

Mother Russia

Renaissance

Pays the price, works the seasons through
Frozen days, he thinks of you
Cold as ice but he burns for you
Mother Russia, can't you hear him too?

Mother's son, freedom's overdue
Lonely man, he thinks of you
He isn't done, only lives for you
Mother Russia, can't you hear him too?

Punished for his written thoughts
Starving for his fame
Working blindly, building blocks
Number for a name, his blood flows frozen to the snow

Red blood, white snow
He knows frozen rivers won't flow
So cold, so true
Mother Russia-he cries for you

Ooh ooh ...
Bah dah dah dah ...

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