

## The Gift is Present

People are a gift  
One not made like another  
One body  
Two mindsets  
The thought of self and others  
Some it does not bother  
Some it unhinges their tether  
But in the end they will join together

Bringing each and one of them closer to unity  
It isn't so hard  
this isn't astronomy  
People decide what they will do with their identity  
Not sure what to do and ask who is "me"  
Soon enough the human race will reach an epiphany

They say difference is too much  
Its tearing us apart  
Bringing us one step closer to death do us part  
Little do they know  
Same as in different  
Carrying the burden of Atlas is the burden of passion

Dwelling in the depths of our hearts  
As difference as can be  
Rises the thought "I am me"

People waste their time getting tickets and waiting in lines  
While others in Africa listen to crickets and flies

This is what I mean by an epiphany  
Guessing the next move of that obscurity  
Bringing us one step closer to death do us part?  
Lets realize that difference isn't that harsh