

Pillage and murder.  
May the doors bend and may the walls give in;  
May the rain not wash away the ashes and  
May the blood be an offering no more.  
The fawn-coloured bricks reclaim their crimson hue,  
The ground becomes fluid,  
All fabrics turn black,  
Darkness transformed, murderous.  
The flesh of the trees is putrid,  
The war is the sky  
And the ocean is a crowd.  
The fires are advancing; carrion the people.  
We will break the will of those men and submit them to the yoke  
of slavery.  
Caught in the snares of dissension,  
Courage endures no more restraint.  
Foreigners tear from us our soil and make us enemies;  
Brothers march against brothers and blood feeds on blood.