

## 1000 Travels Of Jawaharlal

### "Hateful Hate"

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In the dark night a giant slumbered untouched for centuries 'til awakened by a white man's cry: "This is the Eden I was to find." There were lands to be charted and to be claimed for a crown, when a hero was made by the length he could stay in this dangerous land of hateful hate.

Curiosity filled the heads of these, there was an upper room they had to see. Curiosity killed the best of these for a hero's hometown welcoming. Still they moved on and on.

Who came building missions? Unswerving men of the cloth who gave their lives in numbers untold so that black sheep entered the fold. Captured like human livestock, destined for slavery. Naked, walked to the shore where great ships moored for the hellbound journies. Bought and sold with a hateful hate.

Curiosity filled the breasts of these with some strange ecstasy. Curiosity killed the best of these by robbing their lives of dignity. Still they moved on and on.

Calling men of adventure for a jungle bush safari. Come conquer the, his claws and teeth. See death in his eyes to know you're alive.

European homesteads grew up in the colonies with civilized plans for wild hinterlands, their guns and God willing. Such a hateful hate.

Curiosity spilled the blood of these for their spotted skins and ivory. Curiosity filled the heads of these madmen with the lies of destiny. Curiosity spilled the blood of these, then blotted their lives from history.

Curiosity filled the heads of these, one man claimed all that he could see. Curiosity still entices these madmen with a lusting and a greed. Their legacy, legacy, legacy...

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