

It got no dagger

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Dried tears....

Daterat: Torsdagen den 21:e augusti 2003 kl 13:16

Concidering..

Reading a mail I both wanted and not..

My former fiancie...

Kind words.. hurted feelings..

hopeful future & greetings..

Taking the leaf out of my mouth..

words said as a gunshot..

nights of anxiety & grief..

1000miles or an ocean..

never the less as far..

The years makes its entrance..

Will it ever ease..

Words burned its marks in hearts..

melancholy for unreal wishes..

wanted or dreams..

none will ever know..

that releave I felt sending back the rings..

inscription never to hold..

so unreal..

Those tears will never come again..

dried up long time ago..

But yet the memories pops up..

of the dreams shared..

Tho that was all it was...

dreams...

real...so unreal

never to get feeded..

last word said..

Forever our dream...

But not thee...

nor I..

I got a hundred years old and my eyes are dull....

looking for the feeling lost..

but there are no more tears..

time to heal..

and reply with a Greeting mail back...

Best wishes for new gf..

& hope to never make the mistake again...

Coz..

those tears will never fall again for same cruelty..

nor assulting words..

or..

lost hope..

Coz I finally found I love...

Within self..

& it got no dagger...