

Laibach, Vojna Poema (War Poem)

(Slovenian)

V vetru nocoj bomo spali, v vetru, ki divje se smeje,
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
soncna zarja zemlje, src ne ogreje.
V soncu bo hosta zapela, hosta in pesem vojna:
Brat moj, ne skrivaj lica, danes je vojna, VOJNA!

(English)

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!