

Theodore's Song

Vicious Crusade

[Lyrics Dmitry Basik, Alex Vertel] In cold ground here I lay,
Here for hundreds years I stayed,
In black raven lived my soul,
And in streams my blood did flow.
I'm the warrior, I died
For the proud land of mine,
I'm the spirit of the past
Which my scions turned to dust...Oh, let my spirit rise!
Let it rise high to heaven.
Oh, let my spirit fly!
Let it fly free as raven!
Oh, let my spirit raise
Raise nation from its chains,
Oh, let my nation praise
Roots that it now disdains! And my children turned to slaves,
Born for glory - kept in caves,
Long forgotten is father's faith,
Outlandish yoke they praised!
Is that what we struggled for,
Gave our lives and shed our gore?
How that enslaved land I see
Calls itself mighty and free?! Wake me, wake me!
Raise me, raise me!
Free me, free me!
Can't you hear me?

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