

# Mother Russia

## Iron Maiden

Mother Russia how are you sleeping?  
Middle winter cold winds blow  
From the trees the snowflakes drifting  
Swirling round like ghosts in the snow  
Mother Russia poetry majestic  
Tells the time of a great empire  
Turning round the old man ponders  
Reminiscing an age gone by  
Mother Russia dance of the Tsars  
Hold up your heads and be proud of what you are  
Now it has come freedom at last  
Turning the tides of history and your past  
Mother Russia dance of the Tsars  
Hold up your heads and remember who you are  
Can you release the anger the grief?  
Can you be happy now your people are free?

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