



In ancient lands where rivers flow, and temples stand with candles glow
where chants of sages once did rise, now whispers fade beneath
the skies, The sacred thread once tightly wound, unravels on this
foreign ground, As jeans replace the draped attire, and neon lights
the holy fire, The Ganges' call now faint and slow, drowns in the
beats the stereo, while yoga bends and pranayama, are solo
like wares in foreign drama ...

