

Remembering them
And words riddled ^{times in Spain}
(the muscles of men ^{from})
of men by man-made
steel

Remembering the
Cocks beaten
To their knees without
A fight, gagged by the
wayside

Now we know our strength
Has become the strength of one
our will as water, our words
Not bitter shafts of light

Not bitter shafts of
light
striking the people;
Only, of words to be said,
echoes

Now we know setbacks,
we have not done enough
will your cry
And spare life spent in
with action

Energy has been spilled
on the floor, not conserved
in a glass jar for winter
struggle has been blind
Relying too much on the fist
Bared to the teeth of jaws.