

What Robi Thakur wrote	What Prajapati's nightmare vision has become
Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high	Where every dissenting opinion is torn to bits in the social media, where any remark critical of the ruler and his faction is seen as treachery
Where knowledge is free	Where a backwoodsman can blackmail publishers and authors ; where the outspoken free thinker is shot at his doorstep
Where the world has not been broken up into fragments By narrow domestic walls	Where the world is Hindu, Muslim, Christian, Sikh, Buddhist, Jain, anything but human; where everything is divided by caste and by primitive superstition.
Where words come out from the depth of truth	Where words are received from the Organiser
Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection	Where the faithful stretch their arms in the mornings, as their khaki shorts ruffle in the breeze
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way	Where reason is dead, and faith prevails
Into the dreary desert sand of dead habit	Into the desert of the dead thought of the last two thousand years
Where the mind is led forward by thee	Where the mind is led forward by sarsanghchalak-ji
Into ever-widening thought and action	Into narrower and narrower superstition every day
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake	Into that heaven of the majoritarian rule, Guruji, let my country, less all of them who believe in Allah and Jesus, awake.