

Mother Russia

Iron Maiden

Mother Russia how are you sleeping
Middle winter cold winds blow
From the trees the snowflakes drifting
Swirling round like ghosts in the snow

Mother Russia poetry majestic
Tells the time of a great empire
Turning round the old man ponders
Reminiscing an age gone by

Mother Russia
Dance of the tsars
Hold up your heads
Be proud of what you are
Now it has come
Freedom at last
Turning the tides of history
And your past

Mother Russia
Dance of the tsars
Hold up your heads
Remember who you are
Can you release
The anger the grief
Can you be happy
Now your people are free