

Drops Are Falling

I was walking along the eternal road
and I wanted to read
what was written on the papers
in my hands

Suddenly it started to rain
Raindrops coursed down the sheets of paper
They started to get soaked
and I couldn't finish them

When they dried it was too late
to read them again
Now they embraced needless information
It didn't matter

Nobody asked me what happened
just why I stopped to read
Even if they asked
they weren't interested in my explanation

Nobody was interested, just me
but I wasn't the only one
who knew the truth
which was more

It doesn't matter
Raindrops are falling on the papers again
But it's not raining
I am crying