

Liberation

Neaera

The house, the storm
Feather and tar

Art, existence
The flower in the sewer

The day of mourn are pass
All sorrow aside
I finally arrived
In a realm I thought not be true
Here I dwell forever
Eternal ease
Found a lotus in the sewer
A lake for the sword
No longer sick of running
- no longer scared of burning

The world has silenced
The voices are gone
I made oil my water
And dust my air
Found relief, salvation
Quit the downward spiral
Sad years, bygone
Future - the brightest white

Grand, imperial peace
I left the wretched, the scarred
Despise all grief
Antagonism obsolete