

Silje Nergaard, Paper Boats

How come these precious things were made to seem remote
How come the words I weighed were forced back down my throat
There was no room for honesty
No quarter that was mine
No noble cause
I tried fake a life
To fool those snapping jaws

From here I dare to launch my flimsy paper boats
I shove each gently from the shore but guard it where it floats
They must not drift too far from me
I still sense danger and
They are too frail
In time they'll catch the wind
And fly with billowed sail