

Laibach, Apologija Laibach

Od kdaj, sinovi resnice, ste bratje noc'i?

Kaj roke vas'e s krvjo rdec'i?

Eksplozija v noc'i je roz'a gorja,
opravic'iti z njo se nic'esar ne da.

Razbiti mogoc'e oltarja ni,
oltarja laz'i, ki oblike mnoz'i.

Brezma dez'na slika, brezbolne luc'i,
edina zavetja srhljivih noc'i.

Otroci duha smo in bratje moc'i,
katere obljuka se ne izvrs'i.

Smo c'rni duhovi od tega sveta,
opevarno noro podobo gorja.

Razlaga je bic' in ti krvavis':

Po stotic' razbijte zrcalo sveta, -
vas' trud je zaman. Presegli smo noc':

nas' dolg je poplac'an
in nas'a je luc'.

(Since when, sons of truth, are you the brothers of night?

What colors your hands with the redness of blood?

The explosion in the night is the flower of woe,
nothing can be justified by it.

The altar cannot be destroyed,
the altar of lies, that multiplies shapes.

The spotless picture, the painless light,
the only harbors of the terrible night.

We are the children of the spirit and the brothers of strength,
whose promises are not fulfilled.

We are the black ghosts of this world,
we sing the mad image of woe.

The explanation is the whip and you bleed.

Break the mirror of the world for the hundredth time, -
all your efforts are in vain. We have overcome the night:

our debt has been paid
and the light is ours.)