

The Beast

I wish there was a colored door
with colored life behind.
The truth is, that I'm longing for
since listening to heart and mind.

I don't wanna leave with this bare hands.
There must be so much more than this.
Answers are in hidden lands,
not knowing what the question is.

I don't know what I'm looking for
nor the way where I might find it.
Therefor my heart remains so sore
A vicious circle I can't quit.

When it's time to face my judge
I can say at least:
My demon treated me that much,
but I always defeated that beast.

Hallelujah!

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