

Extract of Verses from

KNOWLEDGE OF THE GODS

Be Sure! Our Ancestors Have Ingrained Deep in Our Souls Their Mortal Signatures

Alas! When Shall We Drink the Water from the Ancient Cup

Alas! When Shall We Hear the Silent Murmurs of the Ancient Ocean

Alas! When Shall the Secret Path Open To Our Souls

Alas! When Can We Enter the Ancient Gates

Alas! Shall the Cosmos Come Forth To Save Our Souls

Behold! Can We Hear the Whispers of the Dead

“The Substance of Religion”

Alas! Can We Convert Our Stony Souls into the Mysterious Sapphire

Behold! Let Our Face Brighten When Faced With Our Fears

Alas! May My Heart Absorb the Poison of Existence

Behold! Yet I Shall Find the Refuge in the Cosmic Garden

Behold! Has Not Earth Drawn Its Strength from the Heavens

Be Sure! Someday My Granaries Shall Overflow

Behold! I Have Drunk the Celestial Wine

Alas! Where Shall We Learn the Ancient Language

Alas! Where Shall We Find the Ancient Tree

Alas! When Shall We Learn To Speak In His Voice

Alas! When Shall We Decipher the Secrets in Our Souls

Behold! When Shall We Bind Ourselves in the Rope of Divinity

Alas! When Shall We Taste the Ancient Wine

Alas! When Shall the Sun Shine On the Ancient Rocks

Alas! When Shall He Hear the Screams of Our Souls

Alas! When Shall We Succumb To the Charm of Daughters of Divinity

Alas! Shall We Be Struck By the Cosmic Vengeance

Alas! Shall We Be Bewildered By the Cosmic Forces
Alas! Shall He Wrap Our Hearts in Amorous Raptures
Behold! Can the Dead Allow Us to Bathe in the Ancient Stream
Behold! Someday I Shall Be Sought In the Heavens
Behold! Someday He Shall Strike With Lightning
Alas! Someday He Would Hit My Demons
Behold! I Recollect the Long Journey from Darkness
Behold! I Have Tasted the Honey of Existence
Behold! My Heart Can No More Be Slayed
Behold! I Have Been Briefed By the Divine
Behold! I Have Seen My Resurrection from the Grave
Behold! The Water in My Pond Belongs to Him
Behold! Eternity Finds Its Bliss in My Soul
Behold! I Have Known the Nature of Darkness
Behold! I Am Protected By the Divine Serpent
Behold! I Have Heard the Voice from the Heaven
O Beloved! Be Sure! I Could See My Spirit Refuse the Cold Embrace of Death
O Beloved! Be Sure! I Could See My Spirit Make A Pact with Fate
O Beloved! Be Sure! I Could See My Spirit Willing to Confront the Evil Dark Night
O Beloved! Be Sure! Inside my Spirit Could See Its Reflections in the Divine
O Dark Lord! Let Me Now Travel To Silence and Felicity
O Dark Lord! Let My Soul Seek Out the Heavenly Rhyme
O Death! Why Do I Breathe and Live Awhile By Your Mercy
Behold! Can the Dead Show Us a Glimpse of the Heavenly Streams
Alas! Can the Mysteries of the Heavens Quench Our Thirst
Alas! Can We Escape the Bite of the Serpent of Darkness
Alas! May My Soul Find Some Takers on the Day of Reckoning
Alas! May He Advise Our Souls in the Depth of Darkness
Alas! May His Shine Remove the Shadow of Darkness from Our Souls
Yet! I Shall Throw the Darkness Out of My Soul
Behold! Have We Sunk Our Hearts in His Cosmic Lap
Alas! Someday I Shall See Through the Darkness

About Author: The mystic writings and poems of author Anand Krishna helps us in dealing with everyday issues such as the strength of will power, the creativity to see beyond problems, importance of positivity and the true meaning of success. For all who feel that stress and nervousness are an unavoidable fact of modern life, the mystic poems of Anand Krishna reminds us that within each of us is an inner core of universal peace and harmony that we can learn to access at will. The mystic poems and writings of Anand Krishna shows us how to overcome fear, worry, anger, nervousness and moodiness. His writings also teach us how to Stay calmly in the present and to stay actively focused, no matter what is going on around us and also teaches us to Experience the mystic and expansive timelessness and beauty of each moment. The spiritual and mystic poems of the author caters to the deepest needs of the human heart and soul. These poems reveal how we can meet the daily challenges to our physical, psychological, emotional and spiritual well-being – by awakening our divine nature, the neglected reality at the core of our being.

