

In the night, from the hill  
Creeping shadows, cold caress  
On your face, hit the ground  
And feel the blaze  
One of all, young and scared  
In a nameless tale to write  
By my type, where do I begin

Thrust into you  
The splinters of life  
Fading away, lost in your mind  
On Pulkovo Meridian  
Bleeding on you  
The tears of the crown  
Fading away, lost in your fears  
On Pulkovo Meridian

Now, call your name, on this page  
But no answer from the hill  
What's the time right to die...  
And wrong to live  
By your eyes, as you die  
Why so shining Leningrad  
Final breath, why do I begin

Thrust into you  
The splinters of life  
Fading away, lost in your mind  
On Pulkovo Meridian  
Bleeding on you  
The tears of the crown  
Fading away, lost in your fears  
On Pulkovo Meridian

Higher, higher to hill, higher to God, higher to live...

Night is falling  
Keep defending, keep on save the children of Motherland  
Night is falling  
Keep defending, keep on save the children of Motherland

In the night, in the cold  
Creeping shadows from my back  
On this type, hit the page  
And feel the blaze  
From my soul, to my hands  
In a nameless tale to write