

Personal Forest

The footsteps become louder and louder
The trees open their arms for an embrace
The shadow will observe and meander

A path tarnished by powder
A never-ending race
The footsteps become louder and louder

There was always something different about her
She watched the flowers melt, it all became an empty space
The shadows will observe and meander

The red berries turn into gunpowder
They haunt her - memories of this unknown place
The footsteps become louder and louder

Never has she felt prouder
When those memories she tried to erase
The shadow will observe and meander

But all that is left is a world without her
I am left behind - her footsteps trying to trace
The footsteps become louder and louder
The shadow will observe and meander

Neka Baratashvili