

Publicerad 2008-01-25 00:11 av Zeon

Angel

Burning steps and fiery hell.

All I can think about is your smell.

So lovely and pure of light.

I cannot be without you in sight.

This time I walk up to you and take your hand.

For our union and make our own band.

We will write music until days end.

You are an angel to me sent.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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