

## Minutes

SONOIO

Come in. Make yourself at home.  
Sit down. Let me grab your coat.  
Can I offer you something  
To drink? Maybe just a glass  
Of this liberating thought  
That's been living here with me.  
Slow down. Maybe just a sip.  
Does it taste? Does it feel?

For a minute,  
For a moment,  
You will know that  
Every moment  
Every minute  
Counts  
And the soul is surely going to waste.  
Doesn't really matter  
In the end anyway  
For a minute,  
For a moment.  
You know,  
Every moment  
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Represents all this story we conversate  
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