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En låttext ackompanjerat av min älskade gitarr.

...gråt är inget tecken på svaghet. Snarare tvärtom. Så låt den skölja genom din själ..rensa...tvätta..för att sedan lämna utrymme för klarhet, glädje,förståelse...lärdomar om livet..och kärlek.

Falling off the edge

Down they fall

thou'se trueborn tears

Bending and stretching upon the cheek

But how do they come through,

speaking thou'se woeful melodies

as you cry?

Hear the eagle roar above your head

it screams in sympathy!

Making scratches in the sky,until it bleeds

Trying to reach into you

As you cry

letting the waves run down your back

And you still try to hide

but thou'se drops seem to lose control

falling off the edge

falling off the edge

Strangling your throat as they burst

and you can hardly breathe

But let them fall

Let them humble your soul

for its ocean will clean each piece of you

As you cry

letting the waves run down your back

And you still try to hide

but thou'se drops seem to lose control

falling off the edge

falling off the edge

falling off...

...the edge

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