



Home

Days of trouble, stressing myself, feeling like I'm floating,
Like a bird, finding it's way home,
Knowing it's not to far, breathing starts soften,
Finally, my wings can spread, and my skin takes in the air of freedom.

When the evening sun ignites the rock,
and my heart almost burst with joy,
a feeling of peace flows through me,
running has ended, then I know that I'm at home here,
my soul can be free.

Years go by not realizing how fast they go,
Unnoticed flowers bloom and die,
Looking for the one light at the end,
Finding a way through chains break free,
Doors are open once I'm here.

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