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**Untitled.**

I can't express it in words, but I'll try,  
I suppress it inside,  
But there are some things I can't hide,  
Evoked by a thought triggered by feelings evoked from a thought,  
You perfect.  
No you're not.  
It's the obsession of the recollections of your presence, in my head,  
Your essence,  
Your divinity complements and completes my simplicity  
Exquisite-ly, like the taste of something sweet,  
To your lips,  
Your lips, your hips, physical attractions, tangible nuisances,  
Can't compare to your stare, not your eyes, but what they mean,  
Makes me know that I'm here,  
No more nihilism,  
The iniquity of doubt and the emancipation through exorcism,  
Making clear sense isn't my intention,  
Clearing my sense is, my intention is sensing through mentioning the tranquil chaos which roots itself deep  
inside of me, that drives me to a place of anaesthetic, apathetic, a paralytic high and leaves me there,  
To trudge through the wilderness,  
What a mess,  
This is love business,  
The promises, the threats,  
Let's leave it alone,  
But I don't want to,  
We should, we can but we won't, We can but we don't I love love,  
The notion, the concept, the stereo type of music you hear when your heart beats the rhythms,  
That's what I like,  
A hopeless romantic constantly fighting the depleting hope for the existence of love.  
Instantly defeating me leaving me, suicidal,  
For what is life without love?  
The kind extinguished with a rifle.  
I hope for love,  
Hope until I can't no more,  
It gets me out of bed,  
Out of any grudge,  
I can create love, with my bare thoughts,  
I try to,  
I want to,

I\ll keep to loving,

Keep loving,

No matter what.

No matter what?

No matter what.

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Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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