



A Righteous Peace,

a war opera

Introduction,

synopsis

&

lyrics

Why This Opera?

On February 24, 2026, it is 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 biggest 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.

This opera is 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 even destructive) forces.

The opera originated in a three-act version, of which the lyrics were completed 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 characterisation. In 2022 we not only remained on the beach, but we also ordered ourselves more wine, albeit with the acknowledgment that it is good to drink in moderation!

We could have used the past years to develop a stronger European leadership, backed by a clear democratic mandate. We could have worked out a joint defence policy, formed a European defence 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.

When I launched the 3-act version in February last year, I did not expect that we would experience a full fledged American fascism growing in brake neck speed. In the course of 2025 I realised that the events of the Trump era offered multiple possibilities to deepen the dramatic core of the opera: betrayal by the leader of the free world, the destruction of the international rule-based order and the painful endeavour of Europe to come to terms with these events. I turned to the work again and the result is a new third act that deals with these events. The enlargement required some changes to the fourth act to maintain narrative and dramatic consistency. Hence I have added a connecting song and updated Putin’s lament in 4.2. While at it, I also improved a couple of other songs that did not satisfy me.

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 Christmas period 2024, 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 be found in the final 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 very much focused on the narrative side: the story. The lyrics I wrote guided the choice of musical styles when generating the music. 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 with post-punk and industrial add-ons, as the foundation for the war scenes and the dynamism around Zelenskyy, 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.
- A variety of American music styles in the third act to reflect the American influence on the course of events.
- Orchestral and hybrid music, particularly in the final act, in which the Divine 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 final 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 and third act, I simply relied on my ear.

3. Content and stylistic Consistency

The following elements have been consciously used to create narrative and musical connections:

- References to the UN Charter in various places (the Charter Song [1.09], Zelenskyy's insistence on intervention with Xi [2.05] with literal inclusion of the prohibition on the use of force, Zelenskyy's reference to the Charter in his phone call with Trump, Irina's reflection on Putin's crimes).
- Eastern Orthodox choral style for three moments of reflection [nrs 1.09, 2.01 and 2.14].
- African flavour for the plea of an African leader [nr. 2.02] and a Chinese flavour for Xi's parts [nrs. 2.04 and 2.06].
- Key phrases: "a righteous peace" in the concluding lines of nrs. 2.07, 4.02 and 4.08, "too little too late" connecting nr. 2.12 with 2.13., and the repeat of the first paragraph "this is how it ends ..." in nrs. 4.09 and 4.10.
- Putin, Irina and Xi have been upgraded to personas in Suno, allowing the same voice and style to be used for different lyrics. When most of the songs were made, Suno did not offer an option to select specific voice types, making it difficult to maintain a consistent vocal identity across different styles. It is still not possible to have Suno generate duets in any reliable fashion. It is hit and miss. A duet of voice with the same gender is even harder. Therefore, I instructed the app in nrs 3.06 and 3.07 to have the singer create different characters within one song. When Schubert allows himself this (Erlkönig), I do too.

I did not venture into using digital audio workstations (DAWs) like GarageBand. That would lead to a finished product that cannot be distributed via the Suno platform - something I wanted to avoid.

Copyright Aspects

The lyrics

The lyrics are all written by me, except for the quoted paragraphs of the UN resolution in no. 1.09, from the UN Charter in No. 2.05 and the first verse of song 2.01. These lines are a Ukrainian translation of the first lines of the song Христос воскрес (Khristos voskres), Op. 26 No. 6 by the Russian composer

Rachmaninov. This song refers to the traditional Easter greeting in the Eastern Orthodox church. As such, its context is the Christian passion story, a living tale of Divine intervention, in the West, in Ukraine and in Russia. Rachmaninov's version contains irony: if the Lord were truly to rise and see the mess you have made, he would break into tears. It should be sung in all Russian churches every Sunday until the war is over.

