

# Vicious Crusade, Polka

(Lyrics by Dmitry Basik)

Look at me decrepit old man,  
Bent by hundred years weight,  
Beaten many times by whims of fate.  
>From the dawn until the sunset  
Worked like dog for daily bread -  
Crust and water were all that I had!

And I am hey-hough child of this land.  
And I will hey-hough live here all my life.  
And I am hey-hough child of this land.  
And I will hey-hough live here till I die!

Greedy priests and cruel landlords  
Tried to make me knuckle down,  
Tried to bend me to the cold ground.  
But I still stand though bent by years  
Like I've been standing all my life -  
Proud child I am still alive!  
They tried to make me knuckle down,  
They tried to bend me to the ground,  
They beat and chased me all my life,  
But I'm still standing still alive!