If we want peace …



1.
Let not the soil grow sour with old resentments:
in the mud of want, the rifles take root.
Let us refuse privileges bought in broad daylight,
and the gold that gags judges, corrupts justice.
Otherwise the wounded people seek a savior,
any monster with a well-tailored voice.

Chorus
If we want peace, let's not arm the tyrant’s hand,
sow no pride in the powerful across the land.
Peace is not just the silence of the gun:
It’s the rising of right, till the darkness is undone.

If we want peace, we don’t make war today.
No bridges are built where bombs lead the way.
If we want peace, let it endlessly bloom,
in hearts and in streets, leaving hatred no room.

2.
Beware of him who charms without feeling.
His heart is an empty room, his voice a coat too large.
He lies as he breathes, hands out his culprits,
and feeds his greatness with our gathered fears.
Let's not open our cities to the merchants of vertigo,
before their delirium becomes the law.

Chorus
If we want peace, let's not arm the tyrant’s hand,
sow no pride in the powerful across the land.
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3.

Raise thresholds between powers, so none overflows.
Transparency is a sun that burns through plots.
Limit the mandates. Break the career of the chief.
And sometimes let a simple citizen, drawn from the crowd,
remind power that it is only a service to render,
not a throne on the shoulders of others.

4.

Never seek to humiliate the defeated foe.
Humiliation is a slow fuse waiting for its hour.
Ensure that he has an interest in our survival,
and not in our fall.
Dialogue is neither weakness nor surrender:
it is the patient armor of the wise.

Chorus

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Bridge

Peace is a construction site of every second.
It collapses as soon as we believe it's won.
It demands citizens who watch,
who think, who doubt,
who resist the rages chewed up for them.

Coda

Strengthen the fragile pillars of democracy.
Bridge the gaps, so that no one is left behind.
If we want peace, let’s not prepare for war:
vaccinate the world against the appetite of monsters.
Peace does not grow in ruins,
but in justice that walks with a steady step,
and sometimes in the hands of an old lady
planting seeds under the bombardment.

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