

Rubber and Soul

Ane Brun

In my mind I`m crawling on your floor
Vomiting and defeated
Total absence of grace
Your reluctant voice
saying; you decide your own fate

But I wear rubberbands round my soul
They keep me from crawling
And these rubberbands round my soul
they keep me from falling

In my repeated dreams
You stare at me with an empty gaze
You turn your back on me
And you search for more intriguing days

Loathing this
Controlling this
Let me get a hold of this

So I wear rubberbands round my soul
They keep me from crawling
And these rubberbands round my soul
they keep me from falling

And then when you are not in my dreams
and not in my mind
but we are at the same place
at the same time
rubber no longer holds
the borders of my soul