

Laurie Berkner

"Russian Murder Ballad"

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In the evening she kisses the earth
As she kneels down to pray
And her sorrow is all that is pure
As silence becomes language

He is a man bent on his rage
With a passion that burns him too close to the skin
A flame that ignites to a brilliant mistake
And his conscience is all that is left
There without stain.

I am Alyosha in a room full of souls
Give me your sorrow,
I'll give you my hope
Faith, love, longing and joy
And I'll be your angel with the face of a boy

The sins of the father run blood red with wine
"Grushenka my darling" the old man still cries
Brother you murdered your soul with your mind
Dissect all the parts to the whole
Where the whole leaves you blind.

And I am Alyosha in a room full of souls
Give me your sorrow I'll give you my joy
There is not one that heaven can't hold.
I'll be your angel (in earth colored clothes).

Who
By fate
Or fire's dim light,
Took from Karamazov,
The end of his life?

There
By the rope
Hangs the end of his curse
The son of a sensualist
By idiot's birth

