



## 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?

Geschrieben am 09.11.2011 von Inkognito  
im [Deutschen Schriftstellerforum](#)



**DSFo.de**  
Deutsches Schriftsteller Forum

## Even Mothers die

Even after all this time  
I'm still calling your name.

*Diskutieren Sie [hier](#) online mit!*