

The world is a canvas, painted with the colors of war  
The flow of life interrupted, as blood spills more and more  
Kings and queens play a game of chess, and we are their pawns  
While they sit at the throne, their hands are all but meek

Their tongues are swords, cutting our breath  
Their promises are but mist, blown away with their breath  
Deceitful whispers flow like rivers, and their intentions an illusion  
Their vision of power a prison, and their delusion, a camouflage

Their insatiable greed's a fire, consuming everything  
Their crushing oppression, a destructive downfall  
We stand undeterred, united as one  
Our hope, a flame that illuminates the darkest night

We are the rebels, the rupture in their balance  
Our swords of words, the reflection of our defiance  
Mocking dictators, and their destructive hands  
Our will, their hold can no longer withstand

Maailma on yhä kankaasi, mutta uusin välein maalattu  
Kun lunastamme omamme kohtalo aukeaa,  
Henkemme liekeissä, toivomme luja sekä kirkas  
Urheutemme verraton, kapinamme pysäyttämätön voima

Our voices ring and echo, resounding like thunder  
Our words strike like lightning, tearing asunder  
Their masks of power, their towers of steel  
Our hope undiminished, our will indomitable and real.

Their tongues are swords, cutting our breath  
Their promises are but mist

The winds of change are blowing, a new dawn is at hand  
Our trembling earth is shaking, as we rise and take a stand  
Our dreams invincible, guided by our hearts  
We'll forge a brave new world, where tyranny departs.

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