

The Flute of the Red-July

(The portrayal of the philosophy of the Red-July Revolution with some songs written in the July, 2024)

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Dedicated to

The sons of the soil of Bangladesh who sacrificed their lives for earning and safeguarding the freedoms and rights of the people of Bangladesh,
From the time of antiquity to the Red-July Uprising 2024.

Executive Summary

This book is a vessel of twenty songs, drawn from the soul-stirring anthems of the Red-July Revolution of 2024, a chapter etched in the crimson ink of Bangladesh's history. It unfolds like a saga, divided into two distinct parts, each a mirror reflecting the fire of freedom and the aspirations of a nation yearning for liberation.

The first part, aptly titled *The Mantras of Revolution*, is a mosaic of ideas and ideals. It begins with a hymn—a devout offering to the Divine, invoking strength and guidance. This initial song reminds us that true freedom begins in the heart and spirit, under the watchful gaze of the Almighty.

Following this spiritual prelude, two songs paint the grim visage of oppression. They speak of authoritarian and fascist regimes, where the flame of liberty is dimmed under the iron grip of tyranny.

Next, the narrative delves into the intellectual undercurrents that propelled the revolution. Six songs explore the philosophies that inspired rebellion: liberalism's call for equality, libertarianism's defense of personal freedom, Marxism's rally for the oppressed, realism's unflinching gaze at the world as it is, and many more theories of such type that inspire revolution. These verses resonate as beacons, lighting the path for those who dared to dream of a better tomorrow.

The final two songs in this part are a tribute to the architects of this revolution—Generation Z. With their digital prowess and boundless determination, they forged a new chapter in history. These songs also delve into postmodern perspectives, revealing how diverse orientations and mindsets shaped the revolution's course.

The second part of the book is like an ode to resistance—a collection of six songs that thunder with defiance against a fascist regime. These songs were initially written in Bangla during the heat of the Red-July Revolution, and translated early after the storming days of the revolution. Each song of this part is a rallying cry, urging the people of Bangladesh to rise, resist, and reclaim their freedom.

In essence, this book is more than a compilation of songs; it is a tapestry of philosophy and emotion, a lyrical embodiment of the Red-July Revolution 2024.

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Part 1 The Mantras of Revolution

1.1 The Initial Worship

1. The Initial Worship

(Verse 1)

Through ages untold, in worlds unknown,
You reign supreme, forever alone.
To You belongs all, surrender, I sing,
Songs of Your glory, my offering I bring.
Oh Eternal One, all beings proclaim,
Your endless greatness, Your mighty name.
Still, there remain untold stories vast,
Of Your boundless presence, from future to past.

(Chorus)

Every hymn and song, from every tongue,
Is a gift to You, from all hearts sprung.
Oh Almighty One, always divine,
Ever-present Lord, with power enshrined.

(Verse 2)

With tender care, You craft with grace,
The hive of bees, their dwelling place.
With perfect order, the oceans You feed,
Providing for every creature's need.
Worlds within worlds, so vast, unseen,
Stars host planets where life has been.
Who can measure the celestial domain?
Your wisdom rules, beyond human reign.

(Chorus)

Every language, every praise,
Speaks of Your mercy, eternal ways.
Oh Creator of all, with love so grand,
Your kindness flows to every land.

(Bridge)

In heavens and earth, through life and beyond,
You alone rule, the only bond.
On Judgment Day, who else but You,
Will guide the lost, their path renew?
You nurture me with care divine,
Fill my heart with love that shines.
Through faith and devotion, my spirit soars,
To bow before You, my heart restores.

(Final Chorus)

All You give, I return to Thee,
In humble prostration, my soul's decree.
Oh Guiding Light, in this ocean vast,
Shelter me now, hold me steadfast.

1.2 The System We Fight Against

2. The Tyrant's Reign

(Verse 1)

A tyrant is the foe of freedom's grace,
Crushing each soul in a nation's space.
A boulder of greed upon the chest,
It stifles the weak, denies them rest.
Tyranny thrives in unchecked sway,
A reckless will that clouds the way.
Selfish and blind, it destroys the right,
Dimming the world in a soulless night.

(Chorus)

Oh, tyranny, vile and cruel,
A barbaric rule, a heartless tool.
It poisons homes, it haunts the land,
Boundless power in its ruthless hand.

(Verse 2)

Within the home where tyrants grow,
Brothers steal what sisters sow.
In society's halls, the wicked lead,
With bribes and threats, they plant their seed.
Tyranny dwells in thoughts unkind,
Corrupting hearts and clouding minds.
Its shadow looms in every sphere,
A force of despair, persistent and near.

(Chorus)

Oh, tyranny, vile and cruel,
A barbaric rule, a heartless tool.
It poisons homes, it haunts the land,
Boundless power in its ruthless hand.

(Verse 3)

When tyranny grasps the reins of the state,
It silences voices, decides every fate.
Opposing views are crushed with might,
As justice flees into the night.
With threats and lies, it seeks to bind,
Turning free hearts into subservient minds.
A dictator's path is paved with fear,
A grave for democracy, deep and near.

(Bridge)

The authoritarian seeks control,
Demanding submission from every soul.
The all-devouring takes one step more,
Placing chains at the people's door.

Freedom's song must echo loud,
Breaking tyranny's heavy shroud.

(Final Verse)

Tyranny threatens rights of all,
A looming shadow, a fatal call.
Braves arise to fight its hold,
While cowards trade their worth for gold.
But tyranny digs its own dark grave,
For freedom's fire burns in the brave.