Through his writings the author succeeds in dispelling the myth that God is beyond our reach and beyond our self. He points out that it is not only possible to converse with God but to receive definite responses to our prayers and also converse with our divine self. The author Anand Krishna helps us to realize how close that infinite and all-loving Being is to each one of us. He also explains how we can make our prayers and thoughts so powerful and persuasive that they will bring a tangible response from the mystic universe. The books written by Anand Krishna motivates the readers how to be devoid of a harsh, materialistic life and live a life of peaceful serenity governed by quality and not quantity. The spiritual poems written by the author deal with complex issues in a very easy-to-understand and simple manner, inviting the readers to explore their inner selves through meditation and contemplation. The teachings of the author alters the perspective and attitude that people approach life with, changing one's thought process to invite and draw true material and spiritual success and prosperity .The books written by the author also highlights the key to dissolving obstacles both physical and spiritual while dealing with natural feelings of fear and the feeling of being lost. The author has been greatly inspired by the mystic philosophies propounded in the Geeta, Upanishads, Sufi literature and other ancient mystical works. **The author Anand Singh (Pen Name: Anand Krishna) has written on various spiritual aspects of human existence in this world and beyond.**

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CHAPTER 1 -POEMS IN REMEMBRANCE OF OUR ANCESTORS



(Artist: Gustav Bauernfeind Date: 1848-1904)

Poem on Ancestors

Be Sure! Our Ancestors Have Ingrained Deep in Our Souls Their Mortal Signatures



(Artist: Gustav Bauernfeind Date: 1848-1904)

**Have our ancestors deprived us of the divine elixir.
Have our ancestors spoken to us in vague aphorisms.
Have our ancestors breathed something evil in our souls.
Have our ancestors breathed mortal deception in our souls.
Had our ancestors stopped the roses to bloom in our hearts.
Be sure! Our ancestors have ingrained deep in our souls their mortal signatures.**

**Have our ancestors withheld from us the revelations of heaven.
Have our ancestors withheld from us the signatures of divinity.
Have our ancestors left us to be merely the vieler of their sins.
Have our ancestors withheld from us all the secrets in their hearts.
Be sure! Our ancestors have ingrained deep in our souls their mortal signatures.**

**Have our ancestors left us only with the signs of punishment.
Have our ancestors deprived us of the feeling of expansion of our souls.
Have our ancestors deprived us of the feeling of relishing our beings.
Have our ancestors withheld from us the sweetness of the spirits.
Be sure! Our ancestors have ingrained deep in our souls their mortal signatures.**

**Have our ancestors withheld from us the power of true devotions.
Have our ancestors emptied our souls.
Have our ancestors deprived our souls of the divine kernel.
Have our ancestors withheld from us the art to relish our souls.
Be sure! Our ancestors have ingrained deep in our souls their mortal signatures.**

**Have our ancestors withheld from us the fruit yielding tree of life.
Have our ancestors given us fruits that have no seeds.
Have our ancestors given us seeds that have no kernels.
Have our ancestors failed to nurse our souls.**

Be sure! Our ancestors have ingrained deep in our souls their mortal signatures.



(Source: stores.ebay.com)

**Have our ancestors created the insatiate longing in our souls.
Have our ancestors transmitted the longings that fill our hearts.
Have our ancestors suppressed the natural longing of our souls.
Have our souls been led astray.
Have our souls been abandoned on the dry parched land of mortality.**

Be sure! Our ancestors have ingrained deep in our souls their mortal signatures.

**Will our ancestors still allow us to enter the ocean of divinity.
Will our ancestors still frighten us from taking the divine plunge.**

Will our ancestors frighten us from the divine haste.

Be sure! Our ancestors have

ingrained deep in our souls their mortal signatures.

Will our ancestors allow our souls to flourish.

Will our ancestors still dig into the foundations of our divinity.

Will our ancestors pass to us the crown given to them by sons of Adam.

Will our ancestors pass to us the crown honoured by the almighty.

Be sure! Our ancestors have ingrained deep in our souls their mortal signatures.

Back



Akua'ba: An Akua'ba is a carved figure used by the African Ashanti tribe as a talisman to promote fertility and to protect pregnant women. A woman who hopes to become pregnant will keep such a blessed doll on her person, and dresses and cares for it as one would a real child. (Source: <http://symboldictionary.net>)

Poem on Ancestors

Alas! When Shall We Decipher the Secrets in Our Souls



(Artist: Briton Riviere Date: 1877)

**When shall we relish the sadness
in our hearts.**

**When shall we relish the sadness
in our souls.**

**When shall we be witness to the
divine orchestra.**

**When shall we be witness to the
divine vision.**

**Alas! When shall we decipher the
secrets in our souls.**

When shall he call in our hearts.

