

A CAPITOL VISION

Heavy streets thinking automobile smoke,
Carbon monoxide thoughts.
Air traffic, sea traffic,
Trafficking in a borrowed vision,
Bloated, slick, sharp, puffed up,
A Washington world.
A safe port in the storm
That's our Dharmadhatu.

There are many problems here,
But on the other hand
There are many problems there.
Revolution, independence, free enterprise --
We can't get away from it.
If this is the pure capitol vision
We have cause to remain timid,
To become grey black jet fuel,
Heavy-duty pollution!

Let's raise a flag.
Let's salute a flag.
Let's sing a national anthem.
Our nation's capitol is not ours particularly;
Nor is it theirs.
If we raise a flag
Then we can't let it fall.

Patriotism, heroism --
A vision of a capitol world.
Solid and prosperous,
Soaked in the liquor brewed by our ancestors.
We are the only ones,
We are the only brave and gentle ones,
Who can actually raise a flag
Without making a fuss.
Long live our brilliant and profound father.
Homage to our gentle and kind mother.
Unceasing devotion to the citizens of our nation.
Salutations to our great flag.
Long may it wave!

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