

Wumpscut

"Slovakian Hell"

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Rich is the earth in the burning evening light,
the passion of our fathers is tormenting us to the last.
Then they gave us eyes that drunkenness decants
inside
so they gave us hands - the sinful fruits of twilight
We love our land sorrowfully
their gray heads we love, fertility they gave us.
We will weigh up our thoughts like rotten branches
until the sunny dawn warms the ground and our hearts.
The stronger one will wash our faces
In the night through the swampy
Dawn warms the ground
and our hearts
(unbekanntes Interpret) they will the underwood
The underwood will wake up in the sun
And war will begin its song again
On hands and clothes the first
through the swampy clearing
Let's sharpen our senses
Let's not blow the fire from the mouth of the beast
Let's fear the progeny
And so, brother of mine, brother of mine, just one thing
to do now
Brother of mine, don't hide your face
It's war again, today it's war

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