

My Heart is clean

I have no mother, have no dad,
A God or homeland, wish I had.
A cradle and a shroud I miss,
I have no lover, have no kiss.

It's the third day my stomach has
nothing inside, not more not less.
My twenty years – authority,
my twenty years are not for free.

If no one wants to pay for them,
The Devil will make an offer then.
My heart is clean, I'll rob and steal,
if need to kill a man, I will.

I'll be caught and I'll be hanged,
and buried under blessed land
and roots of deadly grass will start
growing on my nicest heart.

(Translated by Péter Börzsönyi)

My father's gone mother's lost,
Without a homeland holy ghost.
Cradle's broken shroud amiss,
I have no lover nor a kiss.

For three days I haven't touched,
Neither kernel nor the crust.
My twenty years are mighty power,
For sale it is by the hour.

And if I find not one taker,
Let the devil be dealmaker.
Wholeheartedly rob and steal,
I kill a man if that's the deal.

Condemned to hang once I'm tried,
For crows to feed as they pry.
Fresh grass arose death-wishing
From my pure heart might it spring.

(Translated by band Syrius)

Innocent Song

I have no God, I have no King,
my mother never wore a ring,
I have no crib or funeral cover,
I give no kiss, I take no lover.

For three days I have chewed my thumb
for want of either crust or crumb.
Though I am twenty, strong and hale –
my twenty years are up for sale.

Should there be none who wish to buy
The Devil's free to have a try;
then shall I use my commonsense
and rob and kill in innocence.

Till, on a rope, they hang me high,
and in the blessed earth I lie –
and lush and poisoned grasses start
rank from my pure and simple heart.

(Translated by Arthur Koestler)