

## The Oasis in the Desert

In this desert ruled by sand dunes and sand banks  
Where the elements fight relentless duels  
Where raw red power breathes magma  
Where vices ripen into virtues,  
Emotion and not reason rules men's heads  
Men mortgage their consciences  
In the pursuit of their gory games,  
Here where only red rocks breathe  
Only stubborn cactuses survive the blizzard.

Where is our salvation?  
Where is our refuge?  
Men's heads have gone berserk  
The elephants have been let loose  
And they terrorize the world with wickedness,  
Vipers breed like flies in broods  
And the cobra lies in wait couched  
The time-bomb sail like parachutes in virgin lands  
A sheet of locusts descend on our farms  
And disvirgin the crops,  
There are giant traps in all nook and corner  
Men's tongues are gagged with wax  
The weak shrink in terror  
And the land has been stripped of its peace  
Panting in mournful anger.

Where is our salvation?  
Who will go for us?  
We are the healers  
In this dark house of sin,  
We shall wash the wind  
We shall clean the earth of its impurities  
We shall wash the rivers  
We shall comb the virgin forests  
And search our misty souls  
For this elusive torch light.

With this torch light  
We will embark on a long trek  
In this arduous search  
For the lone oasis in the desert  
That will quench our burning throats.

Our heart is an open wound  
Only truth can heal it.