

The Question

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when I start to rot in my own trash
and wallow in the mud.

when the ceiling starts to dash
and voices in my head resound.

I turn away from the people that I love
drink a glass of wine or more.

I don't wake up till the moon shines from above
and have a party with the devil on the dance floor.

in the end my eyes are closed,
the frustration suffocates me.
with the arms crossed on my chest,
I ask myself: "To be or not to be?"

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