

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