

The Trip

Rebeka

bless the joy
I'm a widow
I'm still open
how can it be
that once we were unbroken?
how do you know
that all is gone when words are unspoken?
without a tree a picture breaths
and I might open
even in the doors
even it's not home
I know that I'll be near you
I still love you
in your corridors
in a pinch of hope
I know that I'll be good 'cause
I'm in love with you
why am I crying?
your lips not mine
I heard that you are fine
I rise again
to fall with grace
a bloody 'backspace'
(sometimes I'm so alone I cannot bear the dawn)
I miss your voice
I've felt the void
no one is like you
(I know I'm not alone I'm gonna thank you for it)
a wound denied
returns
as a barbarian
(even I'm so alone I'm gonna sing it for you)
even in the doors
even it's not home
I know that I'll be near you
I still love you
in your corridors
in a spark of joy
I know that I'll be good 'cause
I'm in love with you
in your corridors
in your favourite song
in a spark of joy
in a pinch of hope and
in my favourite song and
even it's not home and