

Publicerad 2015-01-13 21:53 av Jakob Saliba

A surreal reality

The wings of the angels are broken,

I tore the feathers apart.

Their halo lost its light,

The defiled fragile hearts were only the start.

My mother tells me not to be afraid,

They are only bad dreams.

But oh my dear mother,

My demons pull me into a reality so surreal.

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