The images

The images have been created with the app Graphite. They are mostly reworkings of photographs from rightfree sources, like official government sites (Ukraine official website of the President, US Library of Congress, etc. For the rest, they are edits and reworkings of cartoons I came across on social media and of AI-generated images.

The Music

The legal status of AI-generated music is still a 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. In my view the current line of thinking is that AI-generated content is a statistical mix of countless input sources, making it impossible to directly trace it to a specific work. This appears plausible 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 put the spotlight on one of the main geopolitical developments of our time: the breakdown of the international rule-based order. Geopolitical reality is changing rapidly and Europe is hesitant in finding a proper response. The question is no longer whether we must become more independent - that choice has already been taken from us. As the Canadian prime minister Carney said in Davos: "If you do not sit at the table, you're on the menu". The question is how we achieve that independence. Ukraine's tragedy is far from over and if Trump manages to keep the majority in the American Congress next november, Europe could be in for a rough and dangerous ride. I have endeavoured to use humour 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, 2026, 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 Zelenskyy to safety. Zelensky refuses: “I need ammo, not a ride.” He states that not only Ukraine’s, but also 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.” The UN condemns Russian aggression. In Warsaw, Biden emphasizes Western unity and calls for commitment: “This man cannot stay in power.” Putin ignores the UN-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. Zelenskyy addresses him. Xi chooses power over justice. Zelenskyy: “You cannot serve both truth and lie.” Zelensky’s communication with Von der Leyen is a lightfooted alternative to this hard-nail diplomacy. But where are the fighter jets? Zelenskyy 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 Zelenskyy to the alliance and an exposé of the situation by the end of Biden’s term.

Act 3

The third act opens with Trump’s return to the White House and the rapid dismantling of the rule-based international order. Zelenskyy visits the White House in February and is scolded and humiliated by Trump

and his coterie. The meeting ends in a quarrel. Upon his return, Zelenskyy is picked up by his wife, who voices her anger and dismay at the treatment he endured in the United States.

The White House encounter marks a turning point. European leaders respond by deciding to take responsibility for their own security. Rutte reflects on his appointment as Secretary-General of the United Nations. Meanwhile, Trump and Putin engage in a telephone conversation, commenting on each other’s style and character.

Attention then shifts to the NATO summit in June. Its outcomes are presented, followed by a press conference in which Trump claims success. A Ukrainian journalist intervenes, urging him to provide additional military support. Rutte praises Trump’s role in achieving results at the summit. A subsequent summit in Alaska exposes the limits of this power politics. Media coverage frames the event, while Trump, in a press conference, is forced to admit failure, only to recast it as success. Putin, in turn, publicly thanks Trump for his rehabilitation.

Trump’s betrayal of the Ukrainian cause results in a grim continuation of the war, but Ukraine’s resolve is still unbroken. The act concludes with Witkoff’s own account of his diplomatic adventures and the author’s reflection on the events portrayed.

Act 4

This final act leaves reality and enters a realm of dreams. We hear God’s assessment of our leaders’ track record and his decision to intervene.

Putin, meanwhile, is sitting 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 he will be tried by 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.

Content

Act 1

- 1.01. Prelude
- 1.02. I've built a fortress high and wide (Putin)
- 1.03. Dear Vlad, give me a break (Macron)
- 1.04. For eight long years, Donbass cries ignored (Putin)
- 1.05. I need ammo, not a ride (Zelenskyy)
- 1.06. Helmets song (Rutte)
- 1.07. The Battle of Kyiv (Russian and Ukrainian soldiers)
- 1.08. Zeitenwende Reformt (Scholz)
- 1.09. UN Charter song
- 1.10. My god, this man cannot stay in power (Biden)
- 1.11. In Bucha town (survivors)
- 1.12. Azovstal (1) (A Ukrainian soldier)
- 1.13. Azovstal (2) (An anonymous spectator)

