

Comrade, Worker, Proletarian
For the Land You are the Blood
They have got the sinews of war

On Mother Earth where we live, there is not a reason,
for they take us for the fool,
we must repeat the lesson
Farmers, you plow, you sow, you harvest
On the temple you 've got revolving credits like Colts
Refrain

At the factory, from morning to night you drudge
You're not drinking at the pool,
who pockets the profits?

Social worker, you help those who are hurt,
those who have no job in this world,
and don't know what they are worth
Refrain

Singer, What could I be afraid of ?
if I send you my sweat off,
It is not to be one of them
Singers, What then would you be afraid of ?
Arise all your furious fists,
Together let's Sing in chorus

Refrain