

The Path

Gorod

Listen to man's exertions
How productive, united, excessive they are
Freeing our duty
Feel everyone's trust
How insane, blind it is
Building a new life
Feel the new era's breath
How reformist, endless it is
Playing the notes of success
Touch the vegetation
Budding, colored, radiant
Participating in our therapy
See the Earth
Rich, productive
Discovering our life's path
Feed yourself
Nature, sturdy, salutary
That reinforces your blindness
Hero of our civilization
Be our guide Adam
Cradle of knowledge
Draw our lives Adam
Humanity's total knowledge
Light the way for us
Hear our machines
They slide down Earth's depths
Submissive, mechanical, clockwork, organic
They outline our laws
Open your feelings to a perfect life
Free of human's perversion
Stop losing yourself in the past
Look for your salutation instead
At the root of hope
To a perfect life