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En gammal text skriven till en gammal kärlek

Memories unheald

The sadest thought, I knew it would come,
a taste of death, a betrail of hearts.
Suffering tears , my offering touch,
my blood of gold, my thoughts so old.

I knew i would fall, to my knees in pain,
everything you said, of love i die.
The peacefull death, my words of truth,
my memories unheald, a live worth living for.

a prayer of hope, our sins so wrong,
a tear of joy, a life worth dying for.

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