

Kashmir, Youth

I'm on the roof of the house of ages.
After you, breaking bars in the cages.
Doom brought me here in a rolling chair.
Under wheels it died but I will not forget, youth.

In golden days I was free to be roaming.
Laugh and disgrace all the old and the moaning.
Tear down iron walls, cut the reigning balls.
Under wheels it died and I will not forget youth.

In golden day I was free to be roaming, roaming, roaming.
Laugh and disgrace all the old and the moaning, moaning, moaning.
From my window I can see people staring right at me.
From my window I can see rebels fighting in the streets...

In golden day I was free to be roaming, roaming, roaming.
Laugh and disgrace all the old and the moaning, moaning, moaning.
And I wanna be there