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it\'s about a man who tell\'s his last story.

Something Something

To cut the bloodline from my wrist,
it\'s like to hit a sharp blade with an open fist.
I don\'t see where i really stand,
i wish that i find the best scream-band.
just screaming about a worthless life,
and let us not forget cheating wives.

the clothes i have on my back,
is something that you don\'t lack.
you cut me bad with a kitchen knife,
and you said that you will take my life.
you said that i didn\'t care,
and you know what?
i still inhale the air.

the days passed and i was wrong,
cause i see know that my wait was to long.
to notice you there you lain, that what if,
you were in pain?
if that was the case,
then i wish that you had told,
instead of me being so cold.

but now you\'re dead,
the world is now fed
a new virus is here,
that i do not fear.
i may be screaming cause im in alot of pain too,
well i just dont care if that takes me to you.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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