



A Righteous Peace,

a war opera

**Introduction,
synopsis
&
lyrics**

Introduction

Why This Opera?

On February 24, 2025, it will have been three years since Russia began its war of aggression against Ukraine. Many claim this war has begun in 2014, when Crimea was occupied. It is the greatest geopolitical drama on the European continent since World War II. Yet, its profound impact still seems underrated by many, including leading politicians in The Hague and other European capitals.

My opera is intended as an attempt to use music to urge people to reflect on the fact that we are living in a decisive era in European history. We face a choice: either Europe succeeds in becoming a geopolitical player that asserts and maintains its right to exist, or it becomes a plaything in the hands of stronger - and destructive - forces.

The lyrics of the opera were completed on January 12, 2025, so before Trump began his second term in the White House. The unchained and raucous American neo-fascism that has been unleashed upon the world by Trump since, and the weak response from European capitals, show that the metaphor of former NATO Secretary-General Jaap de Hoop Scheffer - in 1989, we have poured ourselves a glass of white wine and continued to enjoy our life on the beach- remains an apt characterization. In 2022, we not only remained on the beach, we ordered ourselves more wine, albeit with the acknowledgment that it is good to drink in moderation!

We could have used the past three years to develop a stronger European leadership, backed by a clear democratic mandate. We could have worked out a joint defense policy, formed a European defense force, and structurally arranged its financing at the European level. In short, we could have given Europe as a peace project a new inspiration—one that also resonates with generations who have not received firsthand stories about World War II. We have done none of this.

After the bizarre weeks we just witnessed, one thing is clear: with Trump in the White House, America is no longer a reliable ally. Whether it will ever become a reliable (and that means: predictable) ally again is highly uncertain. So Europe faces an existential choice.

The Origin of the work

The idea for this opera originated from a chance discovery: the AI app Suno.

I came across it when I wanted to add music to a farewell song for a colleague. The possibilities of the program surprised me so much that I decided to explore it further. During the past Christmas period, I wrote a story intended and used as a Christmas greeting for friends and acquaintances. That story became the starting point of this opera. Traces of it can especially be found in the third act. The core idea is that when earthly powers fail to halt evil, divine intervention could offer a way out. From that concept, the rest of the work grew, closely tied to the history of the Ukraine conflict.

When composing, I faced a limitation: I have no formal musical training. However, I am quite well-versed in the world of opera (from Monteverdi to Britten) and art songs. My starting point was therefore narrative: the story, the 35 song lyrics I wrote, guided the choice of

musical styles and generations of compositions. I have attempted to bring coherence to the work in several ways. I mention:

1. Moods and Genres

The opera has three main atmospheres:

- Rock, spiced up wit post-punk and industrial add-ons, as the foundation for the war scenes and the dynamism around Zelensky, whom I portray in the first act as a rocker, but who, in the course of events, proves quite adept at expressing himself in the more jazzy styles of international politics and diplomacy.
- Jazz in various forms for the political scenes and diplomatic interactions.
- Orchestral and hybrid music, particularly in the third act, where the cosmic intervention takes shape.

I have spiced up Putin's contributions, especially the two songs in the first act, with diminished (seventh) chords. This seemed apt to paint this 'diabolus in musica'. (In the third act, I have given him more humane traits, but these appear in context of a realm of dreams.)

2. Harmonic Cohesion

I have strived to make transitions between pieces as natural as possible unless dramatic tension required dissonant modulations. Where possible, the key in which a piece ends connects to the key of the next piece. However, I have not been too strict with this: especially in the second act, I simply relied on my ear.

3. Content and Stylistic Consistency

The following elements have been consciously used to create connection:

- References to the UN Charter in various places (the Charter Song, Zelensky's insistence on intervention with Xi, inclusion of the prohibition on violence in the text, Zelensky's exposition of his phone call with Trump, Irina's reflection on Putin's crimes).
- Eastern Orthodox choral style for three moments of reflection (nrs 9, 13 and 26).
- African flavour for the plea of an African leader (nr. 14)
- Chinese harmonies for Xi's parts (nrs. 16 and 18)
- Key phrases ("a righteous peace" in the concluding lines of nrs. 17 and 27 and 33), "too little, too late" connecting nr. 24 with 25, and the repeat of the first paragraph "this is how it ends ..." in nrs. 34 and 35).
- Putin and Irina have been upgraded to personas in Suno, allowing the same voice and style to be used for different lyrics. (Suno does not offer an option to select specific voice types, making it difficult to maintain a consistent vocal identity across different styles.)

I did not venture into using digital audio workstations (DAWs) like GarageBand because that would mean the opera could no longer be distributed via the Suno platform - something I wanted to avoid.

