

# Renaissance, Mother Russia

Pays the price, works the seasons through  
Frozen days, he thinks of you  
Cold as ice but he burns for you  
Mother Russia, can't you hear him too?

Mother's son, freedom's overdue  
Lonely man, he thinks of you  
He isn't done, only lives for you  
Mother Russia, can't you hear him too?

Punished for his written thoughts  
Starving for his fame  
Working blindly, building blocks  
Number for a name, his blood flows frozen to the snow

Red blood, white snow  
He knows frozen rivers won't flow  
So cold, so true  
Mother Russia--he cries for you

Ooh ooh ...  
Bah dah dah dah ...

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