

Neaera, I Love The World

Worse than Pain
Is the Pain You Can't Feel Anymore
Harder than the Truth
Is the Lies You Don't See
Bitterer than the Tears
Are the Tears You Can't Shed Anymore
Worse, Than a Weak Mind
Is a Dead and Cold Heart

Sometimes You Must Embrace the Sorrow
To Recieve the Cleansing

To Shores of Joy We Sail
Through Seas of Suffering and Pain
To Woods of Harmony We Ride
Through Valleys of Death and Unlight

Deeper and Deeper Into the Abyss
Higher and Higher to the Sky
If there was no Darkness
How Could We See the Light?

Worse than Grief
Is the Grief You Can't Feel Anymore
Worse than a Weak Mind
Is a Dead and Cold Heart

Sometimes You Must Embrace the Darkness
When You Seek Light
Sometimes You Must Let Go
To Keep Holding Tigh

[Chorus]