

# Laibach, Krvava Gruda - Plodna Zemlja

Socna je zemlja v večerni goreci luci,  
strast blaznih očetov nas do zadnjega mucu.

Dali so nam oci, da v njih se pijanost pretaka,  
dali so nam roke, gresne plodove mrake.

Ljubimo zemljo bolešno, kakor so oni ljubili,  
ljubimo njih sive glave, plodnost so nam podelili.

KRVAVA GRUDA-PLODNA ZEMLJA.

(English translate: Bloody Ground - Fertile Land)

Rich is the earth in the burning evening light,  
the passion of our mad fathers is tormenting us to the last.

They gave us eyes that drunkenness decants inside them,  
they gave us hands - the sinful fruits of twilight

We love our land sorrowfully as they loved it  
their grey heads we love, fertility they gave us.

BLOODY GROUND-FERTILE LAND.