

Love-shy

Always I will grieve you

Yes! I'm drunk somehow but

you've kissed everything in me

and scarred me for life

I believe

from a distance in the gloom

I observe

that which could be mine and never will

bumping dancefloor

what's this courtship for?

what's this heart for?

I hurt in the end anyways

. . and scarred for life we sway . .

with cheeks split from ear to ear

afraid of hurt . . .

I puncture no one

no one puncture me

strangers breath

I never breathe

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Författaren Johan Lazer med Poeter.se id #22144 innehar upphovsrätten