

March on soldiers of Budenny
 You are the armed conscience of the Proletariat
 You know while you carry death
 to what admirable life you are making a road
 Each of your blows is a diamond which falls
 Each of your steps a fire which purifies
 The lightning of your guns makes ordure recoil
 France at the head
 Spare nothing soldiers of Budenny
 Each of your cries carries afar the firefilled Breath
 of Universal Revolution
 Each of your breathings begets
 Marx and Lenin in the sky
 You are red like the dawn
 red like anger
 red like blood
 You avenge Babeuf and Liebknecht
 Proletarians of all countries unite your
 Voices Call them prepare for them the
 way to those liberators who shall join with yours
 their weapons Proletarians of all countries
 Behold the tamed catastrophe
 Behold docile at last the bounding panther
 History led on leash by the third International
 The red train starts and nothing shall stop it
 UR
 SS
 UR
 SS
 UR
 SS
 No one remains behind
 waving handkerchiefs Everyone is going
 UR
 SS
 UR
 SS
 Unconscious opposers
 There are no brakes on the engine
 Howl crushed but the wind sings
 UR
 SS SS
 SS UR
 SS SSSR
 Up you damned of earth
 SS