

# Aesma Daeva, I Have Sailed With Odysseus

Returning from Greece I sat by an angel from east.  
She brought forth what's purest in me  
Thank you for this day of grace.  
Walk on icy shores look east once more  
Perhaps we were friends perhaps I am lost at sea  
This voyage won't end  
Your soul full of colors of the sun over cashmere where you sent by the gods?  
I lay here alone behind this stone  
These Statues are friends these statues so cold hold me in land of the dead.  
I miss this old friend pure love I found  
Holy shrine of grace holy shrine of love you send from land of kulu.  
It's time to find home  
Roll away this stone  
To love life again  
Love like when I was young  
A new day begins  
Returning from Greece  
A circle of light from the east  
Here am I what is purest in me  
Thank you for this day of grace.