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**det är en sån där jobbig eng text igen så hoppa om du vill**

The truth

angels gives you spiritual life  
and demons give you physical life  
to live long you need to live modestly but selfishly

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give me you  
or nothing at all.

I don't care if it gets ugly  
I don't care if it gets hard  
I don't care if it breaks me  
Just give me  
all that you are.

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what is better than wine?

- a good bike ride
- solving something difficult
- eyes filled with curiosity, soul and kindness – and flirts with madness
- a good behind
- the shapes of a woman
- writing sometimes, but not possible without it most times
- a good night sleep
- poetry, about real stuff
- but I can't breathe in this narrow lifeless corridor, so I open another bottle, again to be a fool, to kill the boredom of time.

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I give you clear blue skies  
I give you the crackling of seagulls  
I give you the whispers of the wind  
the rattling of leaves  
I give you children's laughter and frantic child's play  
I give you barefoot on sand, watch out for shells and glass buried in the calm sand  
I give you boats slowly bobbing in the waves  
I give you this  
and the horizon  
I hope you remember this forever.

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I give you the madness

of never again being touched by you  
and love by your lips  
and never again seen by your eyes  
I give you this rich longing  
and nowhere else to go with it  
nothing else to do with it  
only to sigh, dream and long for it.  
I give you that spark, to fend of the darkness.

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I remember boots, dust clouds, kicking motion  
I remember gravel road  
I remember the breeze, it's wild swirling whisper  
I remember a bottle of wine  
I remember innocence  
I remember young life  
I remember the clouds, and a blue shade of sky indescribable -  
vastness, endless endless vastness  
That was God, smiling  
for once  
I must have caught him on a good day  
I didn't remember in that moment, anything else.

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now I am just an old fool  
with a tired heart  
somewhat broken  
body and soul

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tempted at first  
lost interest at last  
for present  
future  
and past

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Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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