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Engelsk dikt. Jag vet inte vad det är med mig och rim, de bara flyter fram liksom...

Nightmares

I lie awake at night
too scared to turn off the light
blaming the mad dreams
and the silent screams

Too many real nightmares
until no one else longer cares
too much waiting for better times
and hungry twisted mimes

This headache won't go away
it's with me every night and day
the anxiety just gets worse
seems I'm born with this curse

Simultaneously feeling alive and dead
what's going on inside my head?
shifting from white to black to grey
things too complicated to say

Am I beyond hope and repair
will I forever live in dispair?
the voices and the fear
impulsive wishes to disappear

On the roof shaking in the cold
wondering what is left to be told
all the rumors are true
there's nothing left to say or do

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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