

Extract of Verses from

CELEBRATION OF OUR ANCESTORS

Alas! I Know Not The Art Of Decoding The Ancient Images
Alas! I Know Not Where My Ancestors Lay Buried
Alas! I Know Not Where To Dig For The Graves Of My Ancestors
Conversation With My Ancestors In The Astral World
Alas! When Shall We Drink The Water From The Ancient Cup
Alas! When Shall We Hear The Silent Murmurs Of The Ancient Ocean
Be Sure! Our Ancestors Have Ingrained Deep In Our Souls Their Mortal Signatures
Can We Escape Our Ancestors! O Mortal
Have Our Ancestors Bound Us In The Chain Of Passion And Fear! O Mortal
Have Our Ancestors Hidden In Us Their Wails And Cries! O Mortal
Alas! Where Shall We Find The Ancient Tree
Alas! Where Shall We Learn The Ancient Language
Be Sure! Our Ancestors Shall Carry Us Through The Land Of Decadence
Behold! Can We Hear The Whispers Of The Dead
Alas! When Shall We Decipher The Secrets In Our Souls
Alas! When Shall We Learn To Speak In His Voice
Behold! Can The Dead Allow Us To Bathe In The Ancient Stream
Behold! Can The Dead Show Us A Glimpse Of The Heavenly Streams
Beware Of Being Enveloped In The Wrathful Force Of Desire! O Mortal!
Beware Of The Tenacious Weeds That Sprout In Your Soul! O Mortal!
Do You Remember The Dark Gulfs Between Your Various Incarnations! O Mortal!
Do You Remember Your Wandering Through Innumerable Incarnations! O Mortal!
Have We Shared Our Divine Kinship In Our Past Incarnation
I Shall Churn The Cosmos Till He Reveals Himself
"Then Fruitless Is Thy Birth! O Mortal!"
"Then Fruitless Is Thy Indulgence! O Mortal!"
Be Sure Joy Cannot Endure Until The End! O Mortal!
Why Do You Miss The Many Hued Flaming Inner Dawn! O Mortal!
Why Don't You Clutch Joy Under The Silent Shadow Of Doom! O Mortal!
Why Don't You Enjoy The Love That Comes Hiding In The Shadow Of Death! O Mortal!
Is Not Your Life Born Of The Self! O Mortal!
In This Cycle Of Existence, Aren't Thou Live A Frog In A Waterless Well! O Mortal!
Possessed Of That World Of Fathers Are You Happy! O Mortal!
Behold The Entering Of The Worlds Into Thee! O Mortal!
Be Sure You Are Marked Out For A Special Destiny! O Mortal!
Be Sure! Your Brotherhood Is One! O Mortal!
Behold! The Whole Pageant Of Creation Placed Before You! O Mortal!
I Have Given You The Promised Land! O Mortal!
Why Are You Then Deluded Away From Truth! O Mortal!
Why Do You Block Your Own Revelations! O Mortal!
Behold the Divine Smile Tempting Your Soul! O Mortal!

Behold the Hour before Awakening of the Gods! O Mortal!
Behold the Key to the Flaming Doors of Ecstasy! O Mortal!
Behold the Message from the Unknown Immortal Light! O Mortal!
Behold the Sacred Yearnings Lingering In Your Soul! O Mortal!
Behold The Tree Of Divinity That Speaks To You! O Mortal!
Behold! Your Lord Shall Be Your Guardian O Mortal!
The Trees Song Of Seduction

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 Shree 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-UNDERSTANDING OUR ANCESTORS

Chapter 1.1 - Celebrating Our Ancestors (Based On Geeta)



(Artist: Horace Vernet Date: 1789-1863)

Poem on Ancestors

Alas! I Know Not the Art of Decoding the Ancient Images



(Artist: Paul Gauguin Date: 1893)

**I know not where to find my true sight.
I know not where to find the eye that can see.
I know not where to find the ear that can hear.
I know not where to find the real satisfaction.
I know not where to find the real bliss.
Alas! I know not the art of decoding the ancient images.**

**I know not the perils that lay in store.
I know not the sufferings that lay in waiting.
I know not how to ascertain the true meaning of these incessant images.
I know not how to ascertain the true identity of these incessant forms.
I know not where his favours are distributed.
I know not where his grace is showered.**

Alas! I know not the art of decoding the ancient images.