When shall he call in our souls.

**When shall we stop repenting in
our hearts.**

**When shall we stop repenting in
our souls.**

**Alas! When shall we decipher the
secrets in our souls.**

When shall we hold his hands.

When shall we hold his being.

When shall we be stopped being repulsed from his gate.

When shall we be stopped being repulsed from his abode.

Alas! When shall we decipher the secrets in our souls.

When shall he hand over his commandments.

When shall he hand over his diktats.

When shall he engage us in his service.

When shall he engage us in his ceremonies.

Alas! When shall we decipher the secrets in our souls.

When shall he engage us in his palace.

When shall he engage us in the divine festivities.

When shall he understand our pains.

When shall he understand our longings.

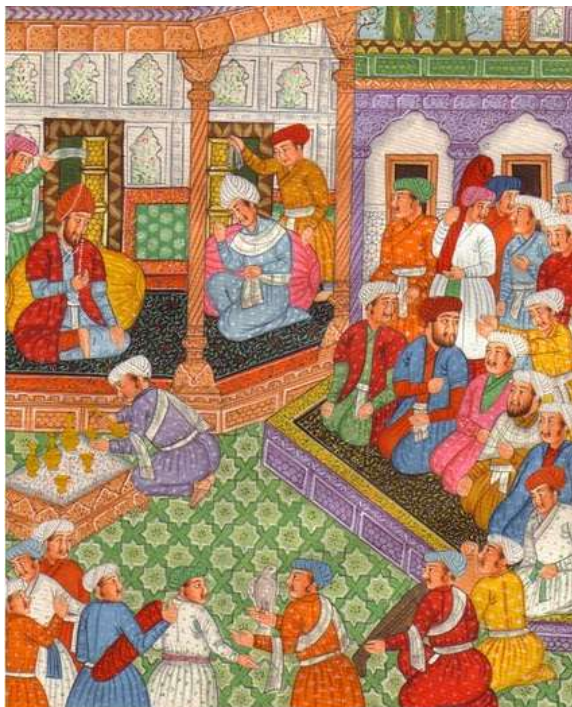
Alas! When shall we decipher the secrets in our souls.

When shall he understand our message.

When shall he understand our struggles.

When shall he understand our strivings.

**When shall he understand our fears.
Alas! When shall we decipher the secrets in our souls.**



*(Persian Ottoman Turkish Painting
Source: www.artnindia.com)*

**When shall he understand our love.
When shall we attract his attention.
When shall we attract his grace.
When shall we attract his mercies.
Alas! When shall we decipher the secrets in our souls.**

**When shall we be no more an alien.
When shall we be no more a stranger.
When shall we truly learn to cry.
Alas! When shall we decipher the secrets in our souls.**

**When shall the lock on our hearts be removed.
When shall the lock on our mouth be removed.
When shall the bonds on our hearts be removed.
When shall the bonds on our souls be**

**removed.
Alas! When shall we decipher the secrets in our souls.**

**When shall we abandon our mortal riches.
When shall we abandon our mortal wealth.
When shall we abandon our mortal pride.
When shall we abandon the quest for dominion.
Alas! When shall we decipher the secrets in our souls.**

**When shall we abandon the quest for power.
When can we learn to relish our sorrows.
When can we learn to relish our pains.
When can we learn to relish our cares.
Alas! When shall we decipher the secrets in our souls.**

**When can we learn to relish our sufferings.
When can we learn to relish our burning hearts.
When shall we learn to relish the coldness in our hearts.
When shall we learn to relish the dullness of our being.
Alas! When shall we decipher the secrets in our souls.**

Back



Oshe Shango: A variation of the oshe Shango, a symbolic double-bladed axe representing the divine weapon of the Yoruban Orisha Shango (Also spelled Chango, Xango). Shango was once a Yoruban king, now the Orisha of thunder, drums, and dance. He is one of the Seven African Powers, revered in Santeria, Candomble, and Palo. Shango is syncretised with the catholic Saint Barbara in the Lukumi religion (Santeria). (Source: <http://symboldictionary.net>)

Poem on Ancestors

Alas! When Shall We Drink the Water from the Ancient Cup



(Artist: Gustav Bauernfeind Date: 1848-1904)

**When shall we recognize the superiority of our beings.
When shall we recognize the superiority of our kinship.
When shall we regain our clear wits.
When shall we feel the nearness of the ancient voice.
Alas! When shall we drink the water from the ancient cup.**

**When shall we recognize and hear the ancient voice.
When shall we savour the sweetness of the ancient voice.
When shall we be inspired by the ancient voice.
When shall we shed our ignorance and understand the manifestation of the ancient**

voice.

