

The lightening splits the ice
Thunder twice
Swallowed by rain
Then black floods
Slit the hills
A turnpike filled
I am a weed by the wall

Gitanjali, keep swimming

The aching void in me
Sings softly
I fear no one
A cold hand at my door
The sinking floor
I am a soul on the run

Gitanjali, keep swimming

Goodbye to all of you
It's useless to refuse the muse
Let's carry on for future generations gone

Gitanjali, keep swimming

Goodbye to all of you
It's useless to refuse the muse
Let's carry on for future generations gone

And between living and dying
There's a third thing, yes
The victorious has left the room

Gitanjali, keep swimming