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| Stand up, ones who are branded by the curse, All the world's starving and enslaved! Our outraged minds are boiling, Ready to lead us into a deadly fight. We will destroy this world of violence Down to the foundations, and then We will build our new world. He who was nothing will become everything!   |: This is our final    and decisive battle;    With the Internationale    humanity will rise up! :| |
| No one will grant us deliverance, Not god, nor tsar, nor hero. We will win our liberation, With our very own hands. To throw down oppression with a skilled hand, To take back what is ours – Fire up the furnace and hammer boldly, while the iron is still hot!   |
| You've sucked enough of our blood, you vampires, With prison, taxes and poverty! You have all the power, all the blessings of the world, And our rights are but an empty sound! We'll make our own lives in a different way - And here is our battle cry: All the power to the people of labour! And away with all the parasites!   |
| Contemptible you are in your wealth, You kings of coal and steel! You had your thrones, parasites, At our backs erected. All the factories, all the chambers - All were made by our hands. It's time! We demand the return Of that which was stolen from us.   |
| Enough of the will of kings Stupefying us into the haze of war! War to the tyrants! Peace to the people! Go on strike, sons of the army! And if the tyrants tell us To fall heroically in battle for them - Then, murderers, we will point The muzzles of our cannons at you!   |
| Only we, the workers of the worldwide Great army of labour, Have the right to own the land, But the parasites - never! And if the great thunder rolls Over the pack of dogs and executioners, For us, the sun will forever Shine on with its fiery beams.   |