

Blood

Drudkh

Ukraine grumbled

It grumbled for a long time

It bled and got redder along the steppes for a long
while

It bled, bled and dried.

The steppes are turning green.

Grandfathers lye, and tombs above them are showing blue
(in the sense that you can see them, stand out as dark
hill on the background)

And what about them being so high?

Nobody knows them,

Nobody will cry sincerely,

Nobody will remember.

Just wind will blow above them quietly

And the dew drops will wash them in the early morning.

The sun will rise, dry and cherish

And grandsons? They don't care

They sow the grain for the barins.

There is a lot of them, but who will say

Where the Gonti's tomb is (Gonti - name, or a surname)

Where is the saint martyr buried?

Where did Zaliznyak (name as well), the generous soul,
find his peace?

It's hard! It's difficult! The Tormentor reigns, and
they will not be remembered.

Ukraine grumbled

It grumbled for a long time

It bled and got redder along the steppes for a long
while

It bled, bled and dried.

Cannons fired day and night

The Earth cries and sags (bends)

It's sad, it's frightening but when you recall this
your heart smiles.