Requiem to Innocence

Vicious Crusade

[Lyrics by Dmitry Basik]Somewhere, joyfully a-rolling with a didn't-come-true dream,
Aboard the paper ship a-sailing [with] drying out wishes stream,
Flying on the wings of melody of timid first slow dance,
Lives in mind's gloomy corner shadow of the Innocence.
It's the first strokes of red paint on the canvas then still white,
It's the images a-shaping into the alluring sight,
It's the touch to bud of rose that hasn't bloomed seducing grace,
It's the thrill of first temptation, fever of the first embrace.
[Chorus:]
(After the ball is over, after the break of morn,
After the dancers' leaving, after the stars are gone;)
Many a heart is aching, if you could read them all;
Many the hopes that have vanished, after the ball.
It's intoxicating flavor of the still forbidden fruit,
It's the childish glance that somehow turned to passionate and lewd,
It's the fingers stretched to fire, seeking warmth and burnt so soon,
It's the lullaby of hopes that started ringing out of tune.
It's not healing scars on veins left by first love gone for good,
It's the desperate silence screaming that was never understood.
It's the feelings, naked feelings - raped, abused and tread to dust,
It's the virginity you've lost just for the sake of being loved at last...
[Chorus.]

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