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*Taste..taste... taste*

*zone out*

*Can you catch a glimpse*

*slowing down right?*

**taste**

Taste..taste... taste

zone out

Can you catch a glimpse

slowing down right?

There it is,

thoughts unclear

thoughts turn clear

Say what?

You feel that crash?

all those open soars

bleeding into

your mind all dazed again

but is it different?

Do you feel different now?

Say what?

Wave..wave... wave

of all that

noticed? no, not a chance

Slowing down now?

Caught the surf,

flow of revelations

flow of lies, truth on a

break all bones

Frown wont leave

concerned with

life... means nothing now

nothing now...

...nothing left...

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Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Erik med Poeter.se id #341 innehar upphovsrätten