Act 2

- 2.01. No war can be conducted in God's name
- 2.02. Grain song (African leader)
- 2.03. Subway love (Ukrainians)
- 2.04. I tread the path of ancient ways (Xi)
- 2.05. Your words of balance (Zelenskyy)
- 2.06. I hear your cries, your heavy heart (Xi)
- 2.07. You speak of peace, but where's your fight (Zelenskyy)
- 2.08. Dear Ursula (Zelenskyy, Von der Leyen)
- 2.09. Wings for freedom (Zelensky)
- 2.10. All about justice (Zelensky)
- 2.11. I'll make the deal (Trump)
- 2.12. Too little too late
- 2.13. EU-NATO campfire song (Zelenskyy)
- 2.14. This is where we stand

Act 3

- 3.01. No more the land of the free
- 3.02. You don't have the cards (Trump, Zelenskyy)
- 3.03. I just saw him get off the plane (Olena Zelenskyy)
- 3.04. We stood as bonded nations (European leaders)
- 3.05. The perfect candidate (Rutte)
- 3.06. The day after (1) (Trump - Putin)
- 3.07. The day after (2) (Trump - Putin)
- 3.08. NATO summit (1): Five percent (Trump, American delegation, European delegation)
- 3.09. NATO summit (2): Patriots song (Ukrainian reporter)
- 3.10. Nato Summit (3): Daddy (Rutte)
- 3.11. Alaska (1): This is CNN
- 3.12. Alaska (2): Productive today (Trump)
- 3.13. Alaska (3): At last, my words are heard (Putin)
- 3.14. The night is burning (Ukrainians)
- 3.15. Peace is not his trade (Witkoff)
- 3.16. The emperor has no clothes.

Act 4

- 4.01. The time has come (God)
- 4.02. These are heavy times (Putin)
- 4.03. I saw him there (Irina)
- 4.04. Vladimir, the fire you see in my eyes (Irina)
- 4.05. You speak of judgement, Irina (Putin)
- 4.6. A special place in hell (Navalny)
- 4.07. The court considers
- 4.08. The Celestial Judgement (Eternal Council of wisdom and Judgement)
- 4.09. Champagne makes the night softer (Putin)
- 4.10. So this is how it ends (Irina)
- 4.11. Postlude

Act 1

1.02. 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!

1.03. 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!

1.04. 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 Kyiv'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.

1.05. 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 Putin's 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.
You're all in with us, don't you see, If
Europe wants to remain free!

1.06. Helmets song

Rutte:

Dear Volodymyr, 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 I'll get back to you in due course.

1.07. 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.

1.08. 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 nd jetzt auch deine kleine
und feine (sonst gibt es docht keine)
Zeitenwende-Reform.
Neue Norm, Neue Norm.
Zeitenwende Reform

1.09. 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.

1.10. 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 Putin's
claims.

1.11. 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 body bags 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!

1.12. Azovstal

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 honour'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 honour's forged through fire and pains.
Together we stand, steel walls defend!
To Russia's grip we'll never bend!

1.12a 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

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

Ukrainian Christians:

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 God's
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 God's name!

2.02. 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 a 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'll all be dead.
Collateral damage the law does not allow.
Putin stop this nonsense now.

2.03. 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!

2.04. 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.

2.05. Your words of balance weigh like chains

Zelenskyy:

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!

2.06. 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 ten 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?

2.07. You speak of peace

Zelenskyy:

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!

2.08. Dear Ursula (Zelenskyy, Von der Leyen)

Zelenskyy

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 pettiness luxury!
Full membership is needed, can't you see?

Von der Leyen

Dear Volodymyr, above all it is your charm
that makes us help to keep your people warm.
Dear Volodymyr, 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 Volodymyr,
your courage shines, but Brussels glows when
you're in my confines.

Zelenskyy

One more day, what harm could it do?

Stay with me, my aim is true.

2.0. Wings for freedom

Zelenskyy:

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!

2.10. All about justice

Zelenskyy

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 someday" 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.

