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Minnen av den goda tiden kommer som en mardröm.

The Past

Some people say that the time heal all the wounds,

I doubt that.

For decades,

I still have the same nightmares.

Music usually helps,

until you get addicted.

After some time,

even music is not enough.

You find love.

You think it is the greatest feeling so far.

It is,

not an illusion,

the feeling is really true.

The horror is sometimes stronger,

and keep haunting my very soul.

I sing to myself to sleep,

trying to remember the lyrics,

so that I can repeat them in my sleep.

Yet somehow,

the horror takes the overhand.

The struggle,

each day,

makes me very tired.

It makes me grow older,

without any memories.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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