(Final Chorus)

Oh, tyranny, vile and cruel,
A barbaric rule, a heartless tool.
It poisons homes, it haunts the land,
Yet freedom stands with a mighty hand.

3. Fascism, The Tyrant's Trap

(Verse 1)

Fascism, a twisted hand,
A weapon that spreads misery across the land.
It traps the people, breaks their rights,
And casts our freedoms into endless night.

(Chorus)

They rob our rights, they take their fill,
In luxury and power, they climb the hill.
The tyrant's scheme is set in play,
To steal our gaze, to lead astray.

(Verse 2)

With boots upon the people's backs,
The tyrant grows, the freedom lacks.
They seek a world that keeps them fed,
While the people bear the weight they've shed.

(Chorus)

They rob our rights, they take their fill,
In luxury and power, they climb the hill.
The tyrant's scheme is set in play,
To steal our gaze, to lead astray.

(Verse 3)

Fascism feeds a chosen few,
With their chants of lies, their claims untrue.
License to steal, to bring despair,
The people's cries fill empty air.

(Verse 4)

They claim a patriot's name and guise,

With history painted in bold disguise.
Stirring anger, spreading lies,
Labeling foes in hateful cries.

(Chorus)

They rob our rights, they take their fill,
In luxury and power, they climb the hill.
The tyrant's scheme is set in play,
To steal our gaze, to lead astray.

(Verse 5)

In the mask of love for land,
They twist the flag in their command.
With worship crafted in their name,
They steal it all in freedom's shame.

(Verse 6)

With poets, muscle, myths, and lies,
Media's voices amplify.
Spreading words to keep us still,
And seizing all with iron will.

(Chorus)

They rob our rights, they take their fill,
In luxury and power, they climb the hill.
The tyrant's scheme is set in play,
To steal our gaze, to lead astray.

(Verse 7)

Their claim is power, final and true,
Splitting society in two.
One side praised, the other condemned,
Labeled as foes to meet their end.

(Bridge)

Enemies made, both real and fake,
For fascism's endless power's sake.
A nation's fury, stirred by hate,
Controlled and crushed beneath their weight.

(Outro)

Fascism, a creed so vile,
Favoring few in toxic style.
Rights erased and dreams denied,
While thieves and killers wear the pride.

1.3 The Mantras of our Fight

4. The Anthem of Liberty

(A song explaining the liberal notion on liberty and freedom)

(Verse 1)

I am a child of freedom's embrace,
A human boundless, in time and space.
As long as life flows in my veins,
I'll sing of rights and break the chains—
The anthem of liberty, a triumph untold,
Where justice reigns and hearts unfold.

(Chorus)

Oh, freedom's call, a flame so bright,
A world where all can claim their right.
Let's build a place where dreams align,
Where every soul has space to shine.

(Verse 2)

Each of us walks a different trail,
A story unique, a separate sail.
Yet together we weave a common thread,
A shield of fairness where none shall dread.
For equal rights and balanced care,
Let's craft a system just and fair.

(Bridge)

Like Locke's great dream of a liberal land,
Where freedom and justice go hand in hand.
Democracy blooms, thoughts run free,
A marketplace thriving with dignity.
The press unshackled, the voices clear,
A world unchained, where none need fear.

(Verse 3)

Across the globe, from shore to shore,
Freedom's cry we can't ignore.
In Europe's revolutions, a fiery spark,
America's freedom, history's mark.
The French upheaval, a battle profound,
All echo the liberty we've found.

(Chorus)

Oh, freedom's call, a flame so bright,
A world where all can claim their right.
Let's build a place where dreams align,
Where every soul has space to shine.

(Verse 4)

In Bengal's soil, revolution grew,
A spirit bold, a dream anew.

For Pakistan's promise, a yearning began,
Yet rights denied birthed Bangladesh's plan.
Through struggles past and those ahead,
The quest for freedom is ever widespread.

(Final Chorus)

Oh, rise and march, let freedom ring,
A brighter dawn our hearts will bring.
In unity's glow, we'll take our stand,
For a liberated, boundless land.

5. The Marches for Freedom

(A song revealing the libertarian notion with the historical perspective of Bangladesh)

(Verse 1)

Mustakil, my child, the sun has set,
You left for the march, haven't come back yet.
The night is deep, the hours stretch wide,
Where are you now, where do you hide?

Your mother waits, her hands are bare,
She hasn't eaten, she's lost in despair.
Mustakil, come home, the night grows long,
Where are you now, where does your heart belong?

(Chorus)

Oh, Mustakil, the monsoon winds cry,
You've gone to the battle, but will you survive?
The world's a cruel place, where shadows lie,
Mustakil, come back, don't say goodbye.

(Verse 2)

I remember my own father, brave and true,
He fought for freedom, just like you.
He said, "When liberty comes, I'll lay down my sword,
To farm my land and speak my word."
But in the riot's rage, he fell that day,
And in his place, you've gone to stray.

You spoke of justice, you spoke of the fight,
You said, "I'll return with freedom's light."
But the march went on, the battle turned cold,
Now your name's a story, a tale untold.

(Chorus)

Oh, Mustakil, the monsoon winds cry,
You've gone to the battle, but will you survive?
The world's a cruel place, where shadows lie,
Mustakil, come back, don't say goodbye.

(Bridge)

In the fight for rights, we lost so much,
A brother, a father, we've lost their touch.
We thought we'd win, we thought we'd see,
A land of justice, of liberty.
But the bullets flew, the blood it spilled,
And still, the thirst for freedom is unfulfilled.