2.11. 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 eye.
Putin's my friend, he's strong and smart.
We'll get it done, we each play our part.
You asked about Zelenskyy, 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 is for him to choose.

2.12. 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 kilometres, 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

2.13 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
armour 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
armour 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
armour 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.

2.14. This is where we stand

a reporter:

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, his end
would be near.

Act 3

3.01 No more the land of the free

When Donald looked in the pool, he did not
see an orange fool but gods own image

turned to gold. One more glance and he was sold. The pool is owned by a Vladimir and filled with lies, his special beer. The drink brought Donald in his power. He's now king in a golden shower. Then a second peril came to aid: Elon Musk swallowed the bait. His chainsaw mission's now the rule. Beware, they're coming after you! No more the land of the free. No more the home of the brave. This is Donalds own kleptocracy, with a Congress full of slaves. And our Vladimir sings when he's pulling the strings. Don discovered decay in his crazy Maga way. By perceiving mortal sins from the enemies within. So, Don now drains the swamp by decrees with Maga stamp. The rule of law only applies to his own Maga lies. Thus, a friend has turned to foe in Donalds golden Maga show. No more the land of the free. No more the home of the brave. Donalds own kleptocracy with a congress full of slaves. And our Vladimir sings when he's pulling the strings.

3.02. You don't have the cards

Trump:

Good morning, Zelenskyy, good that you are here. You're all dressed up, do you want a beer? Life's like playing cards: you can win if you are smart. I hope you have the hand so you can save your land. And next time wear a suit, not this military garb. If you want to play cards you have to look sharp. Your war is going bad, despite the aid you had. That money's gone to waste gives me an awful taste.

Zelenskyy:

You should come and see us man. We fight this war the best we can. We have some problems I agree, but not more than you here can see. Putin's our next-door neighbour while you deal with Trudeau. If you'd consider

swapping I wouldn't say no. Putin can't be trusted, he has shown that in the past. We need some guarantees that a peace agreement lasts. That's what is keeping me from signing the minerals deal. Mere presence of your miners is no assurance, so we feel.

Trump:

now this is disrespectful after all the money we paid! It seems to me you don't want peace while the hour is getting late. The propaganda that you feed is not what a president needs. You should show this country some respect or else your pleas won't have effect. You don't have the cards! You don't seem smart! You don't want peace! You play with World War three!

Zelenskyy:

I don't play cards and I do have respect. But I want some assurance that a deal will have effect. With an ocean all around you it is easy to feel secure. With Nato states around you will of course always endure.

Trump:

you don't have the cards! You don't seem smart! You don't want peace! You play with World War three! You don't know the rules. You don't make the calls. You come here for aid. But you are too late. You can go now and come back. When you are ready for peace.

Zelenskyy:

I don't bow my head. I don't break; I fight. My people stand, we know what is right. You don't rape my tender! You don't break my soul! Your

peace is a surrender, not an
answer to our call.

3.03. Lament for my president

Olena Zelensky:

I just saw him get off the plane. Behind his smile
I saw the strain of foul betrayal, unjust endured.
A dirty trap into which he's lured by a country
pretending to be a friend. In a turbulent meeting
with a sudden end. Deliberately broadcast on
TV so the whole world could watch and see how
an honest man with a noble cause was dragged
through the mud by a mafia boss.
Has the US of A now completely lost its way?
My fellow Americans, it seems to me you should
show him the respect you show your Kennedy.

3.04. A pledge to stand

European leaders:

We stood as bonded nations under
a shield not our own.
We worked in strong relations.
We never felt alone. But in this
president's hands our fate is no
longer sure! Merely listening to his
commands, only a fool would still
feel secure.
So, Europe stands united now.
With a task at hand, we take the vow.
No longer bound by right of might.
We forge our strength so we can fight.
Extended deterrence works, hence we
must shape our own defence.
Can old divisions be overcome? We're
confident it can be done.
Will industries bend to our call?
I'm sure that they will follow all.
We build, we arm, we guard our lands.
We spend, we train, we forge our gear.
The world has changed; we see it clear.
If we rise, it will be wise.
Not blind ambition, reckless cries.
We rise! We stand!
Europe strong by its own hand.
Steel and honour, land and sea.
A force unshaken, bold and free.

