

Hope Part 1-7

Part I

My ordinary vision of a dark, rainin' cemetery
Nuclear war is around the dawn
The blond fancy girls can't go on like ordinary
A gentle hand of love closes the door
Broken up by the old man whom rapes her right on the floor
If life ain't a fucked up story, what is?

PART II

YOU GUYS DONT EVEN WANT TO SEE WHAT I SEE...

As I sit here by the suns watching eye over and me and the breeze flirts with the stinging arrows of warmth.

As I sit here by the sounds of the leaves on the trees and the flagpoles shivering.
Im being told a lie and my heart kneels before the truth

paRt III

"Who am I?", I asked him.

-You whom am me, you whom fallen, you whom seen, you whom are beautiful, you whom are none.
You asked me ages ago, I've always told you and you know. We've spoken of lie and deceive, of hope and believe.

As you sit there im singin' it out in us. And now as im being asked again of you whom are my freind.
Question You Ask. The Question You Know. A Question You Are Hiding From,
cause you are not at peace.

This you whom asked me, you call hope. You whom choose not to see. That the watching eye is me aswell
as im dancing with the breeze and sings with the trees.

Im there as your heart kneels before the open sky aswell as im in your mind seeing it through your eyes.

YOU WHOM ARE MY FREIND, we are the biggest lie and the most honest truth. We are everything your see.

YOU ARE ME...

...you are everything and you are nothing.

PART IV

You are at war my old freind,

You always been, ever since the beginin'. You lost yourself in the garden of hope when the mist layed over the razorsharp but ohh so beutiful roses.

I gave you everything, My tools weren't clues it was the truth.

You seek a deeper meaning in the rose
You look beyond its beutiness
You lost yourself in the garden of HOPE.

The seducive red on its leaves and the darkest green of mysterious dreams.
YOU ARE DRESSING A NAKED MAN.

I watch your footsteps there in the mist, cause I where your legs and we were the mist
and we were too the rose.

Our emotions were the colours, the mist our body and the rose our heart.
As you stand on the cliff at the sunset and looks at the rainbowed coloured stairs in the ocean beneath you.

THAT IS YOU, that's your body and you are a soul.

PART V

That's the answer to your question.
You are it all, you are as you stand
there at the cliff, the stone that
falls and the birds that calls.
YOU ARE PREFECTION AND EVERYTHING IS YOUR REFLEXION...

PART VI

When I stand up and turn my back at truth and walk down the rainbowed coloured stairs from the tempel of Sun. I now see the reflecting image of me gettin' lost in the garden of hope. This time here. This time right here at the stairs.

Im not looking back, Im stairing at my body and flesh far beyond up there on the cliff of Blindness. Im stairing right in the reflection of myself and once im there, it's once again me in the sunset looking back on the stairs and seeking a deeper meaning in the beutiness of its colours and once again im lost. Im lost in myself, with hope of that I could see, but thats just it, aint it? There aint no hope at the dawn of eve.

PART VII

...The truth now shooting its arrows through darkened clouds and the breeze now gently sweeps over and under the leaves and in silence whispers:

I AM PROUD OF MYSELF. I WANT TO FEEL AND MY STORY TO TELL
MUST SHOW A DEEPER MEANING. I DO WANT TO LEARN AS I LET
TIME TAKE CARE OF ITSELF AND AS I GO TO SLEEP RIGHT HERE
ON THE CLIFF OF BLINDNESS, UNDER YOU.
IM CHOOSING TO BE BLIND...
I GO TO SLEEP WITH A HEART FILLED OF HOPE,

HOPE FOR MANKIND...

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren victor pettersson med Poeter.se id #26446 innehar upphovsrätten