

STRĂMOȘII/ the Ancestors

All these foreparents of ours
Do not seek for their tombs
They are the water and the land
That fed your parents
Search them in the power
To cut the clouds with the arch
When the brave boys die
To dominate the pain
In every man there's a forefather
We carry him all our lives in our hearts
He teaches us what right and good
And for everything he has a good word.
They call us

**As long as there will be land under the sun
And a pinch of justice
With the forefathers in freedom
Will step among peoples**

The free men left us
Work and life spirit
Love for your people and for homeland
And great history
They are our parents, brothers
And children and nephews
We are all free
Two thousand generations
In the free man there's a brave one laying
A Prince Charming, a Cinderella
Europe is laughing at them today
And all of them are where the duty calls them

Repeat: as long as...