

# 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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