

Lyrik von meinem kranken Hirn

Kleine Gedichte eben..

Von Otterlock

Kapitel 3: Still standing...and searching..

I stand here...
To understand attempts...
Why?
Why...
Caught by feelings... By you... Me do not allow to act...
However, you...
You may act what you want...
and I...
I must accept it...
Is that my life...?
Is that my love...?
Is that my play...?
... Is that my destiny ...?
I do not know further...
I stand alone here...
I can cancel nothing...
Nobody is there who helps me now...
Sometimes I do not know who I am...
Then I search them...
With it them to me ... even if only for one moment...
this gives what wants I ... what I need...
to forget deep pain...
However, now...
Now I know what I have to do...
Now for the last time I stand here...
For the last time I see this moon...
Your last Change to wake...
Question not why...
Beet rather to find again the love in me...
before it is too late...
For you...
For me...
For us...
For ever..

