

## The Golden Bird

In the ray of mankind, she took the flight  
Feathers of gold, blessed with heavenly might  
She flew higher and higher in the blue  
Her golden reflection made the world new

The wind shaped her, a new her was awoken  
Adorable she looked; heights bowed in her lane  
Soul of all cultures, wore 7 colors of mankind  
The world stood as mere spectator from behind

A new form of life took its first breath  
The one which felt cycle of life and death  
The one which felt emotion of love and pain  
Gave birth to humanity without expecting any gain

Vicious attacks didn't dare to stop her flight  
Her wounds were the medal to her fight  
But there came unfortunate outrage  
Captivated her bravery in an English cage

The cage then torn apart her feathers  
Came the brutal death of word together  
The golden bird shine was now blood red  
Glittering drops from her eyes now shed

They injured her but couldn't make her fragile  
Unity of her insight gave its first smile  
She broke apart their cage of lies  
Wind awarded her with victory fly

But her deadly scars smothered her pace  
Her corrupted drops of blood are winning the race  
Still she looks up with smile, the real shine is in her hold  
We are her blood, now it's our choice to be her gold

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