

Vivian Khor

"Mopo3"

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Without a fence
I wouldÂ´nt have a choice
I will have to run, cause I lost my head today.
These situations, comes and goes
still, I have to run.

Your hands hold nothing, hands holds nothing
just the colours of the past
and your head lies sleeping.
(I keep forgetting why we fought)

Maybe you canÂ´t
give back more than words
and maybe the word is about you.
Below the point, youÂ´re just like me

Somehow indifference woke up
pushed you away
and now youÂ´re gone forever.

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