

THE STORY OF IVAN'S COURAGE, LEADING A COUNTER-REVOLUTION.

A Prayer for the Future.

'You have been forgotten.

They're taking all your space.

Paint yourself in national colours, and we shall win the race!

I know that I am truly great, and so are you.

Time to act, to stand up now,

To your great tribe be true'.

The tears they ran down from her face.

En route t'wards her heart.

Just as her one and only son, told Mother he'd depart.

'I am not truly great, I know, but I love you'.

She could not speak, just cried more tears,

Was all that she could do.

Ivan, he packed up all his clothes

He dressed in uniform.

To fight for God's own country, to stop the spread of harm.

'I'll come back, Mother, that you know, 'cos I shall be all right,'

Was what he promised to his Mum,

But could her boy survive?

Of course the ego-maniac,

He kept himself so safe,

Kept his distance, so no real germs, could land upon his face.

'I cannot suffer any harm,'

The liar he repeated.

'I must stand strong, and wave the flag, so we are not defeated'.

But just as mothers' heart were torn,
They could not sleep at night.
Ivan, he had epiphany, he knew he had to fight.
But not against the enemy, they were, in truth, his friends.
The gun it had to point back home,
And so to make amends.

That night he plotted with his friends, to make their country free,
To end the foul dictatorship, to make his people see.
The truth behind that lying man, to liberate the poor,
And so the plot, it ended all the evil that was there,
So now we have a new-born cub, a rugged Russian bear.
And all is free and beautiful, 'cos Ivan was not scared.