

## **L.N.**

### **"Idea"**

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I am in the woods, surrounded by books and little elves.  
I have to be quiet now, they could hear me, they could  
row.

I am in the living room, without a whisper, until the  
noon.  
Surrounded by my narrow thoughts I cannot feel I  
cannot love.

I am underneath the sky why should I care I just can lie.  
Sleeping around with other men this is me it's all I can.

I try to see where I could be it is not them it is not me.  
On a plane a train a ship - I promise I will run for it.

I am lying next to you. Doing things, we should not do.  
You put me underneath your knee, underneath your  
soul I see.

Thousands of nights in this white room my mind has  
left me  
I am insane.

This world has done no good to me I am a prisoner  
I am not free.

But torture feels insanely good  
After thousand nights by the elves, in the woods.

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