

A Nation, upon the Cross

They hung us, an entire nation, upon the cross
They hung us upon it
Until... We repent
This Naksa is not the end of the world...
Nor are we slaves
So wipe your tears
Bury the dead
And rise again

O sorrowful people
You are the world
And you are the sole source of goodness
You are history
And the smiling future In this existence

So come
Let us join hands with hands And walk in the blaze
For the tomorrow of the free, if it is long delayed
And even if delayed – It is near