**I know not how to discard my mortal tricks.
I know not how to discard my mortal stratagems.
I know not the art of dying.
I know not the art of disintegration.
Alas! I know not the art of decoding the ancient images.**

**I know not why I have not been bestowed his bounties.
I know not why I have not been bestowed his grace.
I know not how to await in anticipation.
I know not how to await in silence.
Alas! I know not the art of decoding the ancient images.**

**I know not why my heart is full of stratagems.
I know not why my heart is filled with the evil craft.
I know not why satisfaction eludes my heart.
I know not why satisfaction eludes my soul.
Alas! I know not the art of decoding the ancient images.**

**I know not why I cling to the mortal world.
I know not why I cling to the mortal knowledge.
I know not why I trust my mortal thoughts.
I know not why I trust my mortal knowledge.**

Alas! I know not the art of decoding the ancient images.



(Science Photo Library)

I know not why I deny the spiritual exhortation.

I know not why I ignore my mystic feelings.

I know not why I ignore my spiritual experiences.

I know not the art of preserving my heart.

I know not the art of preserving my soul.

Alas! I know not the art of decoding the ancient images.

I know not the art of facing the risks and perils of the arduous journey.

I know not the art of conserving my energy for the

perilous journey.

I know not the art of patience.

I know not the art of silence.

I know not the key to the source of joy.

I know not the key to the source of grace.

Alas! I know not the art of decoding the ancient images.

I know not why I have not abandoned this mortal world.

I know not why I have not abandoned this mortal country.

I know not why I have not yet renounced.

I know not why I have not yet abdicated.

Alas! I know not the art of decoding the ancient images.

I know not why I have not fled from my mortal exertions.

I know not why I have not fled from my worldly pursuits.

I know not why I pursue my journey to the far off country.

I know not why I pursue my journey to the distant lands.

Alas! I know not the art of decoding the ancient images.

I know not why he whispers his secrets.

I know not why he relates the dark and fearful tales.

I know not why he lingers behind my breath.

I know not why I tremble in fear.

Alas! I know not the art of decoding the ancient images.

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Celtic Tree of Life (Crann Bethadh): The image shown here is one of many representations of the Celtic Tree of Life. The Tree was a central part of early Celtic spirituality. To the Celts, the tree was a source of basic sustenance- a bearer of food, a provider of shelter and fuel for cooking and warmth. Without trees, life would have been extraordinarily difficult. (Source: <http://symboldictionary.net>)

Poem on Ancestors

Alas! I Know Not Where My Ancestors Lay Buried



(Source: www.dollsofindia.com)

Alas! I know not where to dig for the graves of my ancestors.

I know not the rocks and vegetation that hide their bones.

I know not the terrain that hides their resting place.

I know not where to find their wisdom.

Alas! I know not where my ancestors lay buried.

I know not where their sayings are preserved.

I know not what were their visions.

I know not what were their thoughts.

I know not where to seek their advice.

I know not where to seek their counsels.

I know not why I can't hear their advice.

Alas! I know not where my ancestors lay buried.

I know not why I can't hear their exhortations.

I know not why I can't hear their prophecies.

I know not why I keep falling in the dark abyss.

I know not why I keep falling in the mortal ditch.

Alas! I know not where my ancestors lay buried.

I know not why I constantly join the fatal battle.

I know not why I keep getting wounded.

I know not why I keep getting crushed.

I know not why I rely on my mortal reasons.