You said, "The struggle's bigger than the fight,
It's about the people, and setting things right."
But now you're gone, lost in the night,
Who will carry your flame, your light?

(Chorus)

Oh, Mustakil, the monsoon winds cry,
You've gone to the battle, but will you survive?
The world's a cruel place, where shadows lie,
Mustakil, come back, don't say goodbye.

(Verse 3)

You dreamt of a path, where justice would lead,
A road of freedom, where all could succeed.
But the world's still broken, the chains still bind,
Who will rise now, to free the blind?

Your mother waits, your grandfather calls,
The people are hungry, they stand by the walls.
You spoke of change, you spoke of truth,
But in the end, what's left for the youth?

(Chorus)

Oh, Mustakil, the monsoon winds cry,
You've gone to the battle, but will you survive?
The world's a cruel place, where shadows lie,
Mustakil, come back, don't say goodbye.

(Outro)

You fought for a dream, for a world that's fair,
But the path is lost in the night air.
Your legacy remains in the hearts of the brave,
Mustakil, come home, from the darkened grave.

Oh, Mustakil, the winds they cry,
Come back to us, don't say goodbye.

6. The Anthem of Revolution (Marxist explanation)

(Verse 1)

Look, I craft this poem with tender care,
Each word a child of my soul laid bare.
As I nurture it with a loving hand,
A warmth blooms—like rivers through the sand.
But peace eludes; can it ever reside
While my toil fuels empires, and I'm cast aside?

(Verse 2)

See me weave the fabric, thread by thread,
For whom it graces, my dreams are shed.
The profit soars on garments sold,
Yet my reward is bitter and cold.
Calculate, if you will, my monthly gain,
Against the countless threads I strain.

(Chorus)

Oh, laborer's soul, a tethered kite,
Bound to the wind of wealth's harsh might.
Rise, oh people, let justice ignite—
Break the chains; reclaim the right.

(Verse 3)

History whispers a tale of old,
When men were free, their hearts were bold.
No master claimed the earth they trod,
Each labored for all, in harmony with God.
But greed grew roots, and power arose,
The seeds of bondage from liberty's close.

(Verse 4)

Once we tilled the soil, our sweat to seed,
But from the harvest sprang the master's greed.
Zamindars reigned, their whips would bite,
Turning plenty into endless plight.
And when the kings fell, new tyrants came,
Industrial lords in a capitalist game.

(Bridge)

The system thrives on what we bleed,
Feeding wealth's insatiable need.
Democracy masks a monarchy's child,
Where policies favor the rich and wild.
My tax builds mansions for the corrupt,
While my hunger grows, dreams erupt.

(Chorus)

Oh, laborer's soul, a tethered kite,

Bound to the wind of wealth's harsh might.
Rise, oh people, let justice ignite—
Break the chains; reclaim the right.

(Verse 5)

The rulers feast while my people fall,
Their palaces rise on justice's call.
Bullets bought with my sweat and tears,
Are aimed at me to suppress my fears.
This cruel machine, this system's blight,
Shall crumble beneath our righteous fight.

(Outro)

So sing the anthem of revolution's flame,
Call for justice, equality in name.
"I gave my blood; I'll give it more,
Until the oppressors reign no more."
Raise the banner, the torch, the cry,
Until freedom reigns and tyrants die.
In blood and spirit, our story's plight,
A new dawn rises—our eternal light.

7. The Anthem of Freedoms and Rights

(Verse 1)

Say, I am free, unchained and bright,
Awake, unyielding, a blazing light.
Born with rights that none can sever,
My voice roars strong, now and forever—
A call for justice, bold and clear,
Unyielding power, I persevere.

(Chorus)

Freedom flows in every vein,
The right to live, to break the chain.
Equal, unbowed, we claim the fight,
For human dignity, for sacred rights.

(Verse 2)

No master owns me, nor do I enslave,
I reject the tyrant, the cruel, the knave.
Laws must shield us, firm and fair,
This is the truth the world must share.
In every heart, a spark ignites,
A vow to protect these universal rights.

(Bridge)

Free courts shall guard my cause with care,
No wrongful chains shall I bear.

The right to think, to dream, to speak,
To question power, the truth I seek.
I walk this earth with fearless stride,
No ruler, no servant—just human pride.

(Verse 3)

To love, to shelter, a family's grace,
To own, to build, in every space.
To vote, to shape the course of fate,
Through choice, a nation's truth we create.
Let voices rise, let freedoms ring,
Together we'll change everything.

(Chorus)

Freedom flows in every vein,
The right to live, to break the chain.
Equal, unbowed, we claim the fight,
For human dignity, for sacred rights.

(Outro)

Come, let's rise with courage untamed,
A world of justice to be proclaimed.
For none can gift what's ours to own,
Through unity, our rights have grown.
Let's build a land where truth abides,
Where freedom and duty walk side by side.

8. The Vulture's World

(Realist explanation of the world)

(Verse 1)

Look at the vulture, flying so high,
With hunger in its eyes and a tear in the sky.
Do you feel its pain, hear its cruel cry?
It's chasing its hunger, it won't ask why.

(Pre-Chorus)

Do you know what it thinks in its empty mind?
Is there mercy there, or just what it can find?
Does it care for your life, or just for the feast?
In this world, survival's the ultimate beast.

(Chorus)

In the game of life, we all must fight,
For our place in the dark, for our share of the light.
There's no justice here, no truth in the air,
Just the hunger of beasts, and the weight of despair.

(Verse 2)

Look at the lands where the innocent fall,
Whose voices are silent when the strong make the call.

