depth

I guard your wealth with my all,

and i protect your being

I might give you pain

But also in no doubt slowly gently drive it away

Fairest,

While i slowley write down the letters that have become you and i

I, i cannot do anything but to laugh at my superstition.

Whats is the foreshadowing upcoming event that you dragged me in?

The one you no more withhold in tender... passion. But burning desire.

The one where you mearily and but strip and rip of me, all of me. Pain

Your empty talk but still filling all hollow gain.

Are you angry?

I am but in my own chapter of confession

That is to myself my love

I might make up my mind?

I might not?

But be sure that once I realize

the significance of my own true worth

I will wake up

And what a glorious day

I never denied you the pleasure

or

did I?

You seem to be discontent when you cannot pull all my strings

Are you?

Then you're utterly fulfilled when you do blue.

I know but I found myself seated alone while your ivy red and green pours over me

All this sage to become merely but a coconut's shell

All this admiration that burns up in conquests of all I love

I love

I love..oh..how i love..

Your vanity amusements in my territory, our vain imagenary insanity

You do know where crazy? Or dont you?

I will let to go rest, detaining my uppermost and inner rest

What you now do is worst my love

Nor before

Nor after

I must leave a thought for you..

Before i leave you

to consider why my words are so harsh speaking

Im in no fuiry, not at all

Im just listening to the music at last

And its happening to be fall.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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