

Ex Libris, The Motherland

A white velvet winter coat
Lay bestowed upon the palace lawn.
Through the cold, the river Neva flows
To the Baltic Sea, with regality
She winds away from my home,
The Russian throne.

From northern lands under Aurora skies,
Through vast terrains and through the Volga veins,
From snowy corners of our nation
All the people sing our family's hymn

Oh my rodina, home of the Tsars,
May you guard the Romanov's rule.
To thee I vow and pray, until the day
That I die, my rodina.

A smile to the outside world,
May well deceive one's own soul.
But no! The truth is ghastly and plain.
Oh what burden befalls our family?
What slithers through our brother's veins
That can't be tamed?

From northern lands, under Aurora skies,
Through vast terrains and through Siberian plains.
No-one should ever understand our masquerade,
The Tsarevich's fate.

Oh this curse, cloaked in crimson red,
Catastrophe lurks on my brother's path.
Do not revolt, I see no reason why
He cannot live unbruised and nobly die.
Tell me why!

Oh this curse, cloaked in crimson red,
Catastrophe lurks on my brother's path!

From northern lands under Aurora skies,
Through vast terrains and through the Volga veins,
From snowy corners of our nation
All the people sing our family's hymn

Oh my rodina, home of the Tsars,
May you guard the Romanov's rule.
How divine our name, fortune and fame.
But the truth, if only they knew...

We must not speak of our brother.
What plagues him, his agonizing pains.
For the people, they will not condone nor forgive...
That he inherited a curse he cannot outlive.