

Wounded

"Frailty Thy Name Is Woman"

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It's raining now isn't it.
Dark wet rain,.. forever.
The sun is gone isn't it,
It burnt out together with you.
Your hand is gone isn't it.
Gone from me.
The deed is done isn't it.
Done with me and my heart...

So fuck it, let it wither away,
Those days mean nothing to me now.
So fuck it, let it die away,
Leave me alone with my dreams, you frail bitch.

You stepped away, didn't you,
Away from the passion flames.
Your soul is gone isn't it.
It moved away with the games you've played
In This.., A farewell poem.
Frail hearts made bleed another.
But then again I spoke to me.
Oh, paralysed me... I'm free.

So fuck it, let it wither away,
Your names mean nothing to me now.
So fuck it, let it die away,
Leave me alone with my life, you frail bitch.

(Cupido's lie)
Over there they've died,
Our valentine angels.
Aggressive souls chasing every heart,
And to starve it beat by beat.
Now, there they lay with broken wings.
Never to fly again...

Fallen..... fallen.....

We threat romance for wounds,
And wounds for scars.
And we will remember these wounds,
As wars we will never forget.

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