

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