

Vultures are constantly circling,
awaiting the eventual fall.
- My last fall.
The hot sun shows no mercy and takes my strength away.
It takes my strength away.
I raise my hand to shield my eyes from the blazing sun.
I'm looking out for my destination, I've almost forgotten.
I fall face-first into the sand.
I wake up a couple hours later.
I decide to continue onward.

One try, two tries -
Finally I reached this place,
I searched for long. I suffered and I survived.
Sleepiness arose inside. I felt a great relief.
One try, two tries -
My search was my belief.

Thank you God for allowing me to reach this beautiful place.
This is nirvana. I exhaled.
Thank you God for allowing me to reach this beautiful place.
This wasteland was a stage on which a drama is being played.

No wishes, no needs anymore.
No wishes, no needs anymore.