

If you called me something
Some kind of word in the Trade Language
And it wasn't my name
It would be lightning
And you would call my rank that
You would call those before me that

Because there is the Proles in the soil
Who lived off potatoes and lamb
With rifles under the bed
Where people say I and we

But just as the land will purvey
I will also provide like the heavens
My body and soul is only a bridge
And you can forge your own idols

But do not let the darkness distort
Do not let them lie to you and say
That the heavens do not love
Or that I am not here to protect you

And while the hate breaks my heart
The losses that we bear is too much
The power from soil and heavens
Makes me strong enough to progress

Have no regrets for making me
Do not be guilty because I must lead
I am not exploited or controlled
If anyone is being controlled it is you

And you can consent to violence

So here I am
Your bridge
Lightning
Your Seer
May we meet tomorrow
Let us be composite
We can prevail together

My Comrades
My beloved people