Copyright Aspects

The Text

The lyrics are all written by me, except for the quotes from the UN resolution in No. 9 and from the UN Charter in No. 17, and the first verse in No. 13. This verse is a Ukrainian translation of the beginning of the song Христос воскрес (Khristos voskres), Op. 26 No. 6 by Rachmaninoff. This song refers to the traditional Easter greeting in the Eastern Orthodox church. As such, its context is the Cristian passion story, the mother of all tales of Divine intervention. Rachmaninoff's version contains irony - if the Lord were truly to rise and see the mess you have made, he would break into tears - and should be sung in all Russian churches every Sunday as long as the war lasts.

The images

The painting of Putin (2) is a gift from a friend, Marijke Trossel, a paintress in Haarlem. All the other images have been created with the app Graphite. They are in part reworkings of photographs from right-free sources, mostly official government sites (Ukraine official website of the President, US Library of Congress, etc. For the rest, they are edits of AI (ChatGPT) generated images.

The Music

The legal status of AI-generated music is a relevant but largely unexplored area. According to the current state of U.S. law, purely AI-generated music cannot be copyrighted. A more pertinent question is whether AI compositions can infringe on existing copyrights. The general principle is that AI-generated content is a statistical mix of countless input sources, making it impossible (or at least difficult) to directly trace it to a specific work. This seems reasonable for instrumental music, provided the AI has been sufficiently broadly trained.

Vocal music presents more complications. Would one recognize a particular singing style or phrasing as belonging to an existing work? What if two highly distinctive elements of famous singing voices were combined via AI - say, Louis Armstrong's rasp with Sinatra's crooning technique? This presents an interesting challenge for an intellectual property judge. For now, my own assessment is that my opera does not infringe on the rights of others. However, it cannot be ruled out that some AI-generated elements may be traceable to copyrighted sources.

I am aware of the ongoing lawsuits in the U.S., and their outcome will likely be decisive for how AI music is treated legally in the future. For anyone who feels disadvantaged by this work, I emphasize that this opera is not a commercial project. I earn nothing from it and ask for understanding regarding any recognizable elements. The goal is not exploitation but awareness.

To conclude

This opera is a musical and dramatic attempt to highlight a crucial issue of our time. Geopolitical reality is changing rapidly, and Europe must find its role. The question is no longer whether we must become more independent - that choice has already been taken from us. The question we face is how we will shape that independence. Ukraine's tragedy is far from over. The events of the past month alone could fill a fourth act (Betrayal could be a working title).

I have endeavoured to use humor to bring light to an essentially dark subject matter. I hope this opera makes people think and, from time to time, smile. I hope signs of approval and satisfaction will lead to listeners sharing it with others.

LAST BUT NOT LEAST: giving 👍 in Suno helps to spread the message since it will keep the opera visible on their home page.

February 24, 2024

Antoon Schotman

synopsis

Act 1

Putin introduces himself and outlines his world vision. Macron visits him and tries to persuade him to pursue a diplomatic solution. Putin remains adamant and announces a “special military operation.” War begins. The Americans offer to evacuate Zelensky to safety. Zelensky refuses: “I need ammo, not a ride.” He states that not only Ukraine's but Europe's future is at stake. Rutte offers helmets and vests. The Russian advance stalls at Kyiv. They get stuck in the mud and are decimated from the surrounding forests. Scholz sees the profound political consequences of the war: “Zeitenwende.” In Warsaw, Biden emphasizes Western unity and calls for commitment: “This man cannot stay in power.” The UN condemns Russian aggression. Putin ignores the resolution, leading to massacres such as in Bucha. The battle for the Azovstal steel plant is lost. After weeks of starvation and hopelessness, the remaining Ukrainian soldiers surrender.

Act 2

The Ukrainian branch of the Eastern Orthodox church voices dissatisfaction with the support the Russian branch gives to the war. Russia blocks the export of Ukrainian grain to Africa. African leaders fear famine and demand to lift the blockade. Life in Kyiv continues, in part in shelters. Even there, new love can blossom. Xi Jinping must balance his public loyalty to Putin with the UN Charter's prohibition of violence. Zelensky addresses him. Xi chooses power over justice. Zelensky: “You cannot serve both truth and lie.” Zelensky's communication with Von der Leyen is a light-footed alternative to this hard-nail diplomacy. But where are the

jets? Zelensky reports to his cabinet about a phone conversation with Trump. A reporter gives an overview of the history of the western support to date. Trump claims he will end the war in 24 hours. The act concludes with a message from Zelensky to the alliance and an exposé of the current state of affairs.

Act 3

This final act leaves reality and enters a realm of dreams. Putin sits in his study. He is overcome by a sense of gloom. Irina, his muse, reflects on him, the war, and the immense human suffering caused by his imperial vision. She reveals that she is not just his muse but also a messenger from his creator. She calls on Putin to repent and announces that Putin will stand trial before a Celestial court, composed of the most righteous and morally elevated figures in human history. Putin replies that Irina and her masters do not understand political reality. “History is not written in prayers, It is written in blood.” Scholars and philosophers may judge him, but he will not kneel.

