Tsar

Running Wild

At the day of his coronation He sank down in deepest dispair 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 "staretz" appeared He saved Aleksej from death Rasputins' power, a dissolate 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

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They were slaughtered, a whole dynasty