

Publicerad 2015-09-04 08:21 av the apache kid

vintage

When night reaches its noon

When night reaches its noon
and my soul rejects complacency
will you come to visit me
in my tower of clouds
where I reside
enticing the salt of the sea and the
rising of the tides
that grip my senses and propel me to
reach the unconscious wounds
that separate me from community
under this midwinter moon
I look inside and find no answers
to the questions I pretend to be
the cloak of my existence
there is so much resistance
to solving the source of my
addiction to pain and obligation
a dagger poised to hit its mark
retains a surge of commitment

when night reaches its noon

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren the apache kid med Poeter.se id #22755 innehar upphovsrätten