

Neville

Is the desire for perfection wrong if it's in the service of others?
Is it wrong if its pursuit only means the death of the old self?
Is it wrong to want the world to see history in the making?
Is it wrong if the work created from its shadow is a star?
Is it wrong if the old self was already perfect?
I am not the judge

Rhoda

The ocean beacons with her constant roaring
She is the only thing exciting in a world stuck on a rock
She flows with the cool breeze and violent storms
Captains pray to her and die to her
She is without hunger but always taste the tears
Who am I to deny her her ingredient?