

Dawn is the sacred hour
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Saffron and rose - colored it throws open the doors of the sky

Mists, like evil spirits, shrink and shrivel
Vanish into thin air
The sun pierces them through and through

It lights the recesses of cavelike shrines
Flashes on the brass and copper vessels of bathers in the river
Pure grace

Once the breath goes out, it's fit to burn

Your head
Your turban, artfully arranged, will adorn it
With the beaks of crows
Ah
Your bones will burn like tinder
Your hair will burn like hay

While Vishnu reclines on a serpent called Endless
Don't fear death; welcome it
Ahh
Ahh
Once the breath goes out, mmm
Once the breath goes out, it's fit to burn
Ahh
Ahh

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World
Secular or social interests as distinguished from the religious or spiritual
Nah nah
Here's the cause of it all
It's a house of tricks

Life has slipped away
No-one is left on the road
And in each direction, the evening dark has come

Mah mah
(They will consecrate several sacred threads ... faced with ... that served
each of the castles ... special of purification ...)
Here's the cause of it all
(It's a house of tricks)
It's a house of tricks
Ignore the world
Ignore the world
Ignore the world

Ahh