The voice of Navalny can be heard:

“There is a place fit and proper for you.”

The court considers the case and announces the outcome of its deliberation: “the severity of this case, leaves us only one solution. The ultimate retribution.”

Putin's muses about his achievements and seeks comfort in champagne. It turns out to be his last drink. Irina's muses about her fate and sees problems of her own that could require some more Divine intervention.

Contents

1. Prelude
2. I've built a fortress high and wide (Putin)
3. Dear Vlad, give me a break (Macron)
4. For eight long years, Donbass cries ignored (Putin)
5. I need ammo, not a ride (Zelensky)
6. Helmets song (Rutte)
7. The Battle of Kyiv
8. Ein Wendepunkt in unsere Zeit (Scholz)
9. UN Charter song
10. My god, this man cannot stay in power (Biden)
11. In Bucha town (survivors)
12. Azovstal (A Ukrainian soldier)
13. Azovstal (An anonymous spectator)
14. No war can be conducted in God's name
15. Grain song (African leader)
16. Subway love
17. I tread the path of ancient ways (Xi)
18. Your words of balance (Zelensky)
19. I hear your cries, your heavy heart (Xi)
20. You speak of peace (Zelensky)
21. Dear Ursula (Zelensky, Von der Leyen)
22. Wings for freedom (Zelensky)
23. All about justice (Zelensky)
24. The art of the deal (Trump)
25. Too little, too late
26. EU/NATO campfire song (Zelensky)
27. This is where we stand
28. These are heavy times (Putin)
29. I saw him there (Irina)
30. Vladimir, the fire you see in my eyes (Irina)
31. You speak of judgement, Irina (Putin)
32. Ah Vladimir, I see you're in distress (Navalny)
33. The court considers
34. The verdict
35. Putin's last words
36. So this is how it ends (Irina)

2. I've built a fortress high and wide (Putin)

I've built a fortress high and wide,
A dream of power that never dies,
Yet in my soul, shadows abide,
A whispered doubt I can't deny.

The world I see, it bends to might,
A chessboard, nations move as I decree,
But clouds are gathering, dimming my light,
my empire's not as it should be!

The Soviet Union disappeared
Through treaties trampled, we're betrayed!
My actions, clever as they tend to be
Will put an end to this dismay

The imperial vision is my strife
I will bring Yalta back to life
Eliminate the flies that disagree
Through open windows, as you see

I am loved, I am feared,
it all blends in, my career is geared
to beat the west In a shattering win
My enemies fall, and I will go on fighting,
till the west is won

The imperial vision is my strife
I will bring Yalta back to life
I chase the flies that disagree
Through open windows as you see

I have to save my empire from the dirt!
Each choice, each movement may backfire,
It's a GRAND legacy I aspire,
In the end, that's power's worth!

3. Dear Vlad, give me a break (Macron)

I called you, hoping that reason remains,
A thread of diplomacy, your vest without stains
The world needs a co-operative attitude
The problems to solve have magnitude

You talk of betrayal, you talk of your strife
Your follow-up could cost millions of lives
Your concepts are outmoded, don't you see
Napoleon's worldview, so it seems to me

So dear Vlad, give me a break,
I think you're making a grave mistake

The tales of betrayal, you know they're not true
History will judge and won't be kind to you

You dream of an empire, you put up a fight
But power means nothing when justice has
died

You call this your duty, a nation betrayed,
Remember the Charter! Do not tempt fate!

Dear Vlad, give me a break,
I think you are making a grave mistake.
The tales of betrayal, you know they're not true
History will judge and won't be kind to you

Your march will fail, the tide will turn,
And all that remains is the lesson you'll learn!

4. For eight long years, Donbass cries ignored (Putin)

For eight long years, Donbass cries ignored,
A genocide claimed, their lives implored.
We rise to shield, with no hesitation,
That's why we have decided to commence a
special military operation.

From Kiev's heart, the threats now grow,
Our borders tremble, their intent we know.
For Russia's peace, this obligation,
That's why we have decided to commence a
special military operation.

No occupation, no unjust strife,
We seek no land, just to safeguard life.
To bring the truth to every nation,
That's why we have decided to commence a
special military operation.

5. I need ammo, not a ride (Zelensky)

The winds of war are howling loud,
A storm that's torn our peaceful skies.
But we stand firm, we stand unbowed,
Our land, our hearts, no compromise.
I need ammo, not a ride,
For this is ours, we'll never hide.
The invader's march, we'll turn aside,
I need ammo, not a ride.
They thought we'd break,
they'd thought I'd flee,
But here we fight, as you will see
To prevail in battle is in my care

So I'm not going anywhere.