Alas! I know not where my ancestors lay buried.

I know not why I cling to my mortal discernment.

I know not how to avert the impending calamity.

I know not how to avert the impending storm.

**I know not why I cling to my fancies.
I know not why I cling to my mortal sight.
Alas! I know not where my ancestors lay buried.**

**I know not what is the source of my illness.
I know not what is the source of my disease.
I know not where to find the true diagnosis.
I know not where to find the real cure.
Alas! I know not where my ancestors lay buried.**

**I know not where to discard my shadows.
I know not where to find my real guide.
I know not where to discard the mortal pebbles.
I know not where to find the real jewels.
Alas! I know not where my ancestors lay buried.**

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Valknut: The emblem at left found on old Norse stone carvings and funerary steles, is sometimes called "Hrungnir's heart," after the legendary giant of the Eddas. It is best known as the Valknut, or "knot of the slain," and it has been found on stone carvings as a funerary motif, where it probably signified the afterlife. The emblem is often found in art depicting the God Odin, where it may represent the god's power over death. The valknut can be drawn unicursally (in one stroke), making it a popular talisman of protection against spirits. (Source: <http://symboldictionary.net>)

Poem on Ancestors

Alas! I Know Not Where to Dig For the Graves of My Ancestors



(Artist: Frederick Waters Watts
Date: 1800-62)

**I know not why he makes me privy to his secrets.
I know not why he makes me privy to his mysteries.
I know not why he makes me privy to the sacred symbols.
I know not why he makes me privy to his secret expressions.
Alas! I know not where to dig for the graves of my ancestors.**

**I know not why he makes me privy to the language of the animals.
I know not why he makes me privy to the language of the birds.
I know not why he makes me privy to his native intelligence.
I know not why he makes me privy to his native sense.**

Alas! I know not where to dig for the graves of my ancestors.

**I know not why he reveals to me the inner meanings.
I know not why he reveals to me the hidden language.
I know not why he peels the out word form.
I know not why he peels the out word facade.
Alas! I know not where to dig for the graves of my ancestors.**

**I know not why he extracts my native intelligence.
I know not why he extracts my native sense.
I know not why he ripens my raw heart.
I know not why he ripens my raw soul.
Alas! I know not where to dig for the graves of my ancestors.**

**I know not why he teaches in sacred symbols.
I know not why he teaches in ancient dialect.
I know not why he builds my sacred nest.
I know not why he builds my secret resting place.
Alas! I know not where to dig for the graves of my ancestors.**



(Source: www.bighinduism.com)

**I know not the art of decoding the
whispers of the mountains.
I know not the art of decoding the
song of the birds.
Alas! I know not the art of
decoding the ancient images.
I know not the art of decoding the
ancient thoughts.
Alas! I know not where to dig for
the graves of my ancestors.**

**I know not why he provides a
glimpse of the ancient.
I know not why he provides a
glimpse of the native.
I know not why I shut off my
heart.
I know not why I shut off my soul.
Alas! I know not where to dig for
the graves of my ancestors.**

**I know not why he provides me a glimpse of the ancient light.
I know not why he provides me a glimpse of the ancient vision.
I know not why I shut off his blessings.
I know not why I shut off his grace.
Alas! I know not where to dig for the graves of my ancestors.**

**I know not from where I have learnt the art of hiding.
I know not from where I have learnt the art of fleeing.
I know not why he preserves my body.
I know not why he preserves my soul.
Alas! I know not where to dig for the graves of my ancestors.**

**I know not why he veils the light behind the cloud of darkness.
I know not why he veils the true blessings behind the cloud of mortal
curses.
I know not why he veils his grace behind the cloud of misery and pain.
I know not why he melts my frozen heart.
I know not why he melts my frozen soul.
Alas! I know not where to dig for the graves of my ancestors.**

