



Home

Can't lie down on this crowded boat,
I try to sleep, standing still instead.
The sea is craving the taste of flesh,
Destination might be death.

And yet I know I did right,
In leaving my home behind, though I risk it all.
One day my life won't be plain existence,
I just need to hold on

*I feed myself with thoughts of freedom,
So my dream grows wings to fly.
To find a home where I don't need them,
A place where bombs don't cloud the sky.*

Children's faces distorted by fear,
their longing cries cut into my ear.
One day my body may be free,
How can my soul ever be.

I once lived free on my land,
I knew each tree and each stream running to the sea.
I already miss all the songs that we danced to,
Long before the war came.

*I feed myself with thoughts of freedom,
So my dream grows wings to fly.
To find a home where I don't need them,
A place where bombs don't cloud the sky.*

As soon as our feet touch the ground,
Indifferently they tell us to go home...

....but I don't know what that is.