The cities burn, the sky is black,
We will stand firm, we will fight back.
We'll hold the line, we'll face the night,
In unity, we'll win this fight.

I will not shake Putins bloody hands
This crooked destroyer of our lands

I need ammo, not a ride,
this land is ours, I'll never hide.
The invader's march, we'll turn aside,
I need ammo, not a ride.

This war's not just about Ukraine
The fate of Europe's on the line
ou're all in with us, don't you see
If Europe wants to remain free!

6. Helmets song (Rutte)

Dear Volodymir, Mark Rutte here
We still have got some helmets and other gear
We'll ship them now, they're on their way
But bullets and bombs? Well, not today.
we'll add some plates, to block the fire,
Two robots wired - can also be hired
Radars to spot where trouble brews,
And a sniper's rifle (with limited use).

I respectfully think this may do for today
We've got you covered, come what may!
But tanks and jets we cannot yet provide,
Biden explained: some prudence is
required

You know we stand with you
Your cause is ours
So ii'll get back to you
In due course

7. The Battle of Kyiv

Russian Soldiers

Steel and might, a wall of death,
Kyiv will fall, the road is set.

Ukrainian Soldiers

From the bushes all around,
You can hear the sound

of our armour on the ground.
Through the night we ride,
like living hell we fight.
From the forests,
above the mud,
they grind to a halt.
Their steel stands still,
our troops can kill.
It's their grinding halt
in Ukraine's winter cold
No food, no dope,
no fuel, no hope.

Our cause is just,
our fight inspired
by the nation's trust
and her desires.

8. Ein Wendepunkt in unsere Zeit (Scholz)

Ein Wendepunkt in unsre Zeit,
Ein Krieg entfaltet sich
Die Russen sind nicht weit
Ein Verteidigungsfonds von großer Macht
Die Bundeswehr erhält neue Macht
Die Öl ist gerade ausverkauft!
und man weiss doch nie wie lange
die Krieg noch läuft
Für die Ukraine, Hilfe in Waffen und Tat,
Dass isst doch wohl das mindeste
Wass ich zu tun hat
Die Welt verändert sich, eine neue Norm,
Dies ist meine, Und jetzt auch deine
kleine und feine (sonst gibt es docht keine)
Zeitenwende-Reform.
Neue Norm, Neue Norm
Zeitenwende Reform

9. UN Charter song

The United Nations
Reaffirms its commitment to the sovereignty,
independence, unity and
territorial integrity of Ukraine within its
internationally recognized borders,
extending to its territorial waters
Deplores in the strongest terms the aggression
by the Russian Federation
against Ukraine in violation of Article 2 (4) of
the Charter
Demands that the Russian Federation
immediately cease its use of force

against Ukraine and to refrain from any further unlawful threat or use of force against any Member State

Also demands that the Russian Federation immediately, completely and unconditionally withdraw all of its military forces from the territory of Ukraine within its internationally recognized borders

10. My God, this man cannot stay in power (Biden)

In the raging conflict's rising storm,
There's a show of unity to perform.
I call to our nations, to me and to you,
To come together and fight for truth.

The case is grave, the world's unsafe,
The situation worsens by the hour.
My God, this man, cannot stay in power.

From Warsaw's heart, the message clear,
We fight for those that we hold dear.
A line is drawn, we won't give way,
The cost of peace, we're glad to pay.

The case is grave, the world's unsafe,
The situation worsens by the hour.
My God, this man, cannot stay in power.

The bonds of nations stronger still,
Through courage, we defy Putin's will.
No matter how the conflict may evolve,
Fighting tyranny
Gaining victory
Whatever it takes
Is our resolve

With every heart, with every hand,
Together now, the western nations stand.
In darkest nights, we join our aims,
To beat the shit out of Putins claims

11. In Bucha town (survivors)

In Bucha town the people roam, between the ruins they called their home
500 loved ones, now out of sight
the perpetrators, they denied

I search my partner and my son
They've not been seen by anyone

Followed paths without a trail,
checked bodybags to no avail

Through streets of Bucha flow the tears
The world has eyes, the guilt is clear
the blatant lies can't wash away
God sets it straight on judgement day

I call for justice, call for truth
Putin's demise would do me good
My battered soul now craves for peace
Justice done is my release

Why these murders? Why this violence?
Why his hate?
Ukraine's burden Our defiance,
Every day!

Through streets of Bucha flow the tears
The world has eyes, the guilt is clear
The blatant lies can't wash away
God sets it straight on judgement day!

12. Azovstal (A Ukrainian soldier)

We have been under siege here
for many a week
Food and fuel running out, solutions we seek
Can't Nato send us a shipload marines
Why should we be hiding under machines

We'd rather die than live in chains
Our honor's forged through fire and pains
Together we stand, steel walls defend
To Russia's grip, we'll never bend!

