

ANTHEM

**No man, no madness, though their sad power may prevail,
can possess, conquer my country's heart, they rise to fail.**

She is eternal, long before nations' lines were drawn.

When no flags flew, when no armies stood, my land was born.

And you ask me why I love her through wars, death and despair.

She is the constant, we who don't care.

And you wonder, will I leave her, but how?

I cross over borders but I'm still there now.

**How can I leave her?
Where would I start?**

Let man's petty nations tear themselves apart.

My land's only borders lie around my heart.