

Home Sweet Home

Deaf Havana

As a child it comes as no surprise, the wool was pulled over my eyes
My parents kept me sheltered and safe, in turn I kept a smile on my face
And I found what I thought was home, when I was only 6 years old
I had a friend and a family and that was all that I really needed to be content.

My younger days were spent alone and the only pain I'd ever known
Was grazes to my hands and knees from always misplacing my feet
But time goes on and people grow, and the cracks in the foundations show
And nothing was ever what it seemed to be, for me.

We got kicked out of the house that I grew up in
And with that I lost my faith in finding home.

And all this time
We all seemed fine
But the truth is all of us were barely getting by

At 20 years I've grown to hate, every moment I'm awake
Without these toxins in my veins, regardless of my parents pain
My mother put on a brave face for a while but these days I barely see her smile
Oh how I love to see her smile.

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