

David Nail

"Late Night Conversations"

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In the outskirts on a roof,
I watch the city mute
And hide
In this endless summer night.

I'm waiting for those late night calls
Where we always proved
Each other
We kept hanging on

Where we survived our cowardice
And we overcame disgrace,
We'll wander with a spray can
And the same old words to paint.

Lost dogs of the working class
Against the hourglass

Those records straightly spoke to us.

Learning about new countries in the globe
We point our fingers
To the non discovered ? yet land...

Where we survived our cowardice
And we overcame disgrace,
We'll wander with a spray can
And the same old words to paint.

Because if we don't remember the past,
Then future broken
Because present is stolen.

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