

Filial Piety

Eyes That Meet, Heart That Stays

You held me when I was little.

Your arms were warm like the summer sun.

Now our eyes meet,
your eyes are soft, your touch is soft,
your love is soft, soft but strong.

I'm holding my arms out to you,
for your tenderness and for your affection.

One day I will hold out my arms to you again,
soft but strong,

to give you my tenderness and to give you protection.