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The It

I am no one. I am everything.

Human, I may be, but the pictures and memories, what do they mean?

I don't know what I'm supposed to do, what am I supposed to say?

Could it be so that I should be quite anyway?

Maybe this is just a dream, a distant memory, but it stand so close to me.

I know my future as well as I know my past, but never I will be able to speak about it out loud, because no words existing for it.

I am the one, in the shadows, a bit different from everybody else, but just as like you and the other.

I waiting for my time, hanging around and looking for things to do.

I am a restless soul in the last song, waiting for the last verse.

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