

Publicerad 2007-03-19 22:57 av NotMyselfButMe
A book with thousand voices and a dream of \'dead\'.

I always had this dream of getting rid of myself
I thought my problem was the pain
But I figured the pain became me and I\'m not my way
Something\'s saying the words for me
Someone\'s talking in my place
Something takes the world from me
This is the reallity of my \'life\'
But I\'m not real

Tear my skin off my bones
Can someone burn my verse?
I can hear the voices louder
Now when your hand\'s not here to hold me back; I listen
Take me back to the real world
This is not my chance unless you prove it
I am fake

You made me say my last goodbye
One last goodbye
Goodbye
This was my own, your own, our winning
Bur only you won
I\'m not gonna let you do this cracker
All the words written in my soul are not mine
It was the pre-planned life-map you made for me

You gave my a deathwish
It became who I was
Who I am and who I wanna be
I don\'t wanna be the monster you turned me into
Banging my head against the wall
It\'s still there left in me
Your halfway to five points
But you gave it away

The last gift you gave me was this hell
A book with thousand voices and a dream of \'dead\'
Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren NotMyselfButMe med Poeter.se id #14855 innehar upphovsrätten