

Publicerad 2016-05-18 00:49 av SmileOrCry

For you it's the end. Atleast I can start again.

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You did allways carry my hearth, til the day you were long gone.

You teared my world apart, my hearth couldn't go on.

A slow death awaits, for the dying hearths.

And you buried my heart to the ground, at the same time as yours.

You got no one else to blame. The mirror will speak the truth..

No one else for you to claim, you're one of the dying kind.

And If you still stay the same, no one will say ur name.

You can run, but never hide. The mirror will speak the truth.

The mirror will speak the truth, no matter what you say,

no matter what you pretend.

You wont fool me again, I can tell by ur face that you wont change.

Okey stay the same, as long as you wont bother me again.

For you it's the end. Atleast I can start again.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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