The River

Skies went dark, got hard to see my body all stretched out. Territory to touch and make a path to lead you down. If I could hold the wildest winds from blasting through my house, Then I could shine a beacon whether floats, fine, yes, or drowns.

But there was no heat, it all had been extinguished, Snuffed right out. That was not the way I meant to disappoint the crowd. If you want my center, please don't slice so much around. And if you won't be having me, watch the sorrow shake my mouth.

And you don't want to hurt me, But you don't want to need me, So how can you receive me?

Take a seat, don't grieving be, let's settle this all out, Then one by one I'll take these from the caverns of my mouth. The teeth who mash and teeth who make my tender muscles shout A last goodbye to lose what once I'd never known without.

And in my mind, the river runs a straight line through the town, Never bending, only sending stuff from north to south. Under bridges, fishes wear the currents like a gown. And I will swallow crookedness, not let it drag me down.

Afraid that if I cut you loose, You'd never again want me to Embrace you in your solitude.

Now in our eyes, we both still find the perfect place to rest. We'll unfold wings and fly a while, before the next caress. The atmosphere will hold us dear and teach us how it's best To both feel free and satisfied, our two souls will be blessed.

Before my eyes, the fireflies they make the night sky low. Captured by the sounds of all the horns that the frogs blow. Through tears so thick, like glue they drip and build a castle slow. I can see you saved for me the sweetness that still glows.

And though you're still my Hercules, Neptune's the one who's taken me. Come on, lay that strength upon my sea.

Steady the string and snap it down the dust gets in my face. A borderline to not cross, mind our manners, keep in place. Still, I recall you once extended me with handsome haste, A rope to climb, to call all mine, to ascend you with grace.

Now we will burn the fog away, our hearts are like the sun. We moved it now, that's a way down and though the change was rough, We'll find our lives are kinder without complications of The fear in me that had taken seed and crowded out the love.

I want you and I let you go Though we can still walk on the same road. If we don't try it, we'll never know. Tištěno z www.txp.cz

Mirah