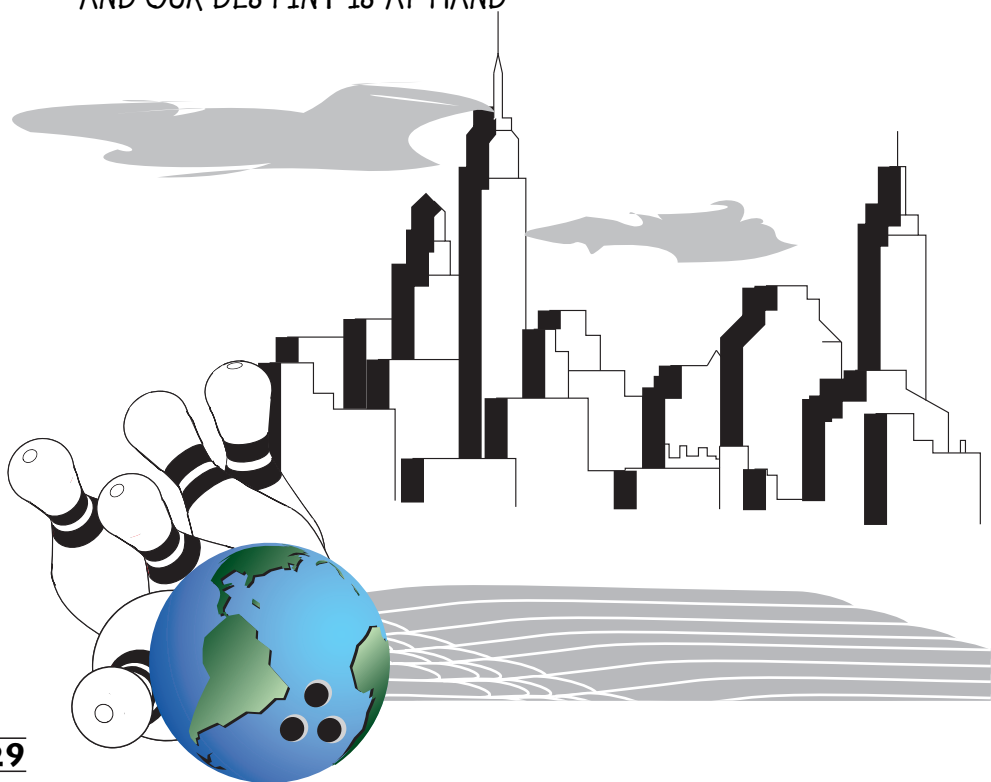


EVERYONE OF US IS THE SAME
 WE ARE ALL SET UP TO PLAY THE GAME
 WE WAIT AS THE BALL ROLLS
 TO MAKE THE DECISION OF WHO WINS AND WHO LOSES
 BUT AS THE DARK CLOUD FORMS IN THE SKY
 WE KNOW THE STORM IS COMING
 WE SIT AND WATCH THE WORLD SPIN
 AS THE RULES GET TOUGHER
 BEFORE WE KNOW IT THE STORM IS HERE
 AND OUR DESTINY IS AT HAND



HAPPY TO BE ALIVE
 OR IS IT PAIN
 I CAN'T DECIDE
 THEY BOTH FEEL THE SAME

NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRY
 IT ALWAYS WILL MAKE ME CRY
 IT NEVER GOES AWAY
 THE PAIN IS HERE TO STAY

AM I HAPPY TO BE ALIVE
 OR DO I CRAVE
 A WAY TO ESCAPE
 THESE ENDLESS DAYS

I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND
 I KNOW IT WASN'T ME
 I TRY TO EASE THE PAIN
 IT NEVER WILL SET ME FREE

CAN YOU CALL IT HAPPINESS
 CAN YOU CALL IT SOMETHING ELSE
 WILL IT ALWAYS BE LIKE THIS
 OR WILL I GET A BETTER HAND DEALT