

Shelter, Eleventh Day Of The Moon

Sages recommend
Increase our meditation
Decrease bodily demands
Pilgrims in the streets
Bare feet, they stop and drop and roll
Right in the sacred sand and I know
Some can't understand the power of the holy land
Unless they live it first hand
But I chose it instead of this world you see
And all of it's insanity
But now I sit inside
Confind and I pray I'll return soon
On the eleventh day of the moon
Cows graze in the shade
Made from temples greeting sunrise
As ladies sing their morning prayers
Bathing in the waves
On Yamuna's shore, I smile more
And I breathe deep 'cause I have no cares
And I know
Nirupadhi-Karunena Sri-Saci-Nandena
Tvayi Kapatī-Satho 'pi Tvat-Priyēnarpito 'smi
Iti Khalv Mama Yogyayogatam Tamagrihnan
Nija-Nikata-Nivasam Dehi Govardhana Tvam
Let me go