

Publicerad 2016-11-15 02:57 av Miskase

unfinished

Its three o'clock in the morning, and I'm sitting here under the moonlight.

It caught me in its spotlight. Beams jumping around, spreading feelings i don't understand.

Hey, it caught me in the spotlight and it seems i cant get out of it anymore.

I know there is a big black sky over your town, but hey just please hang around.

I know you're over there, and sometimes it feels like were in a different dimension, but just please hang in there.

And i am right over here, guarded by shealds i dont dear to lower.

And i keep dancing all night long.

The lights go up, the game goes down. And i keep standing here, with no sheild to fight away the fear that you will come to near.

Still dancing around the question: can he love me the way i will always love him?

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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