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Denna text skiljer sig från det jag vanligtvis skriver. Ingen egentlig takt eller melodi, den är snarare viktig för att jag skrev den när jag var arg, ledsen, förvirrad och rädd.

Lonely and alone.

I hear people crying tears of pure blood.

I look into the mirror and realise that I'm one of them.

Love chose me for a while.

Has it left me now?

I feel lonely.

You are never by my side.

you're miles and miles away.

And still you've been so close in my heart.

why can't I find you now?

I'd suppose you feel the same

I'd suppose you think I do as well.

I'd suppose that I don't know.

Demands, expectations, blames and accusations.

I'll stay at home

and stay in my bed

and stay in my past

and stay with my friends

and stay like that

forever and ever.

you talk about future

I talk about maybes.

We are night and day.

me beeing the night

Crying angel, my lover, I feel you in me.

You have never left

I find you every second.

but you want a part of me you haven't earned.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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