

Somewhere behind the beyond, in a deserted place,  
Once crowded with people, now as bleak as space.

After a murky, rainy day as it was getting dark,  
Out of the black, cloudy sky struck a vital spark.  
A child was born that night on a desolate land  
He was left alone, nobody gave him a helping hand.  
He started to breathe and opened his innocent eyes.  
There was no one around, he had to sadly realise.

He cried the tears of sorrow, sadness filled the night,  
He fell asleep slowly and woke up in broad daylight.

The wind was still blowing and it heard him cry,  
Picked up the little boy, couldn't let him die.  
It took him to a place where he wouldn't be alone.  
He was taken care of for a time then unknown.  
Nature gave him food and taught him to survive,  
His life was rather hard, still he stayed alive.

He learned to respect the largest power on Earth,  
The one that brought him up from his lonely birth.

"Don't lavish anything and kill only for food!"  
These were the rules of life that he learned for good.  
He never destroyed anything just for pure pleasure,  
He always thought of Nature as the only treasure.