First Home

Last Heart Attack

This is the birth of a lament of a liar or an illusion that makes your life full of steam
Even though you should paint your picture alone you will never leave your very first home!What? You are my mum, unbelievable, you'll take care of me until I'll break the silence that I breathe
If I have to cry, could i count on your hug or a smile? Even a slap on my face.This is the birth of a lament of a liar or an illusion that make your life full of steam
Even though you should paint your picture alone you will never leave your very first home!You are angry and so tired
I make you cry and smile
I believe in a scream
Inside me that says I'm with you!

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