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something of a mirror to me

To be

So many things, so many days.

My sense, my spirit, seeks to leave,
But please give me one more chance,
Just one more break.

Every second someone dies,
Every moment a newborn opens his or her eyes,
I see life and its circulation,
With my skinny fingers I touch the real,
With my heart, with my soul,
I sense my origin, I see my home.

Ghost that hunt me, you my closest friend,
Hold me as I shiver, give me heat when I'm cold,
Still there is a star upon the night sky,
Still we can make a difference—you and I,
But it is hard to do good at times,
It just is.

To be me I have to stand naked,
not cover my face,
Just be me, in the lords grace,
Only he, and we all know who he is
can turn night into day.

Only he, can make us slip—our skin.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Sebastian_ med Poeter.se id #7038 innehar upphovsrätten