

Publicerad 2009-11-26 22:19 av Cruz Laguerta

In a dream

Mystical dream

In a dream

green creature hands are taking me over an open field.

They carry me like an evil lizard with a terrible purpose

Im Under the spell of these hands

all I can see Is the open fields

Its getting faster

faster

faster

faster

I wake up and my body Is pure. My thoughts are clean

and Im blessed In purity

what are those hands?

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Cruz Laguerta med Poeter.se id #31329 innehar upphovsrätten