

# 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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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