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What a feeling....

It feels like hate,
but it's not...

It feels like knives under my skin,
but it's not.

It feels like my heart is pumping harder and harder,
but it's not.

It feels like my head is exploding,
but it's not.

It feels like I'm crashing,
crashing hard.

It feels like I'm burning,
burning up.

It feels like an itch,
itching all over.

It feels like you know me,
know me well.

Well enough to love me.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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