

## Robert Deeble

### "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

