

Publicerad 2018-10-13 13:44 av the apache kid

V

false gods

false gods require a momento of time
prophets of fortune wade in the sublime
heroes call through horns of rams
turn around and select Italian smoked hams
caramels and carnivals as sunset mists
on the Santa Monica Pier with a pretzel twist
seers climb the mountain
find the eternal fountain
where angels shine through in disguise
and you begin to realize that life (my life)
is a moment in time

the apache kid

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren the apache kid med Poeter.se id #22755 innehar upphovsrätten