Who decides what's right, who decides what's fair?
In the chaos of power, does anyone care?

(Pre-Chorus)

Thucydides warned us, the game's never pure,
Machiavelli knew, survival's the cure.
Waltz saw the truth, in a world full of lies,
Where the strong take the prize, and the weak are denied.

(Chorus)

In the game of life, we all must fight,
For our place in the dark, for our share of the light.
There's no justice here, no truth in the air,
Just the hunger of beasts, and the weight of despair.

(Bridge)

So don't close your eyes, don't turn your back,
The vulture's coming for what it can't lack.
If you're not awake, if you don't defend,
They'll take what you have and they'll take it again.

(Chorus)

In the game of life, we all must fight,
For our place in the dark, for our share of the light.
There's no justice here, no truth in the air,
Just the hunger of beasts, and the weight of despair.

(Outro)

Rise up, stand strong, claim what's your own,
In this world of shadows, you're never alone.
Fight for your life, fight for your rights,
In the vulture's world, be ready to fight.

9. Theories of Change

Verse 1 (Structural Functionalism):

In the fabric of society, roles are defined,
But some are left behind, confined.
They say it's the system keeping us strong,
Yet the weak are told they don't belong.
Harmony's cost is the marginal's pain,
Who will rebuild what's broken again?

Chorus:

Break the chains of history's lies,
Through every lens, let truth arise.
Discrimination we'll defy,
With knowledge and hope, we'll reach the sky.

Verse 2 (Conflict Theory):

The powerful cling to their golden throne,
Built on the backs of the seeds they've sown.
Class and race, their tools to divide,
Keeping the power on their side.
But the oppressed will rise, their voices will roar,
Demanding equality, forevermore.

Chorus:

Break the chains of history's lies,
Through every lens, let truth arise.
Discrimination we'll defy,
With knowledge and hope, we'll reach the sky.

Verse 3 (Symbolic Interactionism):

In the symbols and words that we proclaim,
Labels divide, and ignite the flame.
Through micro-interactions, hate is bred,
While love and respect go underfed.
Let us rewrite the language we share,
And teach the world to treat all fair.

Bridge (Critical Race Theory):

The color of skin, a line they've drawn,
Through laws and culture, the prejudice born.
It's not just hearts, but systems in play,
The roots run deep; we'll cut them away.
Justice demands we confront what's real,
And heal the wounds they tried to conceal.

Chorus:

Break the chains of history's lies,
Through every lens, let truth arise.

Discrimination we'll defy,
With knowledge and hope, we'll reach the sky.

Verse 4 (Feminist Theory):

In patriarchal shadows, women still fight,
For equal footing, for their right.
Gender divides where freedom should reign,
We challenge the norms that cause this pain.
Equality stands when voices unite,
Breaking the walls with courage and might.

Outro:

Through theories we learn, through action we grow,
Injustice ends where empathy flows.
Together we'll rise, together we'll fight,
Until discrimination is out of sight.

1.4 The Spirits of Religions

10. The Spirit of Bangladeshi Muslims

Verse 1:

A bird soars high in the endless sky,
I see its flight and wonder why—
Oh, Allah's presence fills the air,
His signs surround me everywhere.
In sorrow's grip, to men I plead,
Yet only Allah fulfills my need.
Within this truth, a lesson lies:
Allah's the source, the All-Wise.

Chorus:

Trust in Allah, His mercy will guide,
With Him as our shield, there's no need to hide.
Stand for justice, fear no foe,
Rely on Allah, let His wisdom show.

Verse 2:

The moon at night, the sun at dawn,
From atoms small to worlds beyond—
This universe obeys a law,
In every motion, there's His awe.
Who holds this power, this infinite might?
Who binds the stars, who grants the light?
I'm but a speck, my worth so small,
With nothing to claim, I own it all.

Chorus:

Trust in Allah, His mercy will guide,
With Him as our shield, there's no need to hide.

Stand for justice, fear no foe,
Rely on Allah, let His wisdom show.

Verse 3:

Prophets came, their message clear,
Their lives a proof that Allah is near.
From ancient books to the final word,
The truth of Allah's call is heard.
Paradise awaits, a single speck,
Of joy that worldly pleasures check.
Oh, when He calls, will I delay?
What will I answer on judgment day?

Bridge:

Rise, O believer, with faith in your heart,
Rely on Allah to guide your part.
In victory or loss, you're never alone,
For Allah's strength is our cornerstone.
Fight for the truth with courage untamed,
With Allah's help, justice is claimed.

Chorus:

Trust in Allah, His mercy will guide,
With Him as our shield, there's no need to hide.
Stand for justice, fear no foe,
Rely on Allah, let His wisdom show.

Verse 4:

O Muslims, heed the eternal call,
In life and death, He rules it all.
In this world or the next, we'll see,
Justice reigns with equality.
No soul above, no soul below,
In Allah's court, all shall show.
The call rings clear, forever true,
La ilaha illallah, the path of you.

Outro:

O Muslims of my land of all creed,
'Patriotism is a part of Iman', indeed.
When my nation calls in time of need,
With Allah's gifts, I will proceed.
For life's a journey, brief and fleet,
Its end a home where hearts shall meet.
When the court of Allah I face,
Will I bring honor, or disgrace?

11. The Monologue of a Bangladeshi Hindu

Chorus:

I am a Bangladeshi Hindu, born and reborn on this blessed soil,
Where life begins, where dreams uncoil.
Through lifetimes I've lived, loved, and thrived,
Bangladesh, my cherished land, where my soul's revived.
For you, my homeland, I'll fight and stand tall,
For you, I'll give my all, my life, my call.

