

Publicerad 2011-05-03 17:26 av Lo Z.

the entrance key

We used to run across wooden floors searching for the entrance door

To turn a stone To find a key

it used to be a part of me

But now all the trees are old

and all the lights deceiving

It makes me wish that I would lift,

and forever kiss the ceiling

But losing sense, it needs wings

it costs too much, that flying

my mother told me once that trickery is lying

so I stand still on the ground

searching still for the entrance key

as the earth turns slower beneath

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Lo Z. med Poeter.se id #8680 innehar upphovsrätten