

Love Fro India
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Do you want to become a hero?

Then come out from your harbor
See the strings and the fists of the storm
Behold the dreamland beyond the winds
Look at your wings lifting a bridge over abyss
Let the seed of your dream die to bear a forest
Ready to bind the strings of the storm in the bonds of
Your thoughts

ONE BODY

I plow the same streams of blood
I share the same dream
I raise the same arm
I'm the flower you should smile in your eyes
The balm for your wounded patience
The ear to listen to the blast of your conscience
The towel of your feet
Ready to take your dust in the waters of forgiveness
A knee to break when your burden is a mountain
A wheel to your victory chariot
A lifting up on the bamboo of the flag
A dying working hand for you
The shadow to follow you even in death