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What a pity

I'm stuck

In my own mind

I've never had any luck

Thoughts are hard to find.

I brought myself to fires

Burning so brightly

Flames lashing up like wires

Roaring inside, I'm mighty.

I'm the only sane person here

The only one who knows the truth

I'm also the only one without fear

I often find myself running on the roof.

Weird men

Grabbing me all over

I bit off the ear of one of them named Ken

And smashed anothers head into his Land Rover

I can feel the sun

Coming from the walls

White and fun

The only thing I hear is how someone calls...

For me...

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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