

Eure Kinder sind nicht eure Kinder.
Sie sind die Söhne und Töchter der Sehnsucht des Lebens nach sich selber.
Sie kommen durch euch, aber nicht von euch,
Und obwohl sie mit euch sind, gehören sie euch doch nicht.
Ihr dürft ihnen eure Liebe geben, aber nicht eure Gedanken,
Denn sie haben ihre eigenen Gedanken.
Ihr dürft ihren Körpern ein Haus geben, aber nicht ihren Seelen,
Denn ihre Seelen wohnen im Haus von morgen, das ihr nicht besuchen könnt,
nicht einmal in euren Träumen.

Khalil Gibran, arabischer Dichter, 1883-1931



Two Angels

Nursing by nightlight, singing at midnight,
Watching them laugh and crawl.
Carrying at moonlight, sleeping by daylight,
watching them cry and fall.

Years of them belong to me,
times they will never recall.
They steal more than my heart,
My life and my soul, my breath and my faith
They take the best and the worst out of me.

But the price is high, and the wage is low.
We need some more time, to see them grow.
But the price is high, and we let it show.
The time is never right, to let them go.
To let them go, to let them go, to let them go...

God had something to say, he sent two angels my way.
A girl and a boy to love, directly from heaven above
As I watch them grow each night and day
I feel God sent two angels my way

*But I have to let them go, to let them go,
To let them go, to let them go...*

Cries of pains and tears of joy
Little shoes und jackets along the hall
Little princesses and dirty wild boys
Black finger marks upon the wall

Now time is passing day by day, .
My two little angels are growing up I would say.

They will leave me to walk alone
my life and my soul, my breath and my faith
they take the best and the worst out of me