

# Hazel O'Connor, To Be Freed

Hazel O'Connor - A. Karner

I was drowning in my anger and my mystery,  
someone once told me  
it's a diver you must learn to be  
so I dived to the bottom of the ocean  
I made friends with the things that  
I feared, and didn't I rise to the tides  
and I was freed

I was climbing up the mountain with  
My excess baggage getting me down, down, down  
My strength had all deserted me, mistakes  
They weigh so heavily, Lord I fell to the ground  
Then I looked inside my suitcase full  
Of trouble and strife and all my victories  
And sorrows of my past life and didn't I rise  
and I was freed

I was dreaming we were eagles, flying  
high, high to the edge of the sky  
we vowed before the universe, stars  
lit the space like some great church  
where many candles shine  
and your eyes were bright and firey  
like the day that we met, I remembered  
how I felt before our war made me forget.  
And didn't I rise to the sky  
and I was freed

Now I realise, these obstacles  
that we find - are teachers and the guides -  
in my life, in my life, in my

I still love you, and I know  
you still love me too

To be freed...