

WALK OF LIFE
Zubeen Garg

My life is a walk
And
My walk is my life
Through the blistering surfaces
Of green blue and red

With a click of fantasy
I can see the mountains fall apart
With an echo of silence
I can sense blue dreams of an eagle
With a single glance of drizzling eyes
I see the pain of legacy
A world torn apart
A world of innocence
A world of fear and arrogance
Lies in front of you

March
March my friend
March towards a new century