

you are waiting finger on trigger
 Fire
 but Lenin
 the Lenin of the right moment
 From Clairvaux rises a voice which nothing stops
 It's the talking-newspaper
 the song of the wall
 the revolutionary truth on the march
 Hail to Marty the glorious mutineer of the Black Sea
 He shall yet be free that symbol in vain imprisoned
 Yen-Bay
 What is this word which reminds us that a people can't be
 gagged, that it can't be
 subdued with the curving sword of the executioner
 Yen-Bay
 To you yellow brothers this pledge
 For every drop of your life
 shall flow the blood of a Varenne

Listen to the cry of the Syrians killed with darts
 by the aviators of the third Republic
 Hear the groans of the dead Moroccans
 who died without a mention of their age or sex

Those who await with shut teeth
 to practise at last their vengeance
 whistle a tune which carries far
 a tune a tune UR
 SS a joyous tune like iron SS
 SR a *burning tune* it's
 hope it's the SSSR tune it's the song
 it's the song of October with bursting fruit
 whistle whistle SSSR SSSR patience
 won't wait forever SSSR SSSR SSSR

In crumbling plaster
 among the faded flowers of old decorations
 the last clothes and the last whatnots
 underline the strange survival of knick-knacks
 The worm of the bourgeoisie
 vainly tries to join its scattered fragments
 Here a class convulsively agonizes
 family memories disappear in fragments
 Put your heel on these vipers which are awaking
 Shake the houses so that the teaspoons
 will fall out of them with the bedbugs the dust the old men