

# ***Just imagine...***

Just imagine, cotton-like flirty clouds of Massawa road teasing your windshield,

Just imagine, the mountains of Areza looking down at you as if you're a miniature,

Just imagine, an old man putting his arms on your shoulder excitedly passing on to you, the legacy of his treasure,

Just imagine, the valleys of Monguda mistily looking up to you, like you're on top or something,

Just imagine, clouds of dusts in Barka chasing your 4x4,

Just imagine, elderly women of the south shyly offering you clean waters,

Just imagine, the sands of Gurgusum getting playful with your skin,

Just imagine, the heavy rocks of DeKemHare making you feel humble,

Just imagine, the hills of Tslale testing your worth to climb their heights,

Just imagine, the ditches of MolQi cautioning you to respect them,

Just imagine, the kids of Barentu holding your hands inviting you to stay and play,

Just imagine, the bratty tides of the Red Sea crushing into white foams, and washing your feet,

Just imagine, the dogs of Adi Ghenet barking fiercely in defense,

Just imagine, a little girl on a camel waving at you with smiles,

Just imagine, the waters of Tokor rippling in calm pride dancing in front of you,

Just imagine the man of Akordat in Jelebia smiling and telling you about the spices,

Just imagine, majestic mountains in golden cloaks reflecting retiring sunrays pleading with you to stay; stay there with them forever,

Just, just, just imagine!

Just imagine, the Sawa fighters inviting you for a drink,

Just imagine, the rains of Tesenei stranding you in the darks teasing,  
whether to let you go or stay,

Just imagine, the clouds of karneshm slowly hovering over as in a daze,

Just imagine, the rivers of Anseba determine your fates with their  
unpredictable forces,

Just imagine, the thunders of Sawa brightening the skies with purplish  
lightening glow,

Just imagine, you are an Eritrean! You'd be the master of souls, and I bet  
you'd just be filled with the flame of pride in your heart.

Just, just, just imagine!

Just imagine you're an Eritean! What a soul you'd have! And you'd see the  
world soon envying your standards.

But of course you are an Eritrean, and your challenges have been ten folds.  
You just had the stamina to just imagine, imagine, imagine it all, beating all  
the odds and forge your way into the future.

It is not an imagination. It is a simple reality! You are indeed an Eritrean!

*Be forewarned though! Ertirea is the most jealous of all goddesses and it will  
crush you to your knees if you ever betray her. She doesn't know mercy to an  
act of betrayal.*