Empathy

3 (Three)

There are so many parts that I have hidden and that I yet lost
There are so many ways that I have cut off my nose despite my face
There are so many colors that I still try to hide while I paint
And there are so many tunes that I secretly sing away

But come along
Yeah, invite these part-time writers
Hello, this invitation
Is one that Iâ€™ve stopped fighting oh oh

Thank you for seeing me
I feel so less lonely
Thank you for guiding me
I hear your bide, your empathy
Ha-a this intimacy ha-a-a-a

There were so many times I thought I have died, not the usually known
There were so many moments, forever lonely in my location

You come along
To celebrate each feeling
Come, there you are
How long have Iâ€™ve been fighting?

Thank you for seeing me
I feel so less lonely
Thank you for guiding me
I hear your bide, you empathy
Ha-a this intimacy ha, ah, ah, ah

There were some days when the trusting was the last of me
Youâ€™re quiet too much, you see too less
Except youâ€™re generous, see?
To love myself enough
To let you help me

Thank you for seeing me
I feel so less lonely
Thank you for guiding me
I hear your bide, you empathy

Ha, a this intimacy ha, ah, ah, ah

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