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Title: Frowning Atahuallpa (My Inca Love)

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Sitting all alone, looking at the throne of the one I used to love  
Sitting all alone, looking at the stone of my lovely inca love

The huntress stands, with peacock hands she'd take me to where she lie  
She sighs so deep, it rocks the river of her stomach sky

The oval moon, it tans the faun who holds grapes for my love  
Sitting all alone, sitting in the throne of my lovely inca love

hare krishna

I come from a time where the burning of trees was a crime,  
I lived by a sea where to be was a thing of true joy,  
My people were fair and had sky in their hair,  
But now they're content to wear stars on their brows.