

## **Gorod** **"The Path"**

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Listen to man's exertions  
How productive, united, excessive they are  
Freeing our duty  
Feel everyone's trust  
How insane, blind it is  
Building a new life  
Feel the new era's breath  
How reformist, endless it is  
Playing the notes of success  
Touch the vegetation  
Budding, colored, radiant  
Participating in our therapy  
See the Earth  
Rich, productive  
Discovering our lives path  
Feed yourself  
Nature, sturdy, salutary  
That reinforces your blindness  
Hero of our civilization  
Be our guide Adam  
Cradle of knowledge  
Draw our lives Adam  
Humanity's total knowledge  
Light the way for us  
Hear our machines  
They slide down Earth's depths  
Submissive, mechanical, clockwork, organic  
They outline our laws  
Open your feelings to a perfect life  
Free of human's perversion  
Stop losing yourself in the past  
Look for your salutation instead  
At the root of hope  
To a perfect life

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