

Publicerad 2012-06-01 19:10 av zallander

Birds of sorrow

Two black birds, birds of fear
one is longing, one is pain
When birds of sorrow disappear
In your mind they still remain

Its hard to let your sorrow flow
but you are strong and i am weak
cause when you do, your mind will grow
a tiny tear upon your cheek

Thats the birds who takes the air
one for longing,one for pain
when you feel them dont beware
let them fly or go insane

Its hard to let your sorrow flow
but everything will be just fine
let them out and life will show

That after rain the sun will shine

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren zallander med Poeter.se id #39416 innehar upphovsrätten