

# The Volga's Veins

Hate

What founts of light are breaking forth  
Streaming up this winter sky?  
The night's hiding her silver crown  
What fires in thy cold bosom dwell?  
A glorious wonder to the Raven's eye

There's always silence above the Volga  
As corpses decorate her waves  
The silent stars over frozen graves  
Watch as darkness merges to her silhouette

On a frigid night cold blood flows  
In Volga's Veins  
In tribulation  
As silver meadows bear witness  
to the cannons' cry  
Through the frost lie corpses exposed

The Volga's vein  
Pulsating arrow of the land  
Blood-spangled face of Mother to the graveyards  
With birds of pray circling above the shallow tombs  
Charred birches drown in dust  
Frozen graves in thousand forms and thousand ways  
Stars severed down, the stretching  
blaze scorched the fields  
Hungry faces fed with bombs  
All dignity is raped  
Armies drown in icy waves their pride wrecked  
And burned behind  
Heard the priest with madness in his voice  
Choke out his decree  
In the fields of pandemonium

On blood soaked ground  
There's no land beyond the Volga  
And sadness above her restless head  
As fighting rages in her chest  
And Kremlin gives order to destroy  
At any cost

Blood red foam  
Foreys Volga's veins  
In conflagration  
As silver meadows bear witness to the cannons' cry  
Through the frost sleep corpses exposed  
the Volga's vein  
Pulsating arrow of the land  
Blood-spangled face of Mother to the graveyards  
With birds of pray circling above the shallow tombs

In tribulation  
Silver birches die  
Drowning in dust...