3.05. The perfect candidate

Rutte:

They said: 'you're the perfect candidate.
Fully suited for the task.
Please, you have to do it.
This is the last time we ask.
'He likes you. You could be a family member.
He even allows you to disagree.
Don't you remember?' So here I am in his
Maga show saying fifteen times 'yes' and two
times 'no'.
The yes-words sound firm, the no's subdued.
They are withheld when he's in a bad mood.
It cannot be called an exchange of views.
It's walking a tightrope on inadequate shoes.
I hear myself saying:
'he's fully committed indeed'.
I try to believe it, but I don't succeed. In the oval
office, the other week while he ranted about
Greenland, I did not speak. Europe considered
my performance too low, but I had to protect
my standing in his show. I see them now, my
statesmen-friends, all kissing the ring as subtle as
they can. Offering presents: 'an invitation from
the king, very special, won't you take it in?'
Careful phrases, a laugh about his jokes fuelling
the fire, ignoring the smoke. We risk to step
under filthy skies into a world infested with lies.
Where flattery is currency, his purse is deep.
We risk him getting used to a Europe that
creeps.
And I, what role I see for me?
A player, a witness, a fool? Or merely
what I'm hired to be: a diplomat-
servant who keeps his cool.

3.06. The day after (1)

Putin:

You know what cracked me up today?
That Zelenskyy guy, his little play.
Said he expected you to give him a call.
Though he knows you're busy, don't we all?
'He's got my number,' he said proud and loud.
As if he doesn't realise: one strike and he's out.

Trump:

that guy is a joker, comedy used to be his trade.
and he's got guts, a second thing I hate.

Putin:

Will you respond?

Trump:

I'll throw him a bone, play along a while,
pretending I want peace. That's my style.
What Zelenskyy really thinks, who cares!
The guy means nothing, he's just hot air.
I told him he's never had the cards to play.
We've got the hand; he's in the way.

Putin:

Okay, but I do wonder Donald, my friend.
Who of us two has got the queen of spades?
Playing cards is fun, but in the end
I always feel that winning is my trade.

Trump:

Let's split the pot, let's cut the pie.
We need each other, you and I.
The trouble with you is you're hard to read.
You talk a lot; you smirk and try to feed.

Putin:

That's true, when I play cards I do, but
if you watch you'll see it through.
You'll know my move; you'll sense the flow:
The hares will run where I say so.

Trump:

Now there you go: all vague again.
You always do this, now and then.

Putin:

you know me, don't you, now? I'm
not a man who tends to bow. Delay's
my weapon, cool and grim, while you
strike fast on every whim.

3.07. The day after (2)

Putin:

You're impulse, flair, a man of flash.
That's why sometimes you crash.
I'm the chessman, you're the brawler.
You pace, I pause, I am the crawler.
One sharp move, I wait, then I recline.
You have the clock; I have the time.

Trump:

I'm more the businessman type, you see:
What's in it for you, what's in it for me?
He can get scraps; we keep the power.
No morals here, it's a golden shower.
And God? A tool for campaign lines.
I play the saint but read the signs!
We're here a moment, then we're gone.
And while it lasts the show must go on!

Putin:

just like you I enjoy the game.
I thrill in power, fear and fame.
And those who threaten what I own:
I burn their assets, crush their bones.
You know this path; you walk it too.
These feats I recognize in you.

Trump:

Exactly, that's our common ground.
That's why our bond is tight, profound.
And that's why we must end this bloody war.
You deal with Europe, I don't anymore.

Putin:

You take the minerals.
I take the conquered land.
You want a Nobel prize.
I keep my tough command.
And yes, on one thing we agree:

Trump:

Zelenskyy's time is up.
He's history!

