

Our world

There is a world
inside my mind.
This is the world
that leaves me behind.
I can see it
through my window,
I can see it
walking alone.
Relying on people,
this world appears to have no mind.
I can hear
winds whispering to me,
they are cold and ruined by time.
The abuse is here now,
it can't take much more.
The world is alive,
I can feel it with my heart,
growing old with time.
It can hear us
speak of lies.
It can see us
with tired eyes.
The world is alive through my window,
I can see it up 'till I die.

It can cure us in disease and in sickness,
in return, we destroy and deform it.
Will we ever see the Earth when it cries?
On a rainy day,
I stay inside.
I give the Earth time,
to relax and recover.
This world is tired tonight.