

# Abusiveness, 16 X 955 (ang.)

Peoples of Lechia, long oppressed, rose up  
White horse announced the word of god's oracle  
To lead against burden of Christian onslaught  
Our tribe united with a tone of a warchant  
Enveloped in defeats' shade, the crosses fell  
The choir of triumphant horns roared nearer and nearer  
Autumn thaws covered the Earth  
To fulfil the enemy forces' fate  
Surrounded by the flame of vengeance  
A blow for a blow, death for death,  
Slavia! The wreath of glory ripped off by a treacherous hand  
And the proud change of history's course fell,  
Having led the brave to death or thrall,  
To the last battle, at the Rzekienica shore.  
The ages will pass, the ashes will wane  
In cold graves grey remains will cool  
Snow will fall, ice will cover the lakes,  
But the torches will carry once fired flames;  
Over the tree-tops, as a red glow  
They'll last in our hearts, as a bloodcoloured song