Verse 1

Deep within my flesh, in molecules and dust,
Atoms once yours have come to adjust.
Electrons spinning, their paths realigned,
Once part of your body, now woven in mine.
Through countless lives, a thousand tales,
Our shared essence in this land prevails.

Perhaps in gardens of a distant age,
You bloomed as pollen in nature's page,
While I, a breeze, with love untamed,
Danced to you, forever claimed.

On this earth, where roots are bound,
Through lifetimes unbroken, my spirit is found.
Perhaps a bird's song I once gave,
Or as grass I kissed the grave.
In paths unknown, on rivers and plains,
I've risen again where my heart remains.

Verse 2

This land, my mother, my eternal embrace,
Through life and death, I've known her grace.
From her soil, my spirit takes flight,
Sings her songs, burns with her light.
Bangladesh, my eternal kin,
More divine than heavens within.

Verse 2

I am the humble soul of this land,
Hindu by roots, yet in all I stand.
In Brahmin, Kshatriya, Shudra's name,
We're but reflections of one sacred flame.
Like Durga's many forms, I rise,
My essence shaped by countless ties.

Buddhist, Muslim, Christian too,
They are my kin, my heart's sinew.

A molecule from my hand's gentle fold,
May now rest where their spirits hold.

Verse 3

Through lives unending, I've learned and grown,
In streams of change, I've always flown.
Hindu, Muslim, Buddhist, Christian, or plain,
I am the eternal, flowing vein.
From Asura and Sur's united shore,
I am the Yavan, the eternal lore.

Verse 4

I'm the Padma's restless, silver gleam,
The Jamuna's whispers, a bird's soft dream.
I am the Sundarbans' tiger, Bengal's pride,
The jackfruit trees where stories hide.

In this land, my blood runs deep,
Through rulers, merchants, and farmers' sweep.
Sitting by Bangladesh's tender grace,
I hear tales of justice and embrace.

Verse 5

We dream of Vrindavan in Sundarban's green,
A garden of love where sorrow is unseen.
We worship Kali, Chandi, and Durga's bright,
We worship Shiva, Lakshmi and Saraswati's light.

Verse 6

I am the child of this sacred land,
Through Chaitanya's songs, I take my stand.
Through Ramakrishna's vision, my spirit thrives,
In Vivekananda's wisdom, my soul survives.
With Vaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada's call,
And Baba Loknath's grace, I hold it all.
I am Shakta, and I am Vaishnava
I am a worshiper of Brahma, and I devotee of Shiva.

Verse 7

Of countless truths, in countless names.
I am eternal, expanding, free,
The path of Nirvana calls to me.
Yet amidst it all, my heart will be,
With Bangladesh, my dearest sanctity.

Outro:

Oh, Bangladesh, my motherland divine,
Through every life, your stars align.

More than heaven, your soil I claim,
In your embrace, I'll write my name.
Through births uncoun ted, I'll always stay,
In your arms, until the final day.

12. From the hearts of Bangladeshi Buddhists

Verse 1:

My body stands like a tree, strong and wide,
With five branches reaching, embracing with pride.
In the times of Alar Kalama and Gautama's yoga practice
The air of Pundra, Vanga, and Harikela's shared a niche_
Birds from Magadha and Nepal take flight,
Teaching us wisdom, showing us light:

Pre-Chorus:

A heart free of sin, no evil can bind,
Hatred's grip cannot conquer the kind.
Happiness never grows from others' pain,
Desires unbound bring endless strain.

Chorus:

I am a child of Bangladesh, a Buddhist soul,
For a thousand years, I've been part of this whole.
Born in Bengali, Barua, Chakma, Marma kin,
Yet my truest name—Bangladeshi within.
I love this land more than life can bestow,
For Bangladesh is my heart's eternal glow.

Verse 2:

From Somapura's ruins to Salban's shrine,
Bhitagarh whispers stories divine.
Rajban and Rangkut, Vikrampur's grace,
Our shared heritage, a timeless embrace.
Through rivers and plains, in each heart and hand,
We stand as one in this beloved land.

Pre-Chorus:

A soul free of sin, no sorrow can stay,
Kindness conquers the bitter fray.
To harm another is to lose your own,
True peace is found where compassion has grown.

Chorus:

I am a child of Bangladesh, a Buddhist soul,
For a thousand years, I've been part of this whole.
Born in Bengali, Barua, Chakma, Marma kin,
Yet my truest name—Bangladeshi within.
I love this land more than life can bestow,
For Bangladesh is my heart's eternal glow.

Bridge:

The banyan, the aswatha, the hijal trees,
Are sacred to us, swaying in the breeze.
We offer our lives, for all life to thrive,
For this land's spirit keeps us alive.

Outro:

I am a Buddhist, proud and free,
A child of this land, eternally.
Bangladesh, my heart, my love, my song,
In your embrace, I forever belong.

13. Bangladeshi Christian's Call

Chorus:

I am a Bangladeshi Christian, proud and free,
Christ is my Savior, guiding me.
This land, my Lord's divine creation,
Bangladesh, my heart, my foundation.
Through its rivers and skies, I take my stand,
For Bangladesh is my promised land.

Verse 1:

Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace,
Through His love, all pains cease.
To cleanse our sins, He bore the cross,
His sacrifice turned our gain from loss.
He rose above, to Heaven's height,
Guiding us with eternal light.

Pre-Chorus:

"For God so loved the world," it's said,
Through Christ, we are eternally led.
In every grain of this soil so blessed,
I see His hand, His love expressed.

