

*Silent*

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## Naked as the Day They Were Born

Naked as they day they  
were born  
They lay prostrate before  
the throne of their  
sanctuaries  
These bodies, these inner  
beings they cross-  
examined  
Joy, tears, sweat, pain,  
bliss all encompassed  
their stay  
But now, now the flowing  
river moved them to a new  
temple

Instead of merely looking  
at their reflection in  
the mirror, they would  
begin to understand the  
quality of its  
substance...  
The beauty of the  
perceived flaws...  
The face beyond the  
veil...  
The soul beyond the  
wounds  
To strive for that  
blessed day when they can  
look at their own naked  
flesh and proclaim...  
"It is good"

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*Knights*