



Even Mothers die

I got a candle and a cookie on my 6th birthday,
no present and no cake, no money, I'm afraid.
In my memory this day was a perfect day.
I got a song and 'til it ends I was a happy girl.

Like to remember this day
because it was one of the last
I saw my mother alive,
little later I lost my mother, she died.
Today I look up to the sky
still asking why she had to die
before her time had come.
She was so young, so nice and strong.
I miss you Mum.

Can you hear my voice?
Can you feel my pain?
Even after all this time
I'm still calling your name.

When you have died it was my Dad
who came to tell me you were dead.
Since this day my heart is sad,
cause there's a lack, a hole inside
of me, it's hard to be...
without a mother and to complete
Without a mother, without a father,
without a parent, without anyone.

I'm still alive, I learned to fight.
I will survive and getting older
and then one day will come the day
when my stomach will getting rounder,
'cos I'll be pregnant and all the fragments
of my soul will heal when I'll see
my fragrant new born and I will be
myself reborn as a mother
as a mother, as a mother, as a Mum.

And when I will die
one day it will be my child
who'll look up to the sky asking
with tears in his eyes

Can you hear my voice?
Can you feel my pain?

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