Laibach, Nova Akropola

compagna dei maccella: eja, eja, alala!

Ne razpihumjo ognja iz ust zivali,
bojmo se zanamcev, skrivajmo svoje namene:
eja, eja, alala!

Izostrimo cute, eja, eja,
veter zge med zitom, eja, eja,
nase meso disi po ozganem: eja, eja, alala!

Namenili smo si Veliko Strast:
KDO DVOMI O STRASNI MOCI TEH ROGOV!

(English translate: The New Acropolis)

We are all crucified, chosen members of the
butcher's guild, compagna dei maccella:
eja, eja, alala!

Let's not blow the fire from the mouth of the
beast, let's fear the progeny, hide our intentions:
eja, eja, alala!

Let's sharpen our senses, eja, eja,
the wind is burning in the wheat, eja, eja,
our flesh smells scorched: eja, eja, alala!

We destined the Great Lust for ourselves:
WHO DOUBTS THE TERRIBLE POWER OF THESE HORNS!