

Crimson

Rudi

Call out an ambulance!
Call out the police force!
...suddenly, in the prime of life,
the question begs, strikes a light
the closing door, of fading hope
is just beyond my reach
Tears that run - crimson
emerging for my dormant self
the changing attitudes of life
chains are strong only to the weak
and it is just beyond my reach
one way out - use it! Use it!
Crimson is the colour of my life