

We've been travelling through hell  
deep down for forty years  
the sun rose on a bloodred sky  
it was shining in our tears.

A foreign regime, well known puppets  
directed this performance  
the world around, the life we lived  
fear built up our alliance.

Communism came, saw and terrified  
policemen went undercover  
the most menial created the ÁVH  
there was no time to hover.

In 56 we began a revolution  
betrayers hung on every lamppost  
with their blood we wrote the message  
that we'll fight for freedom at all costs.

The russians prove us wrong  
when we thought alone we're strong  
were left to die by the whole wide world  
there's no place we belong.

Now the political state has changed  
but the faces are the same  
I'd rather see them on those lampposts  
than be a puppet in their game.