

If I would perish when at war,  
nobody ever should be sorry.  
I lose my mother long before  
and have no wife for me to worry.

But my heart knows no regret.  
I've got accustomed to be fired.  
The victory, alive or dead,  
won't make me happy - only tired.

My soul is desperately cold,  
my treasures stolen long ago  
by those who thought they were gold...  
I shall forgive them and shall go.

Completely homeless I shall leave,  
just as I have been coming here -  
calm, tolerant, without belief,  
and useless as a precious tear.