

A king I was, feeling proud. Subjects and land, So much to reign. Taking that gold, that night with stealth. Killing my mother, thus grew my wealth. Oh my Lord, I promise, I'll never do it again.

A sailor I was, strong and wild. Full fourteen years, No longer a child. Lashings and whippings, my dogs, my slaves. Thoughts for no one, Then a watery grave. Oh my Lord, I promise I'll never, ever do it again.

Then fragrant perfumes, milk white skin. The envy of all, No sense of shame. A girl I was, then lover, then bride. Then prince, then pauper. Now, no place to hide. Oh my dear Lord, I promise, I'll never ever do it again.

My thoughts, my feelings, my visions abound, With lions and horses, All running around. Snarling, fiercely fighting, Hot white sands, Attacking, defending, In distant far off lands. Oh my dear Lord, I promise I'll never, never do it again.

Hundreds of soldiers, I hear them yell. Wicked encounters to the depths of hell. Now, here I am, inside this womb, Hating each second, Feeling faint I swoon. Oh my dear, dear Lord I promise I'll never, ever do it again.

I beg You now, with humble plea, Let me not forget Your mercy 'pon me. Another life of pleasure, sorrow and pain. Oh my dear Lord Krishna, I never want to forget You, Ever again.