

There is a world where people come and go
about their ways and never care to know
that ev'ry step they take is placed on roads
made out of men who had to carry loads too hard to bear.

*'That world's not ours,' that's what we always say.
'We'll build a new one but some other day.'
When will we wake from comfort and from ease,
and strive together to create a world of love and peace?*

There is a world where people walk alone,
and have around them men with hearts of stone,
who would not spare one second of their day,
or spend their breath in order just to say:
'Your pain is mine.'

There is a world where brothers cannot meet
with one another, where tramp of feet
brings men of ice, men who would force apart
friends of all races having but one heart, a heart of love.