My House,

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[img width=500]http://img1.picmix.com/output/pic/original/8/0/6/1/4261608_dd136.gif[/img]

The smell of lilies,
the colors of roses,
the great Hill,
the green pasture
where I was born,
Finally I will return
playing the hope
alcansarei with kisses
blue clouds and Barrett
the wait was not useless Lord.
The desired standby ...
flows like silk yarns
blending the
of the heart.
I thank God, by
gift of patience, knowing have
benevolence.
Return to learn,
crawl the first steps
on wet grass, quiet, wet
Green as the green hills
We will be back, beloved land
My House, my life.

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