

# Slaying the Wolf Within

Neaera

Arms have stretched beyond their reach.  
Craving for a false perfection.  
Safe under self-deception's wing.  
Craving for a false protection.  
Illusion is solace, reflection is pain.

Illusion is solace, reflection is pain.

Nothing loved, nothing lost.  
Nothing tried, nothing lost.

I called on despair to guide me, summoned the cold again.  
I bit from the grapes of seduction, because reflection is pain.

I called on despair to guide me, summoned the cold again.  
I bit from the grapes of seduction, because reflection is pain.

This is my wasteland, empire without a king.  
Where resignation rules, slaying the wolf within.

Nothing loved, nothing lost.  
Nothing tried, nothing lost.

Illusion is knowledge, rest in peace!  
Illusion is solace, rest in peace!

I called on despair to guide me, summoned the cold again.  
I bit from the grapes of seduction, because reflection is pain.

I called on despair to guide me, summoned the cold again.  
I bit from the grapes of seduction, because reflection is pain.

This is my wasteland, empire without a king.  
Where resignation rules, slaying the wolf within.

Slaying the wolf within.  
Slaying the wolf within.

I would rather sense nothing at all than sense what is true.