Silently singing our supplications
Along with the mass of humanity
To strengthen now our fortifications
And help all mankind keep its sanity
Seven-headed dragons circle the sky
And strike down shining stars from the heavens
The hill on which our city dost now lie
Trembles as a drake nearby fields leavens
A frantic mother rushes to our gate
With a tiny babe clutched in her arms
Although the wyrms' assaults will not abate
Inside our home the child is safe from harm
And though our fields and forests be defiled
Our city is warmed by life of this child