

Brighter Days

There are things we don't understand.
Ready to judge than lend a hand.
Believing that we live for no other man.

Life is not meant to live alone.
Sharing our stories help us show
That we should always be aware
Of the story we all share
That we live our dreams hand in hand.

**I'm here with you,
With all my sisters and brothers.
Embracing what makes us
Diff'rent from each other.
And at the end of the day
We're all in this together.
You're not alone,
Walking to brighter days.**

We live our lives limited by unspoken rules.
Afraid to open our eyes, fearing that we're being judged too
By social standard, culture, age,
Religion, colour of your face.
Who we are we learn to undervalue.

There's a glass ceiling, hat we made for ourselves that we need to break through.
Open our eyes cuz a change in the system is long overdue.
Then we'll finally understand, that by standing hand in hand
We open our eyes to see the world anew.

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