

Slaying the Wolf Within

Neaera

Arms have stretched beyond their reach.
Craving for a false perfection.
Safe under self-deception's wing.
Craving for a false protection.
Illusion is solace, reflection is pain.

Illusion is solace, reflection is pain.

Nothing loved, nothing lost.
Nothing tried, nothing lost.

I called on despair to guide me, summoned the cold again.
I bit from the grapes of seduction, because reflection is pain.

I called on despair to guide me, summoned the cold again.
I bit from the grapes of seduction, because reflection is pain.

This is my wasteland, empire without a king.
Where resignation rules, slaying the wolf within.

Nothing loved, nothing lost.
Nothing tried, nothing lost.

Illusion is knowledge, rest in peace!
Illusion is solace, rest in peace!

I called on despair to guide me, summoned the cold again.
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I would rather sense nothing at all than sense what is true.