

Kashmir, The Push

the city is a trap
in which we fling our worries
and grasp for somebody's promise
of the good life
forever changing plans
restrained by envious spirits
and wanting to want to give in
and go for the country
my love will always be
of vibrant and dense traffic music
that fills me up when nothing is expected

the push
and the shock
the handshake that could be changing your direction
the mess
and the chaos
the sounds of someone close to falling apart

don't wake me from the dream
don't shake me from the notion
that the day will come
and I'll belong and not be lost
so far away from hell
from unpaid debts and world war
where my bare feet are walking on dew
whitout treading a needle
on a needle

the push
and the fall
the handshake to the change of your direction
the mess
and the chaos
the sounds of someone close to falling apart