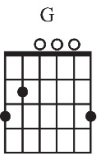
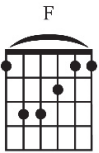
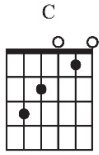


On the Wings of Detachment

By a Group of Collaborators of the Ruhi Institute



CHORUS:

One day a bird was flying in the sky above

Full of joy and confidence

Soaring in this Paradise, his home

As he flew, his hunger began to grow

So he turned to the water and clay below

Down below

He was trapped

By his desire

And his wings got covered in mud

Too heavy to fly

He could not return to his home

CHORUS

Like that bird I belong to the heavens

So I will not cling to the earth below

I will not cling to riches

I will not cling to my wishes

I will not cling to anything but God

So I will walk on the feet of detachment

I will soar on the wings of detachment

I will free myself of all attachment

To anything but God (*repeat*)