

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 Kashmir 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.