

Guardian of Ashes

Neera

I am the cure of my own poison, the guardian of my ashes.
Conductor of chaos, anchor to the storm.

I am the cure of my own poison, the guardian of my ashes.
Conductor of chaos, anchor to the storm.

Refusal to watch your yearning has led you astray.
Your choice to be a martyr is comfort in decay.

Buried yourself, within yourself, without yourself.
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Cynicism is compassion left for dead.
A glance at glory lost a lifetime of regret.

King over barren lands.
Last to come to your throne.
You are reigning over nothing.
You are reigning alone.

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Refusal to watch your yearning has led you astray.
To complete you, you chose to glorify the lie.

Glorify the lie.

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