Russians seek to dismantle our plant
They want our steel to transport to their land
They steal all the hardware they come across
They're thieves and looters with a criminal boss

Food and ammo, Courage and beer
This is Azov and we remain here!

To shoot the holes in Putin's throne
We've started to produce a type of drones
Invented by compatriots for this occasion
We all play our part in defending the nation

We'd rather die than live in chains,
Our honor's forged through fire and pains
Together we stand, steel walls defend!

To Russia's grip, we'll never bend!

12a Azovstal (anonymous spectator)

Exhausted they gave up the fight
No fuel, no ammo, no food, no fright
Its Russia that's taking them away
Can we trust their lives are saved?

We watched from afar, helpless and still,
The factory echoes, the air turns chill
Their voices called, a haunting refrain,
Bound by love, they endure the pain

We were once brothers
So we've been taught
Now lives of others
For Russians means naught

Act 2

13. No war can be conducted in God's name

Khrystos voskres (Christ is risen)
spivaiut u khrami (they sing in church)
tak sumno meni (but I feel sad)
dusha movchyt (the soul is silent)
Svit spovnenyi krov'iu i sl'ozamy
(the world is filled with blood and tears)
Ai tsei himn pered viftariamy
(and this hymn before the altars)
tak obrazlyvo zvuchyt (sounds so offensive)

O Lord, we stand in Thy light,
As one in Thy holy name!
Guided by Thy sacred might,
We walk the path of truth and fame!

How can this war by Christians be condoned?
The Russian brother church is worn!
It takes a lifetime for Kirill to atone!
Our trust in his Russian branch has gone

We chose this path, it's our reaction
To mortal sins, sanguine and grave.
The undivided Church a recollection
No war can be conducted in Gods name!
We chose this path, it's our reaction
To Putin's ins, sanguine and grave
The Russian brotherhood a recollection
No war can be conducted in Gods name!

14. Grain song (African leader)

The world watches
Africa is starving
Isn't the war by itself lethal enough?

Our lands are dry, our children weak
The war you fight leaves much to be desired
I want to feed my people,
It is grain that I require
Africa's future is swept away

Open the silo's, unlock the grain,
End the greed, end the pain.
Lives are lost here every day,
Either stop the war, or find the way

Leaders of power, the world looks to you
Your pride and weapons won't help us through
The seeds we plant are crushed by your hate
Do not let starvation seal our fate

Africa's children cry for bread
with continued blockade they're all be dead
Collateral damage the law does not allow
Putin, stop this nonsense now

15. Subway love (Ukrainian citizens)

I saw the sky fall down in flame,
The moment I cried out her name
A thousand voices, yet none remain
Just silence now, and endless pain

I watched him leave, his heart so brave
His March found an end in a soldier's grave
The love we shared now fades to dust
A broken heart, living on I must

When bombs rain down on Kiev's heart,
we sit here together, both torn apart
We've lost it all, but keep our stand
Two fractured souls, talking hand in hand.

I see your face, and feel the ache,
A fragile bond begins to wake.
A spark of hope, where hearts are torn,
A spark of life, where love is born?

Your words are soft, they find my heart,
When everything has come apart.
Amidst the wreckage, you reach for me,

A light that burns through tragedy

The world above may tear and fall
But here we're safe beneath it all
The whispered tears, your voice brings calm
A fleeting love, a healing balm!

16. I tread the path of ancient ways (Xi)

I tread the path of ancient ways,
Where balance binds and truth obeys
I see the flames in Europe's skies,
the screams of pain, the mothers' cries

But bonds with Moscow hold me near
To speak too loud would rouse their fear

A sovereign path,
that I must protect,
through careful words,
not raw neglect

17. Your words of balance weigh like chains (Zelensky)

Your words of balance weigh like chains,
while rivers run with blood and pain
The charter speaks, its truth is clear,
no nation bows to rule by fear
I'm ready and willing to help you recall,
by reading you the provision in full:

All Members shall settle their international disputes by peaceful means in such a manner that international peace and security, and justice, are not endangered.

All Members shall refrain in their international relations from the threat or use of force against the territorial integrity or political independence of any state, or in any other manner inconsistent with the Purposes of the United Nations

Your voice could turn the tides of fate,
before the hour becomes too late
A giant's whisper is like a lion's roar
Will you wait, as silent as our graves,
while rivers swell and break the shore,
or ride the wind, break the waves,
and turn the tide to peace once more?

Oh, speak with courage, stop the sleaze,
and lead the world to a righteous peace!

18. I hear your cries, your heavy heart (Xi)

I hear your cries, your heavy heart,
a nation's soul, torn apart
Yet China's point, I'll make it clear:
our bonds are sacred, even here
My peace plan will relief a tired nation!
It has 10 points, as Moses' plan did too
It may not cause a grand sensation,
although, you'll never know,
American presidents come and go!
It may not cause a grand sensation,
but Moses' plan did neither, ain't that true?

