ove. Love. Lift me high above.
oy. Joy. But not your toy.
Black. Black. Don´t want you back.
Heart. Heart. Where it all has to start.
Grace. Grace. Can you see it in your face?
Iate. Hate. Vill never take your bait.
et me have a big bite.
Pain. Pain. Always hurts but not the same.
Deep. Deep. ometimes make me weep.
True. True. Cause nothing else will ever do.
Teel. Feel. Not a heart made of steel.

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Me.

Fear. Fear.

Trust. Trust.

Don´t want you here.

Turn my doubts into dust.

Dad. Dad. Missing you is very sad.
Me. Me. Feeling free.
Free. Free. Beeing me.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Mother. Mother. Like no other.

Författaren FrökenXTraGrön med Poeter.se id #232754 innehar upphovsrätten