

Publicerad 2009-09-01 01:05 av Millis,,Camilla Petersson

LONGING FOR.....

You ripped me apart with your silent words.
I felt the icecold look through your closed eyes.
Your angry voice with your lips sealed.
A closed door and no way back.

If only you had spoken to me.
Looked me in the eyes and seen me.
I would have listened to your voice if you ever would have used it.
And a closed door is better then no door at all.

There are distance between us larger than your mind will ever understand.
If I were a mindreader, then maybe I would understand you.
Do you Know me?
Do you really know who I am?

How do you speak to someone who have lost the ears?
How do you show your self to someone who has closed the eyes for so long that they got blind?
How do you show love to someone who´s heart never been alive?
How do you open locked doors when the person on the other side has the key?

[23:53](#) | [Lägg till en kommentar](#) | [Permalänk](#) | [Blogga det](#)

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Millis,,Camilla Petersson med Poeter.se id #27048 innehar upphovsrätten