Chorus:

I am a Bangladeshi Christian, bold and true,
With faith and love, I pledge anew.
This land, my Lord's divine creation,
Bangladesh, my heart, my salvation.
Through its hills and plains, I take my stand,
For Bangladesh is my promised land.

Verse 2:

From the Scriptures, I take my creed,
"To love thy neighbor" is all I need.
This country blooms like Eden's field,
Its beauty and grace, my faith revealed.
Each sunrise whispers a holy refrain,
"Serve your nation, and bear no pain."

Bridge:

“Blessed are the peacemakers,” Jesus said,
For they shall walk where angels tread.
So here I stay, in this sacred ground,
With love for all, my purpose found.

Outro:

Bangladesh, my joy, my call,
In your arms, I find it all.
Through trials and faith, I’ll always stand,
Bangladesh is my holy land.

1.5 Mantra’s of the time

14. The Gene of the Gen Z

In a world reborn, we rise anew,
The children of Gen Z, bold and true.
Amid shifting skies and realms of tech,
We stand unshaken, fearless, erect.

Born between ninety-seven and two-thousand-twelve,
Our tale in history’s folds shall delve.
First of a kind to grow and expand,
In the ringtone chime of a smartphone’s hand.

Our minds stretch wide with unbounded thought,
By new rhythms and light, our spirit is taught.
Yet in your gaze, we see your jest,
“Boiler generation,” you mock at best.
But tell us, elders, where lies the blame,
For this rapid tide that none could tame?

We know of Facebook, YouTube’s lore,
As well as letters our ancestors bore.
Stories and songs, cinema’s embrace,
We learn, we adapt, at a quicker pace.
At 1.5 speed, we watch, we glean,
We master the quick, the in-between.
Quick we think, quick we play,
Straight we speak, in a straightened way.

The torrent of knowledge flows without bound,
Decisions we make where options surround.
With so little time, we’ve learned to choose,
Quick to decide, no moment to lose.
For where you deliberate, we discern,
In choices vast, our skills we earn.

In the face of climate’s shifting face,
And cultures changing with time’s embrace,

For survival's call, we've learned to be,
Adaptable, resilient, rooted yet free.

We speak less, yet connect with haste,
Our moments are fleeting, not one we waste.
For needs of ours or for the greater whole,
We unite as one, with a single goal.
Decisions sharp, hearts steadfast,
In giving blood, we'll stand steadfast.

We are children of the open mind,
To every field of knowledge inclined.
Boundaries mean little; the world's our stage,
We're heirs of a boundless, global age.

Where you see shadows, despair's abyss,
We see the spark, the glimmering bliss.
In a changing world, we are the change,
Children of humanity, bold and strange.

15. On Perspective

(Verse 1)

In this wide world, I am the crown,
The finest, the best, of grand renown.
You try to weigh me, but you'll lose your way,
For it's my scale that holds the final say.
I set the standards, I choose the frame,
In this great game, I write the name.

(Chorus)

Oh, the measure of me, the truth I decide,
Through my own lens, I'm justified.
The world may differ, yet can't you see?
Each one holds their own decree.

(Verse 2)

But some would claim I'm the worst of all,
A rogue, unkind, heedless to the call.
You twist my truth, call me unrefined,
Yet I see through the games you've designed.
Your claims betray the standards you've set,
But I've learned your ways; I won't forget.

(Chorus)

Oh, the measure of me, the truth I decide,
Through my own lens, I'm justified.
The world may differ, yet can't you see?
Each one holds their own decree.

(Bridge)

Your gauge will yield the fruit you sow,
While mine ensures my truth will show.
Different eyes, different minds,
In every heart, a truth confined.

(Final Chorus)

Oh, the measure of me, the truth I decide,
Through my own lens, I'm justified.
In this great world, we'll always be,
Bound by the gaze of our own decree.

Part 2 The Flutes of the Revolution

15. Stand Together, Bangladesh

(Verse 1)

Rise now, Bangladesh, in united fight,
In the struggle for existence, stand for your right.
The roads to justice have all grown still,
Living itself faces a deadly chill.
Yet hearts of steel resist the blow,
Facing death to halt the foe.
Against the tide of blood and fear,
People fight for freedom here.
Amid the flames and cries of distress,
Rise together, Bangladesh.

(Chorus)

Oh, stand as one, against the storm,
Bangladesh, take a united form.
No matter the creed, no matter the way,
Your land must rise, come what may.

(Verse 2)

Come, nationalists and liberals true,
Secularists, fundamentalists, all of you.
Maoists, Marxists, let voices be heard,
Islamic warriors who uphold the Word.
Human rights defenders, democracy's guide,
Your homeland calls—stand side by side.
Put the nation first, beyond party or race,
For Bangladesh is our shared space.

(Chorus)

Oh, stand as one, against the storm,
Bangladesh, take a united form.
No matter the creed, no matter the way,
Your land must rise, come what may.

(Verse 3)

Come Hindus, Muslims, Christians, Buddhists alike,
Unity's power is stronger than any strike.
Bengalis, Santals, Chakmas, and more,
Brothers together can settle the score.
If one does not stand, none will survive,
Together we must keep this dream alive.
Join the cause to save the land,
Together, let us firmly stand.

(Bridge)

Oh, freedom-loving hearts, hear this plea,
In crisis, we fight for the land to be free.
Divide and you fall; unite and you thrive,
For Bangladesh's spirit must stay alive.
Flee in fear, and doom shall call,
But rise together, and conquer all.