19. You speak of peace (Zelensky)

You speak of peace, but where's your fight,
for what is just, for what is right?
A tyrant's game, a sovereign's cry,
you cannot serve both truth and lie

The charter stands, its words endure,
a bond of freedom, strong and pure
As a permanent member, so it seems to me,
you should think of your place in history!

20. Dear Ursula (Zelensky, Von der Leyen)

Zelensky

Dear Ursula, Europe's union is a cart,
With frogs that leap in every part
Some croak "too soon," some croak simply
"nay"
Strategic thinking's not their way!

Dear Ursula, please, as I have told,
our energy malfunctions, my people are cold
We can't afford this pettyness luxury!
Full membership is needed, can't you see?

Von der Leyen

Dear Volodymir, above all it is your charm
that makes us help to keep your people warm
Dear Volodimir, don't let despair erupt!
Before long, they'll let you join the club

Zelensky

Dear Ursula, your words inspire!
You fan the flames of a smoldering fire
Dear Ursula, your touch, your sway,
makes me long to meet another day

Von der Leyen

Through winter's chill, through skies so gray,
we'll stand united, come what may!
My dearest friend, our paths align,
we'll meet some day in a union divine!

The winter's cold, the sky is grey,
and we'll unite another day
Dear Volodymir, your courage shines,
and Brussels glows when you're in my confines

Zelensky

One more day - what harm could it do?
Stay with me, my aim is true.

21. Wings for freedom (Zelensky)

Beneath the skies, where shadows loom,
Our cities fall, a daily doom
Our desire grows, every day we fight,
for wings that help us through the night

This pilots' helm, is a symbol worn,
by kings of air, through battles borne
Each flight a shield, each breath a vow,
to guard our land, we ask you now:

Wings for freedom, a call we chant:
Give us wings to protect our land!
Through fire and storm, we'll guard the sky,
for freedom's sake, though many die.

Without their wings, birds don't fly
We need them now, more than ever
We have predators in our skies
Together we rise, against despair,
To claim the skies, our answer there

So hear this plea, from hearts of flame
Let courage triumph, end the shame!
On wings of justice, bold and true,
we'll rise united, me and you

Wings for freedom, a call we chant:
Give us wings to protect our land:

22. All about justice (Zelensky)

I had Trump on the phone
about the art of the deal
He proposed to give up land,
it didn't seem real
He said, "Give me something,
something to release! I don't care what it is,
your people want peace"

I didn't give him what he sought,
I don't trade in this land for which we fought
Our souls are ours and not for sale
I tried to explain the Charter, but to no avail

"Tell me what to say,"
he begged time and over again
The Donbass is a shithole,
can't you trade that in?
And the Krim is full of Russians,
you could give that away!
If you keep on fighting
you might lose some day

I told him this ain't about a deal fast made
It's all about justice and not about trade
We'll fight for what is right,
the Charter can't be bent
We would like some support from you my
president!

He boasted about Putin "I call him everyday
It talks somewhat rough, but really he's okay
I asked Trump if he'd buy anything, hey tell
Trump! Trump said:
"I asked about the Krim,
but Putin wouldn't sell."

I told Trump this ain't about a deal fast made,
It's all about justice, and not about trade
We'll fight for what is right,
the Charter can't be bent
We would like some support from you my
president!!!

The world looks on, but doesn't see,
The price of freedom is higher than this.
We want peace, but not by bending,
Our future, our people, we'll keep defending.

23. The art of the deal (Trump)

I'll make the deal, in twenty-four hours,
Russia's at the table, and they feel my power
A great negotiator, you'll see it's true
I'll fix the world, yes, I'll pull through

No one does it better, no one's more wise
Deals are made in the blink of my eyes
Putin's my friend, he's strong and smart
We'll get it done, we each play our part

We talked on the phone,
even after I was gone
The bond with Putin is still holding on
He knows I'm smart and he understands:
If he blows it up,
he might lose the conquered lands

A strong relationship is a key to a win,
I want a deal with Russia, now let us begin

No one does it better, no one's more wise
Deals are made in the blink of my eyes
Putin's my friend, he's strong and smart
We'll get it done, we each play our part

You asked about Zelensky,
we just made a call
He understands the situation
better than you all
If moneys running out, Ukraine may lose
You tell me wat else there isfor him
to choose.

24. Too little, too late (CNN)

From the middle of twenty-two,
the promises took flight
The West sent aid and weapons,
to back the freedom fight
Leopards and Abrams rolling,
Russian soldiers pay the price
But capped by range restrictions,
the aid would not suffice

Generals spoke of valor,
of aid in righteous tone
Yet on the front, they're waiting,
The battle fought alone
The tanks are strong and ready,
but kept within their range

Russian troops kept coming,
It was time for a change

Three hundred kilometers,
the line they dared not cross
Fearing escalation,
they balanced gain and loss
Pilots in training,
but jets far from provided
Time has ticked on,
the war has not subsided

The USA 's now saying:
"We allow you wider range
But we're fed up with giving dollars,
it's time for a change"

The world looks on in silence,
with anxious eyes they stare
How long can hope keep burning,
when promises hang bare?

