

How sweet how sweet is the groan which comes out of the ruins.

I am a witness to the crushing of a world out of date
 I am a witness drunkenly to the stamping out of the bourgeois
 Was there ever a finer chase than the chase we give
 to that vermin which flattens itself in every nook of the cities
 I sing the violent domination of the bourgeoisie by the proletariat
 for the annihilation of the bourgeoisie
 for the total annihilation of that bourgeoisie

The fairest monument which can be erected
 the most astonishing of all statues
 the finest and most audacious column
 the arch which is like the very prism of the rain
 are not worth the splendid and chaotic heap
 which is easily produced with a church and some dynamite
 Try it and see

The pickaxe makes a hole in the heart of ancient docilities
 crumbings are songs wherein suns revolve
 Men and walls of yesterday fall struck with the same thunder bolt
 The bursting of gunfire adds to the landscape
 a hitherto unknown gaiety
 Those are engineers, doctors that are being executed
 Death to those who endanger the conquest of October
 Death to the traitors to the Fiveyearplan

To you Young Communists
 Sweep out the human debris where lingers
 the magical spider of the sign of the cross
 Volunteers for socialist construction
 Chase the old days before you like a dangerous dog

Stand up against your mothers
 Abandon night pestilence and the family
 You hold in your hands a laughing child
 a child such as has never been seen
 He knows before he can talk all the songs of the new life
 He will get away from you to run he laughs already
 the stars descend familiarly upon the earth
 it's indeed the least which they burn in assuming
 the black carrion of the egoists

The flowers of cement and of stone
 the long creepers of iron the blue ribbons of steel
 have never dreamed of such a spring