

Innocence

O Innocence, O Innocence!
Why are thee so much innocent?
What is thy identity?
And what is thy story?

What is thy age?
And what is thy existence?
What are thy interests?
And who are thy friends?

I am Innocence, I am Innocence,
Being and remain pure is my essence,
I am everywhere, in every heart,
But not everyone can feel and see my existence.

I die many times but again rise,
I remain in those hearts, which are nice,
My friend is Purity and enemy lie,
And I am robbed by Avarice,

Nobody let me live in this world of Experience,
I die and rise, I rise and die,
My journey is acutely painful as,
Nobody understands, when and why I cry,
I am despised, I am despised...