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In The Emptiness

Stuck in the emptiness.

At night I am sleppless.

I am on my knees confessing.

That I don't want to have this empty living.

Sitting here in the cold and shiver.

Why at just this day am I sober?

I want to take back what is lost.

But how much would that cost?

Sitting here stuck in my emptiness.

Surrounded by the darkness.

I want to stop running away.

I am sorry that you had to leave, and that you couldn't stay.

I don't look at the life the same way as you do.

But remember, I still love you.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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