

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...