

Why does it feel so bad being like this?
Being surrounded by all kind of noises,
A place that leaving, I wouldn't miss,
A place with weird and strange voices

Counting the hours full of impatience,
Running rivers of thought in my mind,
Filled with negativism, so cruel, so dense,
Feeling awkward within my own kind

Begging for the fresh breathe of nature,
In a place with no trees or any plants,
Where everyone is from different cultures
Where they say hi! But don't shake hands!

And even between so much concrete,
I am so anxious to see your face,
To get to the place where we'll meet
To rest within your beautiful grace