Three hundred kilometers,
the line can now be crossed
Does Ukraine have the stamina,
to have their coins be tossed
once again, go full in, and fight another year?
Too little, too late,
he complaints now fill the air

25 EU/NATO campfire song (Zelensky)

You send your words across the air,
Promises made with a statesman's flair.
But words alone don't shield the pain,
My people freeze in the cold and rain.

Too little, too late, my friends, I see,
You don't want war, but what about me?
Your armor stands in dusty rows,
While my homeland burns
and the sorrow grows.
Scholz and Biden say the same,
"We must be cautious with Putin's games"
But cautious steps are slow to run,
And promises fade before we've won

Too little, too late, my friends, I see,
You don't want war, but what about me?
Your armor stands in dusty rows,
While my homeland burns
and the sorrow grows.

These NATO friends, try to cheer me up
But won't let me join their tennis club.
Well, I love to dine with that Brussels dame,
The one with a speech and a famous name

Too little, too late, my friends, I see,
You don't want war, but what about me?
Your armor stands in dusty rows,
While my homeland burns and the sorrow
grows

So I sing to you, with my old guitar,
From a land that burns, from a place afar
Let the fire you see be more than glow,
For history remembers those who show

26. This is where we stand (a report)

This is where we stand:

In Ukraine

seventy thousand soldiers killed
double that number wounded
15.000 civilians blood was spilled
hundreds of children missing
Six million abroad, many more displaced
Energy infrastructure shattered,
houses destroyed, talent gone to waste
And an economy completely tattered
A rain of bombs and drones without end
Four hundred billion, the cost to mend,
Bridges broken, cities scarred,
A future uncertain, grave and hard.

In Russia

Navalny dead, the opposition fled,
Some 1500 put for years behind bars
A nation hollowed, silenced, in fear
Wishing, in silence, his end would be near

Act 3

27. These are heavy times (Putin)

These are heavy times, where shadows thrive
Friends turn to foes, my trust did not survive
The people call for strength, the world calls for
my fall A lone warrior I stand,
betrayed by almost all
I see my economy overheating
Inflation soaring, getting worse
Advisers speak lightly; I think they're cheating

People start to feel the effects in their purse

Returns from the export of my oil
Are expected to fall in sharp decline
Once Trump starts fracking American soil
Which he intends, so he announced online

The West seeks my end,
their voices grow loud,
Yet I guard my people,
my empire and my clout.
Must I bow to my enemies,
abandon this fight?
I defend our soul, our truth, our light!
Almighty, they call me, a tsar of steel,
But this crown weighs heavier
than people think I feel

Every choice a sacrifice
none are near who sympathize
Trump understands this
when he talks about a deal

The voices of the dead,
each day are louder heard, and
My pride's no more my shield,
my sword's become a burden

How can I save my face
with a righteous peace?

28. I saw him there (Irina)

I saw him there, a man with an iron face
But behind that mask, a shaky tower
A king trapped in his own disgrace
A loner, addicted to perverted power

He put it to use,
as the world has come to know
By breaking the Charter,
the rules of our game
His imperial dream
has become a horror show
God did not grant him mandate
to kill in His name

Mass graves in Butcha,
Mariupol destroyed
Children deported,
dirty weapons deployed

Well, I need not go on
The crimes are many,
his excuses none

God has sent me, not to judge,
But to bring light where darkness reigns
I saw his contemplation behind his grudge
Will his pride be amongst the mortal remains?

29. Vladimir, the fire you see in my eyes (Irina)

Vladimir, the fire you see in my eyes
is not just reflection, it is revelation.
I am no mere muse, no fleeting spirit in the
shadows of your war-torn throne.
I am a messenger. A voice sent by the Creator
to pierce your armor of pride and fear.
The heavens have watched, Vladimir.
They have counted every mother's cry,
every child's last breath,
every city reduced to ashes.
And the heavens have spoken:
there will be a Celestial Judgment.
Not by men, not by nations, but by the eternal
council of wisdom and justice.
I will tell you who are on the bench:
Socrates, the questioner of souls.
Marcus Aurelius, the wise ruler.
Thomas Aquinas, the voice of divine reason.
Leonardo da Vinci, the universal creator.
Spinoza, who paved the way for democratic
rule.
Albert Einstein, the mind that unraveled
nature's mysteries.
Mahatma Gandhi, the advocate of peace.
Nelson Mandela, who dismantled apartheid by
the strength of his personality.
Martin Luther King Jr, the dreamer
who spoke for the voiceless.
These souls will convene, Vladimir.
They will weigh your actions, your choices,
your legacy.
And they will decide,
not whether you were powerful,
not whether you were feared,
but whether you were just and righteous.
Prepare yourself, Vladimir.
For nothing can shield you
from the truth that awaits you.