**I know not why I withdraw myself from the ancient kingdom.
I know not why I withdraw myself from the ancient abode.
I know not why I withdraw myself from his sacred counsel.
I know not why I withdraw myself from his sacred inspirations.
Alas! I know not where to dig for the graves of my ancestors.**

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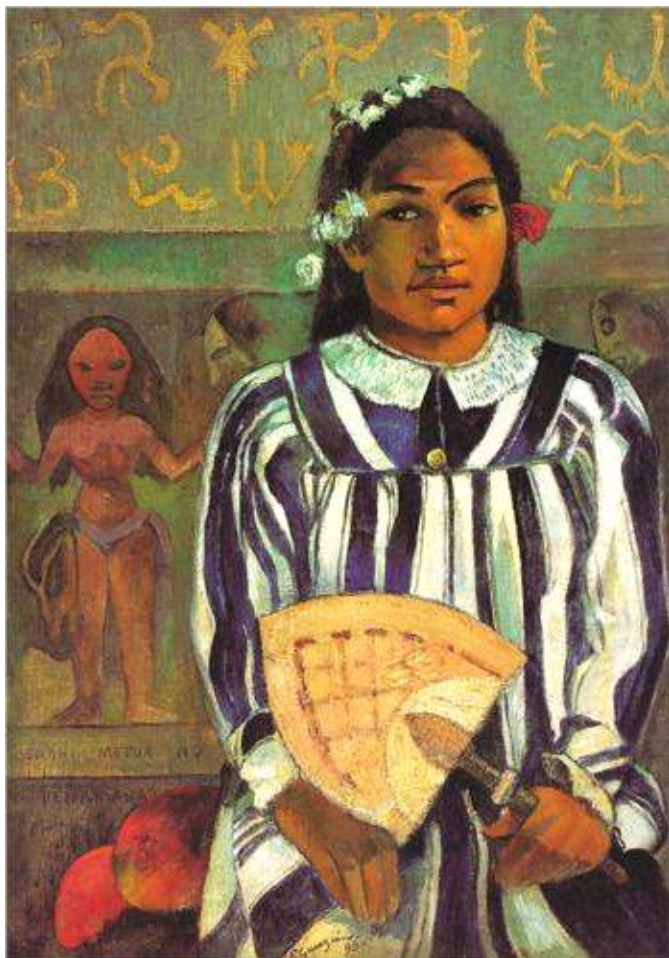


Minotaur: The Minotaur was the legendary monster of Cretan mythology, a hybrid man-bull, the offspring of Pasiphae, the wife of the King of Minos, and a bull. The Minotaur lived at the centre of a great labyrinth. According to legend, Minos demanded tribute from the Athenians in the form of seven pairs of male and female virgins, who were sacrificed to the Minotaur. This practice was ended by the hero Theseus, who, aided by the daughter of Minos, was able to slay the monster. (Source: <http://symboldictionary.net>)

Poem on Ancestors

Conversation with My Ancestors in the Astral World

**I delved into the great deep power of perception of my subconscious
mind.
I was in the depth of silence and solitude receiving messages from some
souls from the cosmos.
I was turning to the subtle inner world linked vitally to this world.
I found that my soul was being slowly aware of the subtle forces around
me.
I was receiving the thought vibration from other souls in the cosmos.
I was aware of the subtle activities going on within and around me.
I could feel that I was seeing lights and colours which I never saw before.**



(Artist: Paul Gauguin Date:1848-1903)

I could feel that I was hearing sounds and vibration emanating in the cosmos which I had never heard before.

I was slowly being aware of the fourth dimensions through my intuition.

I became more and more conscious of the other subtle worlds.

I became slowly aware of the astral world as the fourth dimension.

I could see the astral planets where I did not need food, oxygen, or breathing to survive.

I was slowly being aware of the higher forces and law of the higher realms

I realised that so far my realm of experience had been infinitesimal part of the lord's creation.

