

Fretsidiq Fekade

Elohim, Redeem the youth,

Elohim, Elohim,  
When will you judge  
The butchers of the ages?  
Elohim Elohim,  
Patience of yours so eternal,  
Your love is unconditional.  
But, Your people are in wonder,  
How long you let babies to suffer,  
Stricken with misery and hunger,  
In the government of corrupt leader.

Elohim, Elohim,  
You made a covenant,  
Good and righteousness to reign,  
Your promises of the Devine hope,  
To deliver the liberator, emancipator.  
Un corrupt, pious and altruistic.  
To break the yolk of bondage, and  
The cords that binds us tight.

Elohim, Elohim,  
Babies are crawling with puny spirit,  
For their feet can't stand still,  
It is so loose -it is flaccid.  
Your poor people strive for justice;  
Their values degraded, and bare naked.  
Yet ,waited with utmost patience.  
For the days are evil;  
Shouts, roars, and cry to no avail.

Elohim, Elohim,  
Your people and the land ;  
Once were mighty and elegant,  
Grace, goodness, values,  
Harvested in abundance.  
Famine, toil, misery,  
Looters, robbers, warmongers;  
Vested interest and take over,  
Initiate the turn over of history.

Elohim, Elohim,  
The land once begot a youth;  
With utmost dignity and virtues,  
Productive as they were in deeds,  
Intelligent as they were mentally,  
Patriotic as they were nationally,  
Purposeful as they were soulfully,  
Slaughtered and slain -  
Brought forth a generation,  
Incarcerated its own mind.  
Untouched , un tortured,  
Un contested, un tried,  
Have not witnessed the deeps and pits,  
Un heard of war fronts,  
And yet, tormented , suffered, wretched;  
Wounded, hurt, hypnotized,  
By a malady of self-induced,  
By a syndrome of ignorance,  
For their wish is not civil,  
Nor is genuine-solely of the material.

Elohim, Elohim,  
Why have you forsaken the young;  
The meek with a wandering mind,  
How blasphemous they have become,  
How far they break and trespass,  
Existential code of values;  
For your glory departed from their sight.  
Elohim, Elohim,  
Wicked as they seem,  
Raged as they look,  
Indulgence of capital,  
One core elemental,  
Happened to be their solace,  
So ensued a pollution of moral.  
As luck would have it! They said,  
Recalling the past with fatigued mind,  
To reverberate history and tradition,  
Is un called for, and tediousness.  
Haunted by the ghost of illusion,  
So as to conjure up truism,  
Tired when they have not stepped up,  
Dead , yet alive and aware.  
Asleep when they are awake,  
Contemptuous attitude of their style,  
Makes them hopeless and dreadful.  
The young men, my compatriots,  
Brought insults and slurs-  
To the martyrs of the revolution.  
Never frightened nor trembled.

Elohim, Elohim,  
Butcher and slaughter ;  
Glorified and dignified,  
If evil is good, and good is evil,  
What can be said,  
The fate of humanity to its demise,  
Reciprocate its course.  
Warmongers and fascists ,  
Hands high up with swords,  
The sharp edges of the blades,  
Vivid as soaked with blood,  
Hold my compatriots hostage,  
And bound their soul to bondage.

Elohim, Elohim,  
Hasten the day of judgment,  
Fill the heart with courage.  
Not to bow down to dictators,  
Even death is the price.  
The martyrs eyes watching over us,  
To preserve identity, tradition and history.  
Quicken the spirit,  
Quicken the soul,  
Quicken the mind, so  
The redemption of the nation,  
Spearhead to salvation.  
The dynamics of the youth  
Detrimental to all there is to it.  
Ethiopia will prevail!