

Manuel Cervantes

"Pages"

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You were given a space
for you to exploit yourself
take it
it won't be long for a tide to come

Because I
As many others
have found wisdom in every wound
But blood confuses everything
Turns things to red
Stains
and never leaves

And she says
"If its mediocre
Dont even make a line"
"if you're mediocre
dont even take the time"
Not everyone can cause a thunderstorm
You have

And what are the odds?
None
But I keep on living
reading through
this pages of a distant paradise
somewhere different
somewhere unknown
What are the odds?
None

She has no choice but to be mute
her words will prevail
remembered
yet buried in our scars

You can tell it
By the look of my stitches
that I haven't healed completely
merely impossible
To fight against it

beyond
and completely lost

And she says
"if its mediocre
dont even take the time"
"If you arent golden
then you cannot be mine"
Not everyone can cause a hurricane
You have

And what are the odds?
None
But I keep on living
writing down
this pages of a distant paradise
somewhere different
somewhere unknown
What are the odds?
None

Softer than needles
Paralytical
Devastated
Uninformed
Disconnected from life
Disconnected from paradise

And what are the odds?
None
But I keep on living
writing down
this pages of a distant paradise
somewhere different
somewhere unknown
What are the odds?
None

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