1. There's a snake on the ground buried in the sand, There's no prey and it hides in the shade, De-spised for its forked tongue and crown of creation they say, And declare that all evil is having no legs, But that is just the way snakes are made. due to the snake, Since paradise until today.

2. There's a crowd coming near of white men, strong and drunk, They're the prey and it hides in the shade, De-spised for its forked tongue and crown of creation they say, And declare that all evil is having no legs, But that is just the way snakes are made. due to the snake, Since paradise until today.

3. And the snake lifts its head and it flicks out its tongue: The air smells of up-coming strife. It trembles and knows that a quarrel with men Is a fight it can hardly survive.

4. And the men are so strong, and they feel even stronger, Are so full of pride and are so full of beer. One of them spots the snake, and he takes up a stick; While he swings it, the other men cheer.

5. [like 3. (voice 1)] And the snake lifts its rattle and shakes it aloud In an effort to evade the strife. It has venom, but knows that a quarrel with men Is a fight it can hardly survive.

6. [like 4. (voice 2)] And the sound makes the man even more agitated He yells: "Lo! This vicious beast threatens to fight!" He pulls out a gun, points it straight at the snake. And it ends in a shot, and a bite.
7. Now you ask why we sing such a pitiful song With an end anyone can foresee: Can't you see that exactly this happens right now just in front of you and me?

8. How our leaders are so full of Western hubris, Determined to make enemies, How they bluster and scream, how they corporately mediate press. It is left to ourselves to spit and go wild, And there's no one who stands up for peace.

9. The established are silent: no voices of reason In the out of the crowd, To dissent, and to stand up for peace.

It is time for ourselves to get out of the crowd, To dissent, and to stand up for peace!