

# 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