Back Home

Whiteriver

Four walls at steady height,
from young age â€˜til I grown,
seemed plain white to all others,
but colored to my own.
Not always loved,
not always liked,
but always standing straight.
They mostly gave all strength to me
Empowered my soul

Many words tearing apart the crowd inhabiting the roomâ€™s inner heart
Studded with cracks, taped and repaired uncountable times,
I wish these wounds wonâ€™t remain infinite

One wall engraved with words
Another one with signs
The third seems empty to give freedom to my mind
One wall engraved with words
Another one with signs
The fourth has its door left open

Not always loved,
not always liked,
but always standing straight.
They mostly gave all strength to me

Not always loved,
not always liked,
but always standing straight.
Empowered my soul

At the doorstep I hear a little child
Its words donâ€™t seem empty
A story of its own:

â€œI am the son of my mother and I am proud of that.
Youâ€™ve thrown your life away to make mine worthy,
All you taught me made my life precious.

Every single day I will be there for you

I canâ€™t remotely give back what you gave to me
One day I will be drunk enough to see I need you
One day I will be wise enough to see I love youâ€•

Lyrics Submitted by Andreyevich

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/