

The Angry Cup

Rome

There's a poison in this world
Only madmen can drink
When facing the waves naked

The sweet ring of life
All gods and mortals sing
Those silent sentries
Let us awaken

And it's up with the angry cup
Up with the angry cup
It's up with the angry cup
Up with the angry cup

Oh, let us be the greedy guest
Who eats until he's ill
And who will drink
Until he's had his fill

And who will know what it takes
And who will raise the men
And give those shadows shapes
For dreamsmen

Oh, it's up with the angry cup
Up with the angry cup
We shall be few
We shall be close
It's up with the angry cup
Up with the angry cup
We shall be few
We shall be close

Gdy podnoszę kielich od ust
Recytuję święte słowa
Śmierć mojemu wrogowi
Oby jego kobiety obumarły
Śmierć mojemu wrogowi
Oby jego nasienie zgniło
Rzućcie na niego klątwę
Oby synowie go nie szanowali
Rzućcie na niego klątwę
Oby umarł jako samotny kaleka
Śmierć mojemu wrogowi
Wznoszę toast
Gniewnym kielichem

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Gniewnym kielichem
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