

Naer Mataron "Blast Furnance"

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Our way is long, rough and painful
The prime mover is our love for our blood
For our land and our civilization
Our hatred is abyssic, endlessly furious
For what harmed and continues to harm the three
Sons of our existence

We are prepared to be ruthless
Towards every center of pollution
All that is sick needs to be vanished
The new society seeks for the blast furnace

The blast furnace is us!

Blast furnace
Scalding storm
Blast furnace
The new policy

We obey to a higher rhythm
Having a mighty pact with blood
Listening to the soul of the blood in our soul
We dream the most tough and great dreams

Ancestor worship is superior to any religion
It provides the essential emotion of soul and mind
Through the existences of the past for action and
creation

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