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In the mist of things 3

In some mysterious ways.

Some things just appears.

In the mist of life.

When they are not predictable.

It is like a bullet trying to hit your head.

And you see the gunpoint in life.

But you didn't see that the gun was unsecured.

By the ones you trusted.

In the mist of life.

And they try to aim at your independence.

Cause the are to coward them self.

To aim the guns at their owns heads.

Althoug them knowing.

What dead bodies.

Are smelling in their own fucking hidden wardrobes.

And just at this time.

You just have to be so fast in life.

So fucking fast!

To make the move.

And turn around your head.

And avoid the bullet to blast your brain.

From the ignorant ones.

But!

What the heck!

If they want to shoot me in the back.

Or in the brain.

Let them try!

Cause they do not understand.

That.

I always have eyes in my neck.

And behind their necks!

And when they think.

They have pulled their trigger.

I just have pulled mine!

And they are already walking,
in their childhoods warm summer fields.

Cause.

I am faster than them.

Even in the mist.

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