

Abusiveness

"16 X 955"

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Peoples of Lechia, long oppressed, rose up
White horse announced the word of god's oracle
To lead against burden of Christian onslaught
Our tribe united with a tone of a warchant
Enveloped in defeats' shade, the crosses fell
The choir of triumphant horns roared nearer and
nearer
Autumn thaws covered the Earth
To fulfil the enemy forces' fate
Surrounded by the flame of vengeance
A blow for a blow, death for death,

Slavia! The wreath of glory ripped off by a treacherous
hand
And the proud change of history's course fell,
Having led the brave to death or thrall,
To the last battle, at the Rzekienica shore.

The ages will pass, the ashes will wane
In cold graves grey remains will cool
Snow will fall, ice will cover the lakes,
But the torches will carry once fired flames;
Over the tree-tops, as a red glow
They'll last in our hearts, as a bloodcoloured song

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