

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.