

Laibach, Vojna Poema

morda nam bodo oblaki- rjuhe edine odeje.

Pala na roke, obleke, prva, druga bo kaplja,
v noc cez mocvirno poseko zakricala bo caplja.

Trsi spiral bo lica, mocil nam usta s krpo,
noc nam bo z mrzlim nozem rezala crnega kruha.

Svoje misli tehtali bomo kot prhle veje,
dokler nam sončna zarja zemlje, src ne ogreje.

V soncu bo hosta zapela, hosta in pesem vojna:
Brat moj, ne skrivaj lica, danes je vojna, VOJNA!

(English translate: War Poem)

We're going to sleep in the wind tonight,
in the wind, who is laughing, wildly,
and maybe the clouds, these white sheets,
will be our only blankets.

On hands and clothes the first,
then second drops of rain will fall.
In the night through the swampy clearing
a heron will cry out.

The stronger one will wash our faces
and moisten our lips with a rag and the night
with a cold knife will cut us black bread.

We will weigh up our thoughts like rotten branches,
until the sunny dawn warms the ground and our hearts.

The underwood will wake up in the sun and war
will begin its song again: Brother of mine,
Don't hide your face, today is war, it's WAR today!