

HOME

Home is not a building but the presence inside

Home is the starting of your soul

A rainbow bringing laughter and joy

A place of comfort and love

It always feels like heaven up above

It's an elastic that would always be pulled back

It's a spring that will always retract

A place where you will always belong

The pilgrimage that is never too long

A refuge from the storm

Just because the word sounds warm,

Doesn't it make you think

The shattered glass and the welcoming darkness makes
the warmth sink

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