

Soliloquy

relieve
them dope are me
some slaves where born
to their fates
down, with bland strife in my town
news, TV
festers over foul deeds
demonic fortunes been told to
are not true
yet we land, go ashore
fatigued in promised land.
too lonesome
in this self-made expulsion
came down dead about
lost lush,
harsh orations prevail
and overrides
hush! your heaven is hell
your pain is lust
tearing tears
in a heretic grove
I must
on hollow cortex
rub a nub

hàde, kèlete, awet n hafash
hàde, kèlete, awet n hafash
hàde, kèlete, awet n hafash

On hollow cortex I must

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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