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## **Lifemaze**

My sticks crumble

A burning thatch house in this world of wonder

Where one wander through thoughts till they churn asunder

In wrathful thunder, pause

I stumble

What blunder led me to this forsaken maze I wonder?

Nightscape's when they hydrate and we scrape the rest off the ceiling

Three headed dogs apple snakes

Just to escape the feeling

A grievant sin that double as healing

And that one kid with matches, God, he's scheming

So are we ants for a meaning?

Or like plants withered with seasons?

Plasticine, do we fold into deamons?

God's speed son

It's a lonely one

So you better stack

I hear they're packing guns.

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Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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