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En gammal text, skriven runt år 2000 om inte något år innan dess. Hittade den på en gammal diskett och tänkte att jag skulle ge den en chans här.

It will Come

Come taste the dawn of a thousand years

Let the fresh water flow like tears, to wash away the old

Rising are new structures, foreboding chaos and death

Perhaps it will not come in my lifetime, but it will come

Growing hate like seeds in the world of flames

Chaos is everyday reality, it will not be stopped

It will come

The tears I cry not for you, but for the ones I leave behind

I am selfish, I can admit my faults, but the fact remains;

those who I bred and brought up die in the inevitable flood

I cry these tears for them, and for those I never spoke to:

all the innocent people in the world of ice, they will die,

when flames fall from the sky and the sky itself turns black

It will come

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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