



# THE CALL OF THE JOURNEY

on a  
journey



The wind blows gently on the land,  
It calls us to leave, take a stand.  
A small bag, a heart that's free,  
The world is wide, so much to see.

The sea shines bright under the sun,  
It tells new stories, one by one.  
Each new road is a fresh start,  
Dreams are born when journeys part.



Under stars, we rest at night,  
Far from noise, under soft light.  
To travel is to feel alive,  
To fill the heart, let dreams thrive.