30. You speak of judgement, Irina (Putin)

You speak of judgment, Irina.
Of councils and philosophers and dreamers.
But none of them have sat in this chair.
None of them have felt the weight of a nation
on their shoulders,
the cold steel of betrayal at their throat.

The world is no Kindergarten:
alliances crumble,
enemies circle like wolves in the night.
The world is not a choir of angels,
it is a pit of serpents,
and only the strongest survive.
My actions saved Russia.
My choices shielded our people from chaos,
from decay,
from Western arrogance and greed.
Yes, there were sacrifices.
Yes, there was suffering.
But war demands tribute.
History is not written in prayers;
it is written in blood.
And now you ask me to bow?
To admit defeat?
To lay down my sword and confess my sins?
Confess? Like a penitent child before your
tribunal of saints and scholars?
No way!
If I do that, Irina, if I admit I was wrong,
what remains of me? What is left of the man
they call Vladimir Vladimirovich?
Nothing but a shadow.
Nothing but a whisper in forgotten halls.
You don't understand, Irina.
The world is not a battle
between good and evil, light and dark.
It's a maze of power, of survival,
of decisions made in the dead of night.
And now you ask me to stand still,
to await judgment?
Then let them come, Irina.
Let them judge me, but know this:
whatever they decide, I will not kneel.

31. Ah, Vladimir, I see you're in distress (Navalny)

Ah, Vladimir, I see you're in distress?
A holiday would do you good, I guess
But a journey to any decent holiday nation

Will lead to your incarceration

However, there' s a place
somewhat further away
Quite fit and proper for a longer stay
To prepare yourself for this final ride
Read Dante,
he wrote an excellent travel guide

The same sweet drink you poured for me,
might bring you there, you might just see
And, dear Vladimir, 't is so true
This is a place fit, and proper, for you

For, as Tusk once said, and he knows you well
There's a special place for him in hell

32. The court considers

The court considers
A man who does not master himself is a slave
to his passions.
His pride, his fear,
they have turned him into a tyrant.
The division he has caused
is an assault on humanity.
No political philosophy can justify
that which violates justice.
God gave him power as a test, not as a right.
But instead of love and righteousness,
he has spread hatred and chaos.
Compassion has been absent.
A true ruler builds. But he has only destroyed.
The beauty of a city like Mariupol is gone
forever.
Power without beauty and harmony is empty.
He leads the largest country in the world and
has turned it into a gas station.
Leadership has turned into clumsy greed.
Where there are no roots, there is chaos.
He has uprooted not only the world
but himself.
Without an inner anchor, he will not change.
Love is the answer.
Even for someone like him.
But he is incapable of love.
The judgment is clear.

33. The verdict

We have heard the reports
of your muse today

We have seen your deeds,
though from far away
They looked preposterous, s
o much is clear
So the evidence speaks,
and your end is near

You've fed your heart with smoke and flame
poisoned your people with guilt and shame
you sold the oil and stole the proceeds
Uprooted Africa to still your greed
trampled treaties, your bombs were sprayed
all across Syria, on many a day

The size of your war has not been seen
Since Adolf Hitler's war machine
You've raped the world with this Putin game
And pretended to do in all in Gods name

The severity of this case
Leaves us only one solution
the ultimate retribution
Thus the world will be saved
And gets what it craved
A righteous peace!

34. Putin's last words

So this is how it ends!
No trumpets, no banners,
no song rising above the ruins
Only this room, this muted light,
and you, Irina, a silent shadow by my side

I was right, wasn't I?
Eight years, eight centuries,
I built my fortress, my eternal empire
And look... ashes, nothing but ashes

Irina... say something
A lie, a comforting word,
Or pour another glass
Champagne makes the night softer
You make the cold bearable

35. So this is how it ends (Irina)

So this is how it ends!
No trumpets, no banners,
no song rising above the ruins
Only this room, this muted light and him,
a lifeless shadow by my side

So this is how it feels
Not as triumph, not as victory,
just silence, cold and still

Must evil be rooted out this way?
What if there was no Celestial power to
intervene?

He had to be stopped!
I know that
I acted with authority, I think
But still, his breath, his eyes,
they remain with me

Was it necessary? Yes!
Was it proportionate?
Celestial affairs are beyond terrestrial
measure!
Does it change anything?

Now how will my calling be succeeding?
I'm not convinced of fair proceedings
in a Russian trial
Maybe I should drink
what's left in the phial
I'm not sure I can count on divine intervention
When I asked the boss,
he said there was no intention
So, this is how it ends!

End of Opera
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