I slowly realised that there was life beyond this world of ours and all our ancestors and loved ones continued to live in this subtle astral world.

I slowly realised that it was possible to contact our departed loved ones.

I could clearly see the astral planes which were composed of different spheres of different vibrations.

I could see that there was great freedom in the astral world and everything was composed of light rays.

I could see that I could materialise my thoughts without any difficulty.

I suddenly had a strong urge and desire to contact my ancestors and loved ones.

I slowly started receiving their vibration from the astral world and felt their presence.

I could feel the region between my eyebrow vibrate and heat up.

I slowly started sending my love and compassion and intense vibration to my loved ones in the astral world.

I could see my ancestors happy and blessed to receive my vibratory message.

I was thrilled that my ancestors still remembered me with love and compassion.

I assured to my ancestors that I shall meet them again sometime and I shall continue our divine love and friendship.



(Artist: Nicholas Roerich Date: 1942)

I heard my ancestors telling me that some of my loved ones had been reborn on this earth and I could contact hem and they would also contact me in this life as in another incarnation.

I heard my ancestors telling me that my deep love and compassion would draw these reborn souls

towards me and they would be drawn towards me and I would be strongly attracted and develop a close friendship with them.

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Never Ending Circle: We also learned about this symbol which represents a "never ending circle" of life. We follow in our ancestors footsteps and fill their void as they go on. Once death occurs another is born and starts the cycle all over again. (Source: <http://slowegroup.blogspot.in>)

POPULAR QUOTES ON ANCESTORS

"I was born by myself but carry the spirit and blood of my father, mother and my ancestors. So I am really never alone. My identity is through that line."

- Ziggy Marley

"Some people are your relatives but others are your ancestors, and you choose the ones you want to have as ancestors. You create yourself out of those values."

- Ralph Ellison

"Let them look to the past, but let them also look to the future; let them look to the land of their ancestors, but let them look also to the land of their children."

- Wilfrid Laurier

"It is indeed a desirable thing to be well-descended, but the glory belongs to our ancestors."

- Plutarch

"OUR history begins before we are born. We represent the hereditary influences of our race, and our ancestors virtually live in us."

- James Nasmyth

"Let us make future generations remember us as proud ancestors just as, today, we remember our forefathers."

