

# Balance

## Ambient Music Therapy Room

Our differences set us apart... they can't bind me  
Our hearts have been equivalent from the start... if only  
    I spoke these words at the right time  
    At a loss for words to build the right line

    Reflect a traitor to make my mind cry open  
Behave ... like gentlemen ... like proper men we dive in  
    Live... you'll be the proof of my existence  
    My pride my dreams  
    They all belong just to me

So alive we coexist .. so envious .. we pray for this

    Listen to my story .. this may be our last chance  
    People die and people dance

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