

Wild revelation

I'm never asking questions,
cause the wind already blows,
cause I already feel the answer,
like a tingling on my nose!

My eyes feel heavy and tired.
Born wild many years ago!
There's something I know 'bout me,
I rather don't want to know.

I smell the scent of revelation,
when i marvel at the moon.
And I remember how to howl,
I remind that ancient tune.

I'm waiting 'til waiting's over,
and my smile stays a deceit.
The fear of doing something wrong,
will force past to be repaet!
But some day I'll wake up wild!
Wearing feathers, wearing grime!
Even if i'm just dreaming now,
I sure will do, next time!

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