

Draconian Dream

Sex Gang Children

Ivan your people are calling you now
Mongolia certainly stayed true to the cause of Draconia
The death piper's tune is always played
Greetings friends and countrymen
This is a voice of solitude

The icons are dying in the halls of fame
No sacred space to choose
I am ready for this terrible fall
Peasant question has risen again
Now that our friend has left us for good

He told me that we could meet again
Feodorovna, Rodzianko
I am your fatal mistake
We are the white emigration
Sons of a sterile nation