

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 kanvaasi, mutta uusin värein 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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