

# This Room Is Alive

## Being As An Ocean

This rooms alive  
Breathing  
In this moment, each one of us is leaving  
All of lifes worries and troubles far behind  
Speaking in tongues  
Sweating blood  
Rapture  
Some people search their entire lives for such a cure  
Screaming silently inside  
Past horrors plaguing their minds  
This is our release  
This is our violent plea  
Hearts scarred and bandaged  
Souls weathered and damaged  
This is our release  
Our violent plea  
Its time to burn the past  
Take off our self-fabricated coping masks  
Well let each other see who we really are  
With our broken limbs and battle scars  
Naked, all things stripped away  
Youll see weve all gone through similar pains  
And like children, we count and play our hiding games  
But we wont come inside when Grace calls our name  
Slaves to our guilt and shame  
Pointing the finger at the one who was never really to blame  
Ourselves  
Reopen your wounds anew  
And watch the broken come to stand by you  
You dont have to feel alone  
Cause I know this place could feel like home  
There is no need to run and hide  
When your true family is standing by your side

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