

## **Lykathea Aflame**

### **"On The Way Home"**

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His heart he offers them  
...and they spurn.  
Then in silence and seclusion  
...silently he weeps.  
However there is no one coming all along  
Who would wipe the tears from  
His careworn face away.  
And so with each brith of a day he gets up  
And sets forth the new pilgrimage.

His endless heart stays opened still,  
So that everyone could enter...  
...only visitors sometimes come...

He is not clad like a king,  
His garments bear the sign of distant lands,  
Though he is the embodiment of thee Lord.

So night after night as wave after wave  
Lonely yearning and silent weep dissembless  
And they are smitting upon the merciless shore of  
body...

I wish my pilgrimage to reach home already.

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