Celestial Season, Monumenta

Put down your load and go to sleep
untill your ready to
wipe all the burden of your sleeve
do what you think you should
released from matter you'll be free
be free from agony
but your so proud, waitress
do love your sister, girl

You look good and you're certainly prescious
but honney your so confused
it's okay... an eye on the exit
freaked out and veiled
a see your face in the middle of traffic
so tender and full of charme
free yourseld, be yourself, free yourself
hold on