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### **Sometimes Heaven Falls**

Sometimes

heaven falls

and we don't

hear the call

divine grace

in high heels

and lace stockings

looking for a trace

of love

looking for guidance

and blessings

from up above

below

the Rockies

your face is painted

high in the sky

your complexion

clear and fine

and to tell the truth

your creamy thighs

send me on a

roller-coaster ride

a soft summer evening

starts me believing

that we can make it

through this longest night

that feels like a day

awakening...but to what?

sometimes heaven falls

and if we're meant to be

we might just be able

to catch it...

the apache kid

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Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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