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*mind you, i'm NOT just, fine. so fuck off i'f you do not know how to align, your soldiers.*

**Scare-Crow.**

ta tam tam tarata tam  
i boom my box and you oughta hear it  
i don't care if you don't listen but i am sick  
and tired of such fooling games  
i restrain my drum and the skin on it  
if it's density is too intense for you  
talking truth instead of tounge would be a favour you'll do  
for now the fence which you rode on  
is about to ravel down  
alongside  
the

facade from where we hide

du dum du dum dumbara dum  
i dust of the corners of where i lay  
the space is too crowded of wicked days  
minutes that fades into a wasted place  
i'm not looking for room to where i could erase  
painful memories  
i take them as they take me  
but i must agree  
the beauty of my cracks is special  
and they give me a possibility to cry  
while smiling

ha ha hum humm hmmm  
i breathe the lower i get and take larger breaths  
there's nowhere to rest when justice was dispatched  
in role-play

final session is always new  
i do not want to understand you  
if you don't want to even try  
for me

who am i  
some body made of water  
coagulating rain?

i feel like a scare-crow when you look into my eyes  
i feel like a reflection which you're not prepared to see  
i feel like a rotten fruit while you are not even ripe  
i feel unsatisfied

and the least i want  
is a fucking cigarette now

where is the appreciation  
from honesty?

honestly  
do not take chances if chances is not what you wish for  
do not run on rom and coke if you're not ready to go unsteady  
with unsobber mind

mind you  
and your crippled mistakes

i'm not  
fine.

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