

Publicerad 2005-03-19 19:49 av Daybreaker

I have a worried face they say

I have a worried face they say

My soul is weary and torn

In my eyes you´ll find emptiness

In my heart bleeding thorns

My language is broken

The words are never enough

And my senses are too weak

to be able to trust

I lay down in the music

Forget the shadows and the tears

I float and drift aimlessly

towards the greater fears

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Daybreaker med Poeter.se id #2588 innehar upphovsrätten