WE ARE

When the stranger was trying to infiltrate our gate

Throwing armaments in every direction

His incubated ill will redirected anew

His jealous eyes re-Impregnated

His old tricks repeated

Riding the back of his-master as he roared

When at dawn and dusk he proclaimed to be the one… the master

After his tongue of fabrication authored lies…

Baked the cake of deceit

We are…

We are the once that knew his folly

We are the one that said stop

We are… the one that blocked…

Stopped him cold

Holding justice

We are…

We are the psalm and hymn

We are the protection and honor

We are

The bell…tone of the nation

We are…

The force of the people

Eye of the people

Generational storm

We are… The protection and honor

Zel-alemawi Zikri N-Semaet-Tat-Na

This piece is rough translation from Korchache’s song Nhna-endina

Amanuel Biedemariam