

## Himalayan Project

### "Postcards From Paradise"

Visit "[Postcards From Paradise](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

I was raised in a cosmopolitan spot, caught amidst the  
politics of men  
Where we sit, shit, frolic in dirt, smoke chronic herb  
and wish for things  
Picture rickshaws, gaudy with yellow and black  
trimmings  
Three wheels hydroplane, against the gravel  
Through overcrowded gullies, swellin' like pregnant  
bellies  
With monsoon rains, corrugated iron roofs, sway in the  
violent winds  
The sediment stinks, like rotten lettuce left since spring  
My ethnic settlements, evidence, decadence lives  
Brown folks nude playing, bathin' shittin' drinkin'  
prayin'  
Layin' in the same puddle, riddled with mosquitoes,  
the size of bald eagles  
Breedin' malaria, no vaccine, ain't no quinine  
We deep inside hysteria, outside of history  
On the fray, lost as a paisley patterned teardrop  
In the arabian sea, off the coast of bombay

[hook]

Something like love, something like hope  
Something like beautiful, something i wrote  
But postcards from paradise rarely sent to me  
Postcards from paradise weren't meant for me [x2]

Songs play, ghulam ali's urdu ghazals wailin'  
From a pastry shop, buzzing with flies, over stale  
things  
A sepia hued veil slips over the sky  
'allah u-akbar' a cleric's voice cries  
Postcards from paradise lyrics on  
Atop the dome from a moghul influenced minaret  
Across the street from a temple where drums beat to  
shiva's steps  
Upanishad texts, holy men in tunics bless  
The destitute, prostitutes, what's the cost of truth?  
A lucid clear eyed prophet sits on my stoop  
His brown hair locked in a basket like strands of joot

The man's a mute, it's a wonder his mandibles move  
Hurling curses, reciting verses, they say he sensed a  
feud  
Of hindu's murderin' muslims and vice-a-versa  
Diego, my neighbor, got his neck slit with a sickle  
In the name of a sacred purge, yeah  
Later that summer, my cityside was swept with murder  
Religious fervor

[hook]

Something like love, something like hope  
Something like beautiful, something i wrote  
But postcards from paradise rarely sent to me  
Postcards from paradise weren't meant for me [x2]

So two gods can't live in the same alley, side by side  
Religious riots, firebrands scar a black night  
Flashback to a past life  
Fatehgunj housing sphere's overlooking thatch and  
shoddy made dung huts  
Shantytowns sprout then, stick out like gout  
Politicians talkin' 'bout 'forward progress now'  
So these beautiful folks had their huts burned to the  
ground  
But genius lies in all things simplified  
They'd take cow shit, mixed it with grass, a few twigs  
Exposed to the sun, it hardened once plastered to a  
few bricks  
Add some sweat and you have a makeshift apartment  
Follow the stark stench of humans, fume and disease  
Where my peoples get by simply on ritual beliefs  
It's steeped deep in what the british did before they  
flee  
Left more than just english literature, cricket, whiskey  
and tea  
Psychological damage, famines, but we managed  
Cause even a rose grows through cracks of concrete  
And a lotus floats hope in the stream of the ganges  
There's love here, but hate too, for that you can blame  
karma  
And nah, we just ain't deepak chopra and our famed  
martyr  
So why would you wanna travel any place farther  
You can come-leave-reassured, your world's a safe  
harbor  
So here it is, the picturesque postcard you chase after  
Complete with taj mahal's, camels and snake charmers

