

# Neaera, Save The Drowning Child

If thoughts were tears...  
Are you sick of yearning?  
This invisible fortress, this isolation  
Is your heart's cancer  
There's no reason hiding  
Your great walls of self-defense  
Pull them all down  
No need to retreat  
Your great walls of insecurity  
Pull them all down  
Listen to what isn't said  
See what is not shown  
Learn this language free from words  
Don't be deceived  
Becoming numb  
Is the sound of decay  
Self-censorship and deadening only false friends  
There's no reason hiding  
Your great walls of self-defense  
Pull them all down  
Remaining forever thoughtful  
A curse?  
No!  
It's the bold star to reach out for  
This is the path of prosperity  
A prosperity within  
This is the path of prosperity  
Made of thorns and broken glass