

Life is a Playground

Life is a playground but without rules,

We make them as we play the game.

Man's soul searches for the absolute,

But our hands are tied before we even try.

We rebel, struggle, and strive for redemption of our souls,

But the world intervenes and filters our God-given spirituality.

If the world were to disappear man would have a smoother journey,

With the world in we are like dancers on a crooked stage.

Why are you Maharaj at this late stage in life

Ruminating on life's inherent unfairness?

Live in peace waiting for the moment of eternity:

Life is a bad dream without an exit.

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