

State of Independence

Jon & Vangelis

State of life, may I live? May I love?
Coming out the sky, I name me a name

Coming out-silver word-what it is
It is the very nature of the sound the game
Siamese, Indionese. To Tibet treat the life
As a game, if you please

(Hey)

Coming up, Carabi, this sense of freedom
Derives from a mediative state

Movin' on, 'believe' that's it, call it magic
Third world, it is, I only guessed it

Shablam idi shablam ida
Shablam idi shablam ida
Shablam idi shablam ida

Shot to the soul-the flame of Oroladin
The essence of the word
The 'state of independence'

Sounds like a signal from you
Bring me to meet your sound
And I will bring you to my heart

Love like a signal you call
Touching my body, my soul
Bring to me, you to meet me here

Home be the temple of your heart
Home be the body of your love
Just like holy water to my lips

(hey, hey)
Yes I do know how I survive
(yes I do know) know why I'm alive
To love and be with you

Day by day by day by day

(hey, hey)

Say-aye yaya oh

(yayah yaya oh)

'be the sound of higher love' today

(yayah)

(hey, hey)

Time, time again, it is said

We will hear, we will see

See it all-in his wisdom-hear

His truth will abound the land

This truth will abound the land

This state of independence shall be

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