

YOUR MOTHER IS ALWAYS WITH YOU...

Your mother is always with you...

She's the whisper of the leaves
as you walk down the street.

She's the smell of bleach
in your freshly laundered socks.

She's the cool hand on your brow
when you're not well.

Your mother lives inside your laughter.
She's crystallized in every tear drop.

She's the place you came from,
your first home...

She's the map you follow
with every step that you take.

She's your first love
and your first heart break...

and nothing on earth can separate you.

Not time, Not space...

Not even death...
will ever separate you
from your mother...

You carry her inside of you...

