

HOME

Well, I left my home for a different place,
a different way to live.
There is a new world, here before my eyes,
a different way to live.
Well, I used to look all over the land,
the place, that I call my home.
And I used to damn that wind in my face,
still I wish, I could be home.

There is a quiet place, with nothing around,
but green grass to touch the sea,
There's forests to walk through different times,
just life there to touch the sky.
Well, I used to be alone there
to see the picture make me a part
of its perfect look, its eternity,
the circle never stops.

*1989
(27.12.)*