(Final Chorus)

Oh, stand as one, against the storm,
Bangladesh, take a united form.
In this fight for life, in this fight for grace,
Rise now, united—save your place.

16. Awaken, O Sons of Bangladesh

Awaken, O children of Bangladesh's soil,
The time has come to end the toil.
If life is dear, if freedom's your flame,
Rise, awaken, and stake your claim.
Live to awaken, and awaken to live,
This call to rise is all we give.

Open your eyes and gaze upon,
The hyenas of March twenty-five reborn.
Weaving webs of false liberty's veil,
See how they peddle this deceitful tale.
Teeth sharper than the tyrant's fangs,
Break them now, rebuild what stands.

Chorus:

Awaken, O sons of Bangladesh, rise,
Save yourself before freedom dies.
Rise to live, and live to rise,
Awaken now, beneath the skies.

Once we dreamt of justice for all,
Equality's reign, where no man falls.
In the great war of seventy-one,
United we fought until freedom was won.

Yet now, in our land, tears and fears,
Bullets echo where dreams endear.

Awaken, O children, let courage flow,
If not, leave the land where hope won't grow.
Rise to awaken, and awaken to rise,
Hear freedom's call under your skies.

O nation born from a hero's stride,
Titumir's defiance, our people's pride.
Sons of Bangladesh's visionary hand,
Shere Bangla's wisdom shaped this land.
Deshbandhu's fire, Suhrawardy's grace,
Guided our steps to freedom's embrace.

Mujib's roar, "This struggle's our own,"
Echoed through the hearts of a land reborn.
From Major Zia's steadfast decree,
Rose the strength of the brave and free.

Break the chains of injustice's might,
End the darkness, step into light.
Equality calls, oppression must cease,
In unity lies our nation's peace.

Chorus:

Awaken, O sons of Bangladesh, rise,
Save yourself before freedom dies.
Rise to live, and live to rise,
Awaken now, beneath the skies.

Turn the pages of justice's decree,
The Constitution declares us free.
A society unshackled, where fairness reigns,
This is the promise that still remains.
Yet see how power corrupts the truth,
Burying rights beneath their ruth.

Rise now, O children, open your eyes,
To lies and betrayal that freedom denies.
The hyenas laugh at justice's plea,
But our resolve will set us free.

Chorus:

Awaken, O sons of Bangladesh, rise,
Save yourself before freedom dies.
Rise to live, and live to rise,
Awaken now, beneath the skies.

When oppressors stand with rods in hand,
And freedom bleeds in our promised land,

We must rise as a river in flood,
To cleanse this soil with courage's blood.
Through the storm, our voices will soar,
The nation reborn forevermore.

Final Chorus:

Awaken, O sons of Bangladesh, rise,
Save yourself before freedom dies.
Rise to live, and live to rise,
Awaken now, beneath the skies.

17. Speak Before You Fall

[Verse 1]

Hey brother, hey sister, where are you going in silent despair?
If you're on your way to death, then speak up—why this wear and tear?
If you must fall, let your voice arise,
Speak your truth, don't close your eyes.

Before you leave, let the world know,
Who's the hand behind this fatal blow?
Speak their name, let justice ring,
Point your finger, cry out, and sing:
“Why kill me? What have I done?
Why spill the blood of my precious son?”

[Chorus]

Raise your voice, break your chains,
Let no silence linger, let no shame remain.
If the killer's crowned with honor, how do you bow?
Speak the truth, there's no better time than now.
Call the killer a killer, don't you dare conceal,
Why let fear stop what you feel?

[Verse 2]

In this land where murderers reign,
Their servants celebrate with cruel disdain.
For favors and fortune, they play the game,
Dancing with devils, bearing no shame.
Why do you shy from calling them out,
Naming the killers without a doubt?
Their allies, their pawns, their shameless crew,
Don't let their masks deceive you too.

[Chorus]

Call the killer a killer, expose their guise,
Shatter the lies with fire in your cries.
Name the vultures, those feeding on pain,
Their terror will flee; their power will wane.
Let your voice roar, let your courage flow,
Drive the killers to the shadows below.

[Bridge]

O murderer, your time is near,
The tide is turning; you'll drown in fear.
In the sea of blood where you took your stand,
Justice is coming, reclaiming this land.
Hey sister, hey brother, break your silence now,
Your voice is the sword that'll bring them down.

[Final Chorus]

Speak before you fall, your voice holds the key,
It's louder than the silence, it's stronger than the sea.
Hey sister, hey brother, don't die in quiet despair,
Let your cry for justice fill the air.
Speak before you fall, your truth is the light,
The darkness will crumble; justice will ignite.

[Outro]

Hey brother, hey sister, where are you going in silent despair?
If you're on your way to death, then speak up—why this wear and tear?
Your voice will shatter the killers' pride,
Speak before you fall; let justice abide.

18. Come to the Battlefield

[Verse 1]

O Poet, no more verses, come to the fight,
O Rebel, no more delays, step into the light.
In this cry of despair, humanity pleads,
What use is poetry that fails our needs?
No longer the pen, but the bullet must rise,
To answer the screams and silence the lies.

[Chorus]

O daughter of the soil, dry your tears,
You are the helm that this world steers.
With fury and courage, let your spirit ignite,
Take up your arms, step into the fight.

[Verse 2]

O men, let your valor blaze,
Show the world your fearless gaze.
Behold the tyrants, the demons, the hounds,
Their brutal wrath knows no bounds.
See how they maul, how they kill, how they seize,
A humanity crushed beneath their disease.
Ask yourself, with your heart laid bare,
Can humans bring such terror to the air?
Rise to shield the innocent, stand for their plight,
To save your people, march into the fight.

