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Heartache

The ongoing battle in ourselves, trying to fix what's never been broken. Trying to fill the hole in our souls that's never been open.

We satisfy our ego until everything falls apart. We satisfy our ego but not the dream in our heart.

We hunger for more nothingness in a sleeping world and we haunt and taunt what we should love and share.

While we fight ourselves more than we can bear.

We are all different when we're born and when we break.

The reason is always love and that's what makes my heart ache.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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