

My Master

My religion is Kirpal, my caste is Kirpal,
My Masteer is Kirpal, the Master of all.
To whom I bowed forever,
Love and respect I showed forever.
Since He blessed me with a single glance,
In the sanctuary of heart He ever romance.
His way of love never could I mention,
Better not, because mere it brings me tension.
Let the water pass and pass without sounds,
Disturbed water resounds and resounds.
The way of love is neither sung nor spoken,
For me His fear and respect a sign of token.
I owe, will I never do so,
Ask others only to beg and bow.
See Him I and keeps He me beside,
Ever He live and ever reside.