

Sensitive Soul

The wind is blowing through my hair
It's like the weather would not care..
The streets are empty with despair
And nothing else would fit to wear..
My soul is breaking with these words
And I never thought that it would hurt..
The air above me is like ice
And all the rain would choose to rise..
The pouring drops are cold as hell
And everything I felt just fell..
Nothing else to think about
Cause the world is still so loud..

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