

The final night

*Now I lie here waiting,
Way too loud for my ear,
The night is screaming.
The roaring, such a nuisance.
Slowly, but all I hear
Turns into deadly silence.*

*Still my heart is pounding,
In even icy nights,
Seems to be fulfilling
Its heartless cold desire.
Slowly ending the fight,
Like screams of dying fire.*

*Only thing reminding
Is the nightly sky.
Thinking I am fighting,
Like thousand eyes, lifeless sparks
Seemingly do now fly,
Out of my reach, way too far.*

*Living in waiting rooms.
I want to be changing,
Hopefully very soon
And maybe, perhaps later.
And I am still waiting.
Won't wait any longer ...*