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It's always so hard to find the balance.

Give me some inspiration!

Lack of inspiration

My head is empty
and I can almost hear
the clock inside ticking,
every
tick-tick-ticking
second
that tells me
that I should do something

And my body's restless
paradoxically enough
But my brain doesn't give me
any hint of fantasy
at all
and I'm trying to figure out
what I really want to get out of this

I have a feeling that is overwhelming me
almost frightening
and I'm getting scared
of the wellknown darkness,
that it will run for me once again
I can hear it now
panting behind me
hissing:
"I'll get you... Sooner or later.
You know I will..."

But my head is still empty
and I can hear clearly
the clock inside ticking,
every
tick-tick-ticking
second
that tells me
that I should do something
Before it's too late

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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