

1 - Harresia - The rampart

Have you lost your way
contemplating this bottomless pit
Leader, commander
you blacken the springs

Your face adorned
in the glitter of chains, no more words
Orator, storyteller
oh fighter, carried by no wind

Have you lost your way
contemplating this bottomless pit
White rider, so admirable
actor, preacher

Have you lost your way
the nails crawl, the rampart rises
Leader, commander
orator, oh fighter

2 - Irakin - To boil

Distill
contaminate water
watch
Then spread
confusion

Clogs the bottom
launch a song
Fill the belly, my lover
to boil, to stand up

Exalt wickedness
quicksilver
Head upwards
to freedom

Distill
sting vanity
Tear it all down
engulf flesh

Exalt wickedness
quicksilver
Head upwards
to freedom

The distant suburbs
struck by the moon
Would dawn have known
to boil, to stand its ground

To boil
to exalt wickedness
Go back up there
to freedom

3 - Urrea - Gold

A word pierced my skin
a word without remorse
it's enough to lock it up

I a freshly sewn corset of gold
I dressed my favourite word
Still
eyes fixed on the fireplace

Gold in words
in the teeth
Gold in the veins
in the skin of minor lords

The gold in the words
in the teeth
gold in the air
Gold in the chapels
inside, outside
in the warm fireplace

A language spiked with letters
the incessant comings and goings
the dead words, the whistles
common words

Gold in words
in the teeth
Gold in the veins
in rain showers, in dust
in the warm fireplace

Gold in words
in silent friendships
Gold in customs
in cemeteries
in the warm fireplace

4 - Ezpata - The sword

A melody of what we have endured
forgetting it won't dispel doubt
A blade melted by resignation
from the masks fall the tears

Surely you are happy
my old friend
Your fervour forsaken
by the fireside

If you were to regret
my old friend
Know that beneath these roses
I carry the sword

Was your deepest wish
to build a tower in the sun
Friendship has no use for that
Duty smothers the spark

Surely you are happy
my old friend
Your fervour forsaken
by the fireside

If you were to regret
my old friend
Know that beneath these roses
I carry the sword

5 - Bat egin - To be one

In the din of the cities
the people stir

Burnt dreams

The bite of the oppressed

Torn apart, I wish to be one
Begging for permission, forgiveness
I am extinguished

I drag myself along the ground
from ears to arteries
I spread the echo

Torn apart, I wish to be one
Begging for permission, forgiveness
orators have covered me with flowers

In the din of the cities
the people stir
Burnt dreams
divided
distributed
defeated

6 - Zentinelá - The Sentinel

Weary of getaways
of stolen weapons
Far away
you've come to miss the ties

Like a castaway
you swallowed an ocean
Like the lost ones
spining round and round

Without offering
will you dare to approach
the Sentinel

Weary of getaways
of stolen weapons
Far away
you've come to miss the ties

Your skin lacerated
you had put on your sorrows
your wasted victories

Gone appearances, your worries
the Sentinel stared at you
Beyond the ramparts
screams red gold

7 - Treina - The train

Get on my train, it's not going anywhere
insatiable, it's never full

My train suffers so many attacks
when the long season arrives

On the dark coat run the waves
the vapours of snow

The train whistles, the rifle detonates
an anxious bolide
takes us from the chasm
towards the sky

In the tree-lined alleys, carefree
its axis narrowed, it flies off the distance

My train reflects the shadows
from the locomotive to the last carriage
My train is never late
no matter how many hours you waste

From a fern grove to the arch of a lightning bolt
it takes flight
it takes flight

The train whistles, the rifle detonates
an anxious bolide
takes us from the chasm
towards the sky

8 - Ez da han bakarrik - It's not just elsewhere

It's not just elsewhere
that angry stars are isolated
the night mutilated by grief

It is not only elsewhere
that we travel like prey
towards opaque and distant greatness

It's not only elsewhere
that the day is flooded
with the language of conquerors
reforested with fatigue and wandering
On an excursion along a rampart of thorns

It's not only elsewhere
that we strike a pose
looking towards the front

It's not only elsewhere
that the abyss is deceived by the picturesque
the ship tied to its port

It's not only elsewhere
that drunken hunters
are locked up in a cell
believing they will escape

Indulgence sings
an iron mark
turned green with caresses

The agitator, like a child
practises in the playground

Slow days
heat up the moods
condemn the passages

It's not only elsewhere
that a nation is isolated

A faded flower grown
under a glass bell

It's not only elsewhere

9 - Harrazue herria - Take the country

Take the country
set the tone for conquest

Put on your shine
until the great decline

Take the country
trumpet your call
turn the rivers red

Atone for your faults
With a flash of lightning
propel the great cavalcade

Laugh at us
but gently

Put on your shine
until the great decline
Put on your shine

Take the country
set the tone for conquest
Sound your boots
make yourselves
masters of customs

Take the country

Put on your shine

Put on your shine

10 - Mirakuilua - The miracle

So that the meadows can blossom
he waits for a miracle
And only the pickaxe strikes
the call of labour

In the acid sweat of the earth
the perfumes have dissolved
the songs were lost
the thoughts

If we could make fertile
the barren plains
the deserts
the deserts

He watered the scorched earth
carved in manure
A bramble-covered sky
made him retreat

In the acid sweat of the earth
in the marrow of his bones

He awaits the miracle
on the alert for the slightest beat
And only the wind strikes
the hail and its howling

He's waiting for the miracle
on the alert for the slightest beat
And only the wind strikes
the hail and its howling

In the acid sweat of the earth
the perfumes had dissolved
the songs were lost
the thoughts

It had become impossible
for pollen to lead its ball

If we could make fertile
the barren plains
the deserts
the deserts

If we could make bloom
the barren plains
the deserts
the deserts

11 - Gatza - Salt

Giving life
with fingertips, in pinches
you could believe it

In silence
sprinkle the salt over his body

Protect yourself from the curious
sprinkle the salt, close your eyes
so the worm doesn't gnaw them

Sew up his skin
protect him from the dawn

Take him in your arms
hold him tight and feel
how heavy he is

Give him a cloak
that he may be strengthened
Soak it in brine
from top to bottom

The flesh
cut it cleanly

Distribute it

The flesh

How rancid it has become
how heavy it is
Take him by the hand
then dance

Spread the salt

Spread the salt over his body
beware of the curious

Close your eyes
swallow your fears
Drop us off at the last stop
at the last stop

12 - Ufa dezan haizeak - Let the wind blow

Spread your wings and sails
throw yourself into the abyss
In the distance the eroded peaks
a vast valley below

A snake of clouds
you trace in the air
Lay down your fears
in the hollow of its wing

Let the wind blow
but if your sky darkens
Promise me that far from me
you will have fled

Let the rain flow
along the ash forests
While blood and venom mingle

Let the wind blow
but if your sky darkens
Promise me that far from me
you will have fled

Sing in the moonlight
sow the bone dust
The night never tried
to hide our coming death

Let the wind blow
but if your sky darkens
Promise me that far from me
you will have fled