

Poetry Series

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- poems -**

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Kristoffer Vilsgaard Pedersen()

Evil Sound

This room has an evil sound inside
It comes from the most smiling memories
That strangles you inside out with bloody hands
Throws your bowels in the black river
with a cursed kiss from certain lips

This room has an evil ghost inside
Dances naked to this evil sound
The wind blows through the broken windows
While the curtains dance with her
This nightmare let only pure love in

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I Paint My Blood With Jesus

I paint my blood with Jesus
I paint the devil on my skin
And realize that I'm only a human event

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Society Dies Alone

Only one clear star is shining tonight
And if you wonder where the rest has taking off
Well the black cloud has participated in their plans
They are out for something, They are out for a reason, Sly

I saw a man shoot down the best mind the world has ever seen just for fame
I saw a man kill people with different blood who just tried to live with their poor souls

I saw a lonely child telling rich fake stories just get one true friend
Some are born to nothing, some are born to the world's attention
And some are just led to believe a lie

I'm not going to work for some big shot money asshole
Spend my life doing something I could do as well when I'm dead
just so he can spend money on electricity to his big fancy insensible mansion and garden
No I would rather stand at the cross-road and wait for the Devil to bring my love

Society has never been nothing at all to me, only a mystery
Money can't buy you a soul you know
And if you think all these things will set you free well then think again
I watch people acting like bloodhounds, they get rabies while they chase rabbits
Some people never change, they pay their souls to be real

I got some beautiful seeds in my pocket ready to be irrigated
And the time couldn't be better
The soft rain is about to fall and the wind is young and wild
I'll watch it descend into your bed like ghosts you haven't feeded in years Suck in the new experience
Fine shiny new pearls are hanging like strange fruit from the trees
Hopes and dreams in a revolutionary heart will no more be ruled by someone who don't know better than you
Things will change in the night where trees on the hill stand like an army Let the wierd child lead your way, he wont fool you
He will show you that love is not just a word
All rebels it's your time to be heroes and the stars, the moon and the waves are drifting with you
The joker is restless now

I know that writing this don't bring money and success, but I write it anyway
I write the truth like the sea and the sky. Where the innocent face is clean
I know what I'm doing in life don't bring money and success, but I do it anyway
Where the water runs cool and free through the wilderness
Where time and place grow thin like a cigarette burnin' to the ground
Where even the most evil melody keeps the most beautiful tone
And echoes and silhouettes from the past drift by like unknown shadows
Here I'm free from the ball 'n' chain and there's no false lines drawed by
politicians

I just want to live with nature's secrets, be footloose and nothing more Like high
flying birds, homeless mountains and a lonesome wolf howling in the scary night

I know that singing this don't bring money and success and it doesn't matter I
sing for tears and joy and how you feel and for the footsteps from Kerouac's
boots

I sing here where the breezy wind strikes my lucky tears
I sing for freedom by it's right name
The road will lead you to the west if you follow silence and beauty
It's where there's nothing to explain...

I don't know anything about death and eternity and who's to say
I only hear words in disguise
But if you need a God in your mind or by your sorrow well then it's okay with me
I am just walking down the highway with my suitcase in my hand
Taking things as they come like a bird with no nest heading for a spin in a
hurricane
And don't worry about me I'm not bleeding yet I'm just living while I can
Following my own dream and writing silent poetry about the end of the world
I sat down today thinking what to write...
The flower is in full bloom on the edge of life
A revival is shining a hole in the sky

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The Midnight Train

I call her the midnight train to a bittersweet sunrise
She takes me disappearing into the night like a hurricane of love
Drops me off in the morning where the hidden sorrows make a scene
Some call me lovesick when I sing that beautiful sad song for her
Her smile in her eyes, her charms in her smile where everything shines

Remember when we were hiding at the top of the hill
Pretending we were Indians on the run with no fear for anything at all
Giving the finger to the world and the chaos around us
We danced in the stream of a magic river while we sucked time dry
We tied our hands to the moon and watch each others eyes seriously
You told me about the empty sky and the secret angels in hell
You told me we could be pure so far from home forever only you and me
But how come you going nowhere when I'm already there?
Like a lonely word in the saddest poem, I wait for you again and again

In the endless night the snow falls so beautiful and bright
As I'll be around to warm you with my cold hands
Comfort you with my sad eyes and uncomfortable words
It's no surprise I'll be around for your blues again and again
Only lucky time can make you mine to hold tight
I wrote you another beautiful sad song
And just like the sound from the gentle silence I'll sing it for myself

Last night I took a helpless trip through constant pain in my mind
To throw the love I never won in the biggest sea with this poem
Love is to face the truth where the sad music is playing softly in the dark
And you sit dead drunk and alone with the melody that shines the most

Even though I have shoes stucked to the floor and a terrible stagefright
I'm still trying to join your beautiful and dangerous dance
Every night when the moon comes floating by in this magic river
I think of you

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To All The Girls Wearing Make-Up

Behind every girls drawer there's a rainbow
Hiding a beautiful monster
Dyeing their hair like a chandelier
Sucking blood from an imagination

Shiny girls in the cool black night
Pulling their hearts aside and die next day
Like vampires in the sun

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