

At the day of his coronation  
He sank down in deepest despair  
Hundreds of russians were dying  
By rapture, the sun and its glare  
After several years of waiting  
He came, the heir to the throne  
Their son was born as a bleeder  
His parents so sad and alone  
The tsarina felt what was coming  
A vision that darkened her soul  
The tsar was given a warning  
Intrigues so darkened and cold  
Destiny called, the empire fell  
The two-headed eagle that died  
Bullets of hate were erasing their lifes  
No prayer and nobody cried  
In their darkest hour the "staretz" appeared  
He saved Aleksej from death  
Rasputins' power, a dissolute life  
Sentenced to take his last breath  
The world was on war, drowning in flames  
Gasbombs, horror and death  
The reds brought on revolution  
He decided to take his discharge  
But they placed him under detention  
The red star, its idols should march  
The Romanows took up their cross  
The disaster was to foresee  
On the 16th July 1918  
They were slaughtered, a whole dynasty