

Salamandra, Forefather's Realm

History books tell us little of the times
When the nation dukeless held the country's reign
At the very twilight of tenth century
Moravians remained free

They were my forefathers
Those courageous men
They were my forefathers
Praise those guardians, our pride

History books tell us where the empire was
When the first duke came and united the lands
In some eighty years the situation's changed
Country's crumbled without head

They were my forefathers
Those courageous men
They were my forefathers
Praise those guardians, our pride

Great empire, Moravian realm
That was our country's dawn
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Glorious roots

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Thirteen years passed
Since last duke died
Since we lost
Our lord
Thirteen years passed
Years drenched in blood
Our country's dawn

Great empire, Moravian realm
That was our country's dawn
Great empire, Moravian realm
Glorious roots