

## **Dark (k)night**

it's after midnight  
my cell phone suddenly comes to life  
the title says "don't answer"  
but as every other time  
I can't stop myself.

is it Saturday night  
or Sunday morning?  
it's somewhere without definition, as for us,  
I can always trust that when my dark knight  
gets drunk on shadows he'll make a call.

against my better judgment I run into the night,  
overpowered by the thought of you,  
my mind's screaming:  
"don't give yourself away to him,  
you'll only get wasted away like everything else"  
but I can't help myself,  
who decides what's right and wrong?  
And I want you to be right.

a familiar stranger,  
your drunken self says so much,  
when will you dare to tell me yourself?  
Perhaps your darkest days and nightmares  
can only be told through a bottle,  
and this one was emptied hours ago.

It's always enough,

It's never enough.

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