## Publicerad 2015-11-12 21:47 av Tommy Vähä-Rainio *The Ghost upcoming with my dead soul.*White noise (or in the periphery of my life). White noise will dissown my life. Life will reject me.

white holde will disso wil my me.
Life will reject me.
Like life,
always has done.
I know it so well.
Cause all the people I know,
will probably reject me.
Cause they know.
That the white noise.
Always, has a straight line, right in to my mind.
In to the so called, source of my wisdom.
I have had heard som many ignorate words, about my so called intellectuality.
But when I.
In my Socrates way.
Ask them about the questions.
About the questions in life.
They just give me Donald Duck answers!

But I can't blame them.
Cause I know that all mankind are different.
But.
I am sorry for,
the people in my life,
that don't see the lines in my life.
(Without Donald Duck answers).
And they do not respect my od lines
down the hills,
towards the ultimte end.
Like I said,
they will all reject me,
because I rather read Nietzsche than Donald Duck.
(But I have to give credit to the all Duck readers.
Cause the comic books,
sadly,
makes more sence than all religions.)
I may have some cracy lines in my life,
down the slopes,
down the crazy hills,
right down,
in to the canyon of death.
But.
Anyhow.
And with no doubt.
I have a line.
Down the killer slopes.

Down the killer hills.
That scares people,
a lot.
And when I fall down in a avalanche,
and break all my bones.
I just will stand up
and spit the blood out from my mouth.
And I know that many people don't have that.
They just have weak backbones,
that shatters them down so easily.
And tragically.
The white noise always passes the ones,
that do not understand me.
That's why my white noice.
Gives me my salavtion in my pain.
Cause the ghost within me.
In my dead soul.
Is always there.
For my pain in salvation.
In the periphery of my life.
Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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