

Quick Sand

Acroma

She yearns for the past
for all the things
that were taken along the time
the seasons change and
she sees it in her mirror
she`s asking herself all the time
why my mouth cannot speak?
Why does my mind stop me?

She thinks , loves, lives and breath
like other people
she doesn`t like feeling like that
she doesn`t want to lie to herself
her routine is chocking her

Her days are bitter
but in each turning
back to home
her soul returns

The sand clock falls to the ground
the instability of her life
her steps stop in quicksand
It was hard for her
to think herself in the wrong road

In this institution of no regrets
it doesn't want that you to see
don`t waste your time in looking back
carry out your moments in place

She thinks it was worth it
every step, her strength