[Chorus]

O daughter of the soil, dry your tears,
You are the helm that this world steers.
With fury and courage, let your spirit ignite,
Take up your arms, step into the fight.

[Bridge]

For your existence, for the children unborn,
For futures that glimmer in tomorrow's dawn,
Take what you have, whatever's near,
With unshaken resolve, let victory appear.
Organize, unite, and take a stand,
O Bengali, Chakma, Santali, lend your hand.

[Verse 3]

Hindu, Muslim, Buddhist, or Christian,
All are children of this nation's vision.
Each grain of this land belongs to you all,
Equally owners, hear the call.
When rights are shattered, when freedoms denied,
When oppression reigns and humanity's tried,
Stand strong with one voice, fight for the land,
Together we conquer; together we stand.

[Outro]

Come as one to this battle's refrain,
To reclaim the dignity we must regain.
O Poet, O Rebel, with hearts burning bright,
Unite with the people, step into the fight.

19.Red: My Love, My Flame

[Verse 1]

Red! My choice, my desire,
My poetry, my heart's fire,
The cadence of my inner song,
My conscience, my will so strong—
The hum of creation's choir.

Today I'm awed, my soul's aflame,
Falling for red, its fiery claim—
The color of blood, of burning pyres,
Of skeletons dancing in death's attire,
A hue none can tame.

[Chorus]

Red is the fire that lights our way,
Red is the dawn of a brighter day.
For freedom's call, for justice bold,
Red is the spirit that we uphold.
In every heart, in every fight,
Red burns on, a guiding light.

[Verse 2]

To save the soul of this sacred land,
I sang the song of freedom, hand in hand.
I laid my life down for what was just,
Shattering Ayub and Yahya's lust—
Their reign turned to sand.

Hasina has come like vultures in '71,
Preaching songs of Pakistan undone.
But now, who calls me the Razakar,
When I sing the song of equity, freedom fighter's prayer?
What justice is this?

[Bridge 1]

I spoke of my love for the fight,
Of liberation, of human rights.
Yet, this government of the free
Brings forth the ghosts of tyranny—
Crushing me beneath their fists.

My brother Abu Sayeed, so brave,
Protested, and met the martyr's grave.
In return, what did they impart?
Threats and charges to break our hearts,
A trade so grave.

[Chorus]

Red is the fire that lights our way,

Red is the dawn of a brighter day.
For freedom's call, for justice bold,
Red is the spirit that we uphold.
In every heart, in every fight,
Red burns on, a guiding light.

[Verse 3]

Dhaka, Rangpur, and Chattogram wept,
As red bled through, and promises slept.
They hung our rights, silenced our cries,
Turning our hopes to crimson skies,
At death's dark gate.

They choked our throats, let blood run free,
Yet in this red, I found destiny.
In mourning's fire, I burned alive,
My brother's red made me revive—
My fury untamed.

[Bridge 2]

With rage now doubled, I lit the flame,
Grief transformed, rebellion claimed.
The vultures fled this sea of red,
The ashes of martyrs where courage spread—
A vow proclaimed.

[Chorus]

Red is the fire that lights our way,
Red is the dawn of a brighter day.
For freedom's call, for justice bold,
Red is the spirit that we uphold.
In every heart, in every fight,
Red burns on, a guiding light.

[Outro]

Red is my language, my native land,
Red is the love beneath my hand.
Red is my mother, her firm command—
A bond eternal, forever grand.

For red, I give my blood in kind,
Let red inscribe the eternal mind.
In songs of equality, I will reside,
Forever painting justice's stride—
In hues divine.

20. The Final Fight

Verse 1:

Through countless ages, we've fought with might,
Yet discrimination still takes its bite.
Once, perhaps, in the dawn of man,
No walls divided this sacred land.
But kings arose, their greed took hold,
The people crushed, their stories untold.
The British came with a thirst for gain,
Built their wealth on our blood and pain.
Zamindars, with their servile glee,
Fed on the lives of the meek and free.
We rose as one, we broke their chain,
Our land was free, but scars remain.

Chorus:

This is our eternal fight,
Against the chains, for the light.
This is our final stand,
To free every soul of this land.
This is the battle, our last cry,
Together we'll rise, or together we'll die.

Verse 2:

The British gone, a nation was born,
But new oppressors soon adorned.
West Pakistan's unjust reign,
We broke their hold through blood and pain.
Bangladesh rose, our crimson pride,
But from within, new tyrants lied.
Wild beasts among us seized control,
Their greed consuming the nation's soul.
Like ancient kings, like colonial might,
They sow division, they dim the light.
They sell our dreams to foreign hands,
And crush the hope of our own lands.

Bridge:

Fascism reigns, their rule is clear,
They silence us with chains of fear.
But we won't bow, we won't kneel,
This is the war that we must seal.

Chorus:

This is our eternal fight,
Against the chains, for the light.
This is our final stand,
To free every soul of this land.
This is the battle, our last cry,
Together we'll rise, or together we'll die.

Verse 3:

To live, we fight, to fight, we live,
Freedom's the gift we've yet to give.
Dig the grave for the rule of the few,
Build a world where dreams are true.
For the people, the power must stay,
No more kings to take it away.
Discrimination, your end has come,
The final fight has just begun.

Outro:

We'll win this war, we'll claim our right,
Together we'll end this endless fight.
For justice, for freedom, for dignity's flame,
We'll rise as one, and reclaim the name.