3.08. NATO summit (1): Five percent

Trump:

I have been treated so well here, believe me.
It's a wonderful country, tremendous people.
The Queen in the yellow dress: stunning,
absolutely stunning.
And the meeting, the speeches were great.
The interests of their peoples were amply
displayed.
I don't care about the content; it was worth the
wait.
Tremendous achievements.
I thank the heads of state.

The American Team:

Five percent! historic event!
The US commitment is cast in cement!
We don't rip you off, we don't grab your balls.
Keep paying your bills and we'll answer your
calls.

The European Team:

Five percent! historic event!
The US commitment is cast in cement!
They don't rip us off; they don't grab our balls.
If we pay our bills, they will answer our calls.

Trump:

Now I'll be taking questions, But mainly the
questions I have asked myself.
The first one is:
why has Spain not agreed to pay up like the
rest? The answer is: they will, once they know
the tariff I have in store for them. Then there is
the question of that blonde lady in the back.
She reminded me of a young girl I met at
Epstein's place years ago. She asked if the
attack on Iran destroyed their nuclear
facilities. I can assure you they did. I would
call them a modern Hiroshima and Nagasaki
in one blow.
They prevented any further fighting.
You refer to the New York
Times? That is a fake news paper,
always writing so bad about me.
All these journalists should be fired.

Zelenskyy? I had a good chat with him. He is a
courageous leader, who runs his socks off for his
country. His request for more air support will
possibly be considered.

I have to conclude. Airforce One is waiting.
They said it could never be done, but I did it.
Five percent. A number nobody thought
possible.

Historic, everybody agrees.

Article Five? reaffirmed, not just in words but in
cement.

NATO was a rip-off, but not anymore.

Not with me here.

I really did not feel like coming here,
but I'm glad I did. I am leaving here
a different man.

3.09. NATO summit (2): Patriots song

Ukrainian reporter:

I'd like to ask you, could you explain why
the Pentagon does not send us again the
Patriots that we need to protect our land
from vile attacks by the Russian command.

Trump:

I think I know you. Are you from Ukraine?
I can hear your voice is brimming with pain.

Reporter:

My husband is fighting.
He serves on the front line.
He said we need more weapons.
Then we're doing fine. We need your
support more than ever, don't you
see. Imagine you're in my shoes
would you not make this plea?

Trump:

Tell your husband he is strong, he is brave. I
pray that God is with him and that your family
will be safe. Tell him we'll look into it, more
Patriots, maybe. If the time is right, if conditions
are perfect, Then we'll see.

Reporter:

Is this truth or theatre?

Will he remember what he said?
On most of his promises he tended to renege.

3.10. Nato Summit (3): Daddy

Rutte:

You came to my county.
You dined with my queen.
You slept in her palace.
Must be the tiniest you've seen.
They're tremendously grateful.
For your attendance, and so am I. The king, a
historian, saw some resemblance to Vienna
1815, and so do I. Europe has been shielding
under your umbrella, without paying their due.
Allow me to stress, my honoured fella: this all
has changed, thanks only to you.
You're our master of strength. To our Daddy
forever, we kneel in gratitude, now and
forever.
Europe has been shielding under your umbrella
without paying their due. Allow me to stress,
my honoured fella: this all has changed, thanks
only to you.
You're our master of strength. To our Daddy
forever, we kneel in gratitude, now and
forever.
O master of strength! Our Daddy forever!
We kneel in gratitude, now and ever.

3.11. Alaska (1): This is CNN

This is CNN!
The jets touch down, the cameras roll.
A frozen stage, the summit's goal.
Reporters speak; the headlines burn.
The world holds breath, Ukraine yearns.
He promised peace, a deal in sight.
A handshake strong, a staged delight.
But doubts remain, the allies frown.
Without Ukraine, the talks break down.
Alaska stands between the seas, A stage
for power, not for peace. One leader
seeks a fleeting crown and sees the
other as the clown.
The other again amazes