Alas! When shall we drink the water from the ancient cup.

When shall we learn to distinguish the voice of strangers from the ancient voice.

When shall we believe in the veracity of the ancient voice.

When shall the ancient voice quench the thirst of our mortal souls.

When shall we abandon our vain pretensions.

When shall we stop asking proofs and evidence.

Alas! When shall we drink the water from the ancient cup.

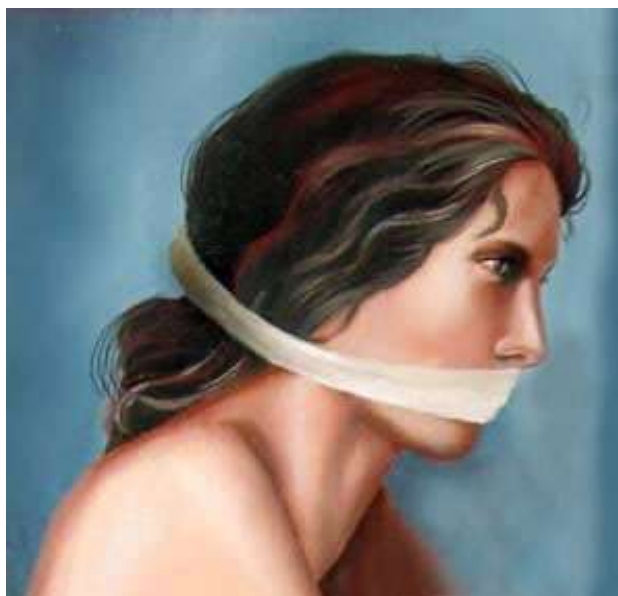
When shall we stop our mortal cries.

When shall we suckle the breasts of eternity.

**When shall we find comport in the ancient mind.
When shall we hear the cries of mother earth.
When shall we suckle her breasts.
Alas! When shall we drink the water from the ancient cup.**

**When shall we tune our mortal ears to her sweet beckoning voice.
When shall we taste the truth that oozes out of her breasts.
When shall we see the miracles of her blessings.
When shall we hear her ancient voice.
Alas! When shall we drink the water from the ancient cup.**

**When shall the cries of mother earth reach our mortal ears.
When shall our souls bow in devotion to mother earth.
When shall we recognize our true kinship.
When shall we bury our sects in the womb of mother earth.
Alas! When shall we drink the water from the ancient cup.**



**When shall our souls be
quenched with her ancient voice.
When shall our souls resonate in
the vibrations of her ancient
voice.
When shall we recognize that
strange sweet voice.
When shall the mortal infants
unite with mother earth.
Alas! When shall we drink the
water from the ancient cup.**

**When shall we recognize our
virgin souls.
When shall we be baptized by the**

ancient voice.

**When shall we find solace in mother earths wombs.
When shall we eat the fruit of immortality.
Alas! When shall we drink the water from the ancient cup.**

**When shall we live forever in her breasts.
When shall we be courtiers' in her ancient palace.
When shall we be deputed to be her ambassador.
When shall go in quest of our abandoned mother earth.
Alas! When shall we drink the water from the ancient cup.**

**When shall we proceed to the comfort of her womb.
When shall we proceed to our eternal grave.
When shall we travel in the land of the ancients.**

**When shall we travel to the unknown country.
Alas! When shall we drink the water from the ancient cup.**

**When shall we eat the fruits of tree of life.
When shall we profess our true beliefs.
When shall we shed our entire ignorance.
When shall we understand the mortal joke.
Alas! When shall we drink the water from the ancient cup.**

**When shall we get the time information.
When shall we return to our native country.
When shall we accomplish our divine mission.
When shall we find the source of the stream of truth.
Alas! When shall we drink the water from the ancient cup.**

**When shall we find the source of the spoken words.
When shall we stop being the mortal beggars.
When shall we hear the divine laugh.
When shall we hear our friend's voice.
Alas! When shall we drink the water from the ancient cup.**

**When shall we know our inner voice.
When shall our hearts expand and throb with the inner voice.
When shall we drink the water of life.
Alas! When shall we drink the water from the ancient cup.**

Back



The Cat: *Cats, known in Ancient Egypt as the mau, were sacred and very important in ancient Egyptian society. Beginning as a wild, untamed species, cats were useful for limiting vermin in Egyptian crops and harvests; through exposure, cats became domesticated and learned to coexist with humans. The people in what would later be Upper and Lower Egypt had a religion centering around the worship of animals, including cats. Praised for controlling vermin and its ability to kill snakes such as cobras, the domesticated cat became a symbol of grace and poise. The goddess Mafdet, the deification of justice and execution, was a lion-headed goddess. The cat goddess Bast (also known as Bastet) eventually replaced the cult of Mafdet, and Bast's image softened over time and she became the deity representing protection, fertility, and motherhood. (Source: <http://www.ancient-symbols.com>).*

Poem on Ancestors

Alas! When Shall We Hear the Silent Murmurs of the Ancient Ocean

When shall we hear the splashing sounds of the divine waves.