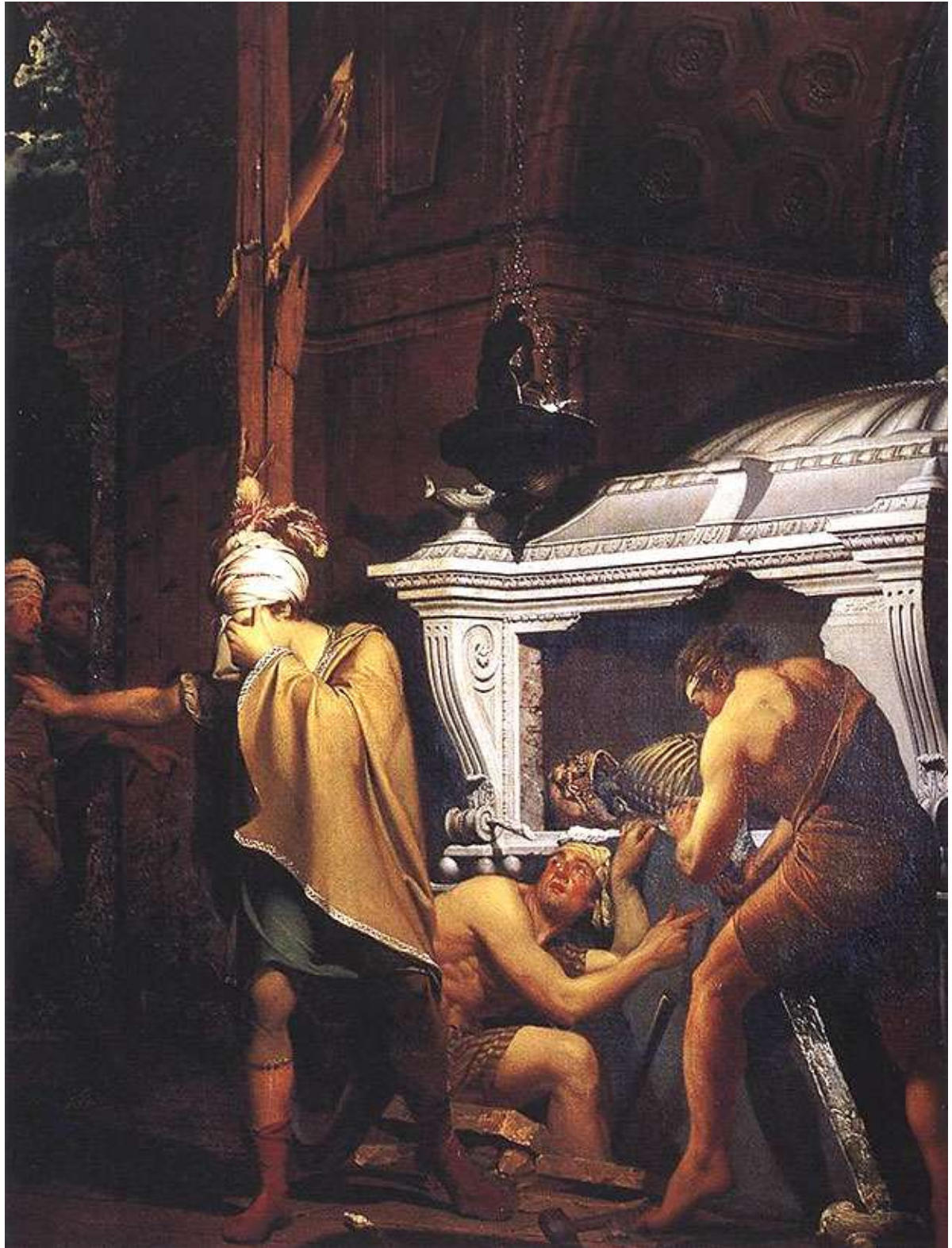
- Roh Moo-hyun

"Each has his own tree of ancestors, but at the top of all sits Probably Arboreal."

- Robert Louis Stevenson

CHAPTER 1-UNDERSTANDING OUR ANCESTORS

Chapter 1.2 - Drinking Water From The Ancient Cup



(Artist: Joseph Wright Date: 1772)

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 comports 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.

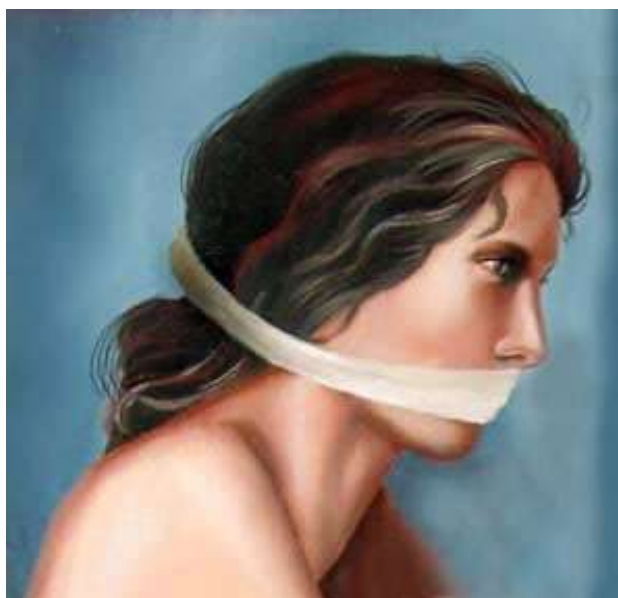
When shall the cries of mother earth reach our mortal ears.

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.