Steppe

Limpopo

Son of Europa raise up your head
Wherever you see plain
Before it was a forest
Under the ice, have remained the traces
Of our arms!When it's full moon
When the wind blows
Along with the path, you can hear a song
A song which tales, where we began to fight!
Invisible enemies
Along the path we crossed by
Between us different languages, but one tradition
Between us different nations, but one legionWe began spring
The woods where green (and) the trees in bloom
Beyond these mountains
There, where we stopped
Wounded by winter
We the new soldiers, while our hearts
Feel like we are Gods
Like we are silver eagles
We, the frozen eaglesFrom this path, we will not return again
Youth of Europa do not forget us!

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