

Tsar

Brainpain

At the day of his coronation
He sank down in deepest despair
Hundreds of russians were dying
By rapture, the sun and its glareAfter several years of waiting
 He came, the heir to the throne
 Their son was born as a bleeder
His parents so sad and aloneThe tsarina felt what was coming
 A vision that darkened her soul
 The tsar was given a warning
Intrigues so darkened and coldDestiny called, the empire fell
 The two-headed eagle that died
 Bullets of hate were erasing their lifes
No prayer and nobody criedIn their darkest hour the "starets" appeared
 He saved Aleksej from death
 Rasputins' power, a dissolute life
Sentenced to take his last breathThe world was on war, drowning in flames
 Gasbombs, horror and deathThe 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 crossThe desaster was to foresee
 On the 16th July 1918
They were slaughtered, a whole dynasty

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