

Nothing is.
Nothing is free.
Nothing is free from boundaries.
The grand hatch has been spoiled
Fed and spoiled with binaries.

In eternal duality
From one to another absolute .

She drags her burden to the cunning
To seek her sermon's sequel lot
One step back to from where she's coming
Once suffered from, it can't be given back.

Freedom must be -
But maybe not.
Maybe secure, maybe not.
As nothing is - nothing will be
Ever binary to the core.

In eternal duality
From one to another absolute.

She drags her burden to the cunning
To seek her sermon's sequel lot
Absolution comes as a stunning illusion
That tears her heart apart.

This parasital redeemer
Spoils the poor with significance
Throws blessings upon the contempt and feeble
And strains the shrewd with hesitance.