

MAMMA

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When gazing to the stars
I see my mamma.
In times of struggle,
I hear her call.
She feels the pain and the desire,
She knows it all.

The sound of tender whispers
Sends echoes in my night.
They chase away the shadows
To bring me back the light.
She feels the pain and the desire
Her heart is shining bright.

An ocean wave surrounds my life
With passion and with care.
Sending a million shiny sparkles
Out of my palms to share.
She lives with me and in my song,
Bringing her warmth along.

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I hear her call.
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