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Anthem

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THE RUSSIAN

No man, no madness,
though their sad power may prevail,
can possess, conquer, my country's heart,
they rise to fail.

She is eternal
long before nations' lines were drawn.
When no flags flew, when no armies stood,
my land was born.

And you ask me why I love her
through wars, death and despair.
She is the constant,
We who don't care.
And you wonder, will I leave her - but how?
I cross over borders but I'm still there now.

How can I leave her?
Where would I start?
Let man's petty nations tear themselves apart.
My land's only borders lie around my heart.