Empathy Is What We Need, My Friend



1.
It’s not a simple echo, nor a lonely cry,
It’s leaving your own shore beneath a wider sky.
Translating the unknown, the silence deep and wide,
With your own beating heart to be your inner guide.
A bridge of ancient roots between two lonely isles,
Where one man’s living sap makes another’s spirit smile.

Chorus
And empathy, my friend, is what we need so much,
The vital breath of life, the human healing touch.
In this wounded world that wanders and that cries,
Let us offer this small light before the spirit dies.
To thaw the frozen dark of winters without end,
A little empathy is what we need, my friend.

2.
When pain begins to settle and the winter draws near,
Empathy is the fire that keeps the soul from fear.
It does not cure it all, but opens up a space,
A truce within the struggle, a warm and gentle grace.
Behind the heavy walls of bitterness and art,
It seeks the universe within a single heart.

3.
A silence full of presence, a cup of tea you share,
A hand upon a shoulder when life is hard to bear.
It’s asking with a smile: *“What is your horizon?”*
Without judging the road or locking up the prison.
It’s listening to the voice that trembles in the flow,
A mirror clear and open where hidden echoes grow.

Chorus

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4.

It’s laying down your arms, your dogmas and your laws,
To let another voice breathe gently through the pause.
Not searching for a flaw, nor trying to refine,
But welcoming the truth in every fragile line.
It’s offering a refuge, a garden built on trust,
Where hope begins to bloom above the shame and dust.

5.

Beneath the social masks and armor made of steel,
The same enduring winters are what we all can feel.
Empathy is the thread, the weaving we can’t see,
That turns a distant soul into reality.
It breaks the heavy walls our fears have built so high,
So lost and lonely hearts can meet beneath the sky.

Chorus

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Let us offer this small light before the spirit dies.
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Coda

So when a stranger’s gaze comes crossing with your own,
Before you turn away or walk the path alone,
Remember: under masks and all the world can see,
A heart is beating there, just longing to be free.

It’s not a hollow dream, not pride that’s been denied
But the deepest fabric of our human side.
The only path and bridge across the void we see,
Where “Us” at last becomes the “Me” we’re meant to be.

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