When shall we stop chasing the mortal forms.

When shall we taste our inner substance.

Where shall we find the ancient tree.

Alas! When shall we hear the silent murmurs of the ancient ocean.



(Artist: Frederick Arthur Bridgman Date: 1847-1928)

Where shall we find the ancient sun.

Where shall we find the ancient lakes.

Where shall we find the ancient clouds.

Where shall we find the true manifestations.

Alas! When shall we hear the silent murmurs of the ancient ocean.

Where shall we find the thousand suns.

Where shall we find the blinding lights.

Where shall we find the chamber that fits our souls.

Where shall we find the countless blessings.

Alas! When shall we hear the silent murmurs of the ancient ocean.

Where shall we find our ancient fathers.

Where shall we find our departed sons.

Where shall we bury our wrath and vengeance.

Where shall we find our mercy and goodness.

Alas! When shall we hear the silent murmurs of the ancient ocean.

Where shall we find our ancient names.

Where shall we find our true names.

Where shall we find our true descriptions.

Where shall we bury our hopelessness.

Alas! When shall we hear the silent murmurs of the ancient ocean.

Where shall we bury our frustrations.

Where shall we bury our disappointments.

Where shall we discard our utter impotence.

Where shall we find the true essence.

Alas! When shall we hear the silent murmurs of the ancient ocean.



(Artist: William Blake Date: 1757-1827)

Where shall we find the true qualities.

Where shall we discard our sects and creed.

Where shall we discard our mortal differences.

Where shall we pierce the essence of existence.

Alas! When shall we hear the silent murmurs of the ancient ocean.

Where shall we find our eternal peace.

Where shall we find our eternal graves.

Where shall we find the

divine anecdote.

Where shall we find the divine illustrations.

Alas! When shall we hear the silent murmurs of the ancient ocean.

Where shall we discover the ancient thesis.

Where shall we discard our outward forms.

Where shall we discover our true spirits.

Where shall we discover our true religions.

Alas! When shall we hear the silent murmurs of the ancient ocean.

Where shall we bury our mortal wishes.

Where shall we bury our mortal errors.

When shall we bury our mortal illusions.

When shall we bury our mortal delusions.

Alas! When shall we hear the silent murmurs of the ancient ocean.

Back



Ako Ben - the 'war horn': Symbol represents a state of readiness, vigilance, and wariness. It refers, in essence, to an instantaneous response to a call-to-arms. The symbol is based on a traditional war chief's horn which was embellished with the jaw bones of defeated enemies. It is said that such a horn sings the praises of the chief through the jaws of his enemies. (Source: <http://www.ancient-symbols.com>).

Poem on Ancestors

Alas! When Shall We Learn To Speak In His Voice



(Artist: John William Godward Date: 1904)

When shall we hear the secrets from the fountain of divinity.

When shall we hear the secrets from the fountain of grace.

When shall we tell forth the secret murmurs of our heart.

When shall we tell forth the secret murmurs of our souls.

Alas! When shall we learn to speak in his voice.

When shall we recognize the secret ejaculation of our

hearts.

When shall we recognize the secret ejaculation of our souls.

When shall we perceive through god's sight.

When shall we perceive through god's mind.

Alas! When shall we learn to speak in his voice.

When shall we excite the tumultuous storm.

When shall we excite the tumultuous flood.

When shall we decipher our secret thoughts.

When shall we decipher our secret ambitions.

Alas! When shall we learn to speak in his voice.

When shall we decipher the sweetness in our hearts.

When shall we decipher the sweetness in our souls.

When shall we decipher the sweetness in our breaths.

When shall we decipher the sweetness in our thought.

Alas! When shall we learn to speak in his voice.

When shall we learn to say our prayers.

When shall we learn to say his thought.

When shall we learn to speak with his tongue.

Alas! When shall we learn to speak in his voice.

When shall we learn to clean our speech.

When shall we learn to clean our spirits.

When shall we learn to clean our hearts.

Alas! When shall we learn to speak in his voice.