

Publicerad 2008-07-08 15:18 av Filip

that hand of life

i feel your mind the face of your heart i hear you call and i feel us going to tomorrow i never think a thought would be death a life would be now to give to gain to hold such a hand such a life a love of flesh and soul to burn or to se ablaze these dying days i feel cold winds coming and i can hear the storm your lightning your thunder your will of iron to wish to own to gain i feel your desire for life your expectations of tomorrow your hunt or mission i hear not your call i do not heed your hunt neither do i follow your path or share your passion in this time this now this world my hunt was over last time my answer rested in me to show, to know, to learn not to gain or take another soul

i remember much about those early days of burning suns and long lost stars still today i grieve that mist that hunt that new world but life passed, and so did time reincarnated recreated remanipulated later i would become me here now this form of life this shape of mind the same force of life

i remember the serpent fathers as i talk to earth i nurish my kunda's strength and respects its will to walk this path to choose this life

an observer of will a answer without questions to learn the secrets of evolution mental spiritual and in flesh to master your mind to know your world

and to believe in your own spirit, your own creator of this world.

yourself

i believe not in the power of man

i only trust in the power of us

but do i dare to hold that hand of life?

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Filip med Poeter.se id #11455 innehar upphovsrätten