

Let's see if they can snuff out the moon

My pain, an unsung song,
my being, mere dust.
When my pain is heard,
my life would have a meaning
and when I find out how
I'd know how this world works.

When I'm heard --
it'd be happiness
worth the riches of the worlds.
Think in my heart,
life is so sweet now
that those who want to mix
oppression in it
will succeed
neither today nor tomorrow.
Even if they can snuff out
our candles of love,
let's see if they can snuff out the moon!