

The ballad of a former Russian child- Nelli Koroleva

When I was born, my melting face was turned towards the Motherland.
Your unending potential, your rising red star, your altruistic heroism

(we're heroes)

As a newborn I wriggled on my bloodied knees, craving your breast,
your sustenance.

With my dry famished throat I prayed

**Россия - священная наша держава,
Россия - любимая наша страна.**

See (it's no war)

Speak (it's no war)

Hear (it's no war)

NO EVIL

I long forgot these nonsensical words. They've completely ghosted in my mind.

I'm not satisfied

Not at all

My body burns with acidic starvation. but I'd rather let my mouth
pathetically whimper from hunger, than allow it to sing praises of pointless
deaths,

Motherland, oh motherland

Why must you kill your own sons?
(Kill your darlings)

You're no rising star (we're heroes)
You're a supernova (we're heroes)

Motherland, oh motherland

(A special military operation)