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*Ja.. jag vet inte riktigt vad jag tänkte på när jag gjorde den här dikten, men hoppas du tycker den blev bra  
^^*

### **The perfect city**

A foreign city

Far beyond

Where every person

Nothing fond

My words are true

My voice is clean

When I speak of you

I only mean

To be no harm

No words in grief.

Who can disarm

Your thoughts in disbelief?

Cause when you aim with your secret gun

I want you to remember

The times have just begun

Where no harm hurts

And no tears has fell

On your clean, white shirt

Where only sorrow will repel

So what's to believe

Who is to blame

To be so naiv

To have created such a game?

Thus are the rules

The rules of a game

With eyes of jewels

We are all the same

Cause no one is perfect

No, far from the book

Treated with no respect

It's no wonder someone took

Their freedom away

Nobody has a cure

For the perfection who will say

'everything else is unpure'

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Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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