

Few more days

A few more days, my friend,
just a few more days,
we'll have to live under this oppression
let's put up with it a little longer (We can't cry);
such is our sad heritage, how helpless we feel !

People in prisons, emotions in chains,
thought held captive, speech not free
but we still live on ...
our life, a beggar's tattered clothes
patched constantly with pain.

But the days of oppression are numbered,
few are also the pleas for more patience.

We live this burnt-out life --
we don't have to, not this way!
We submit to strangers' limitless oppression --
we may do it today, but not forever.

Your beauty smeared by relentless sorrow;
our youth, short-lived and defeated;
pangs of the starry nights;
helpless throbs of the heart,

dejected cries of the body ...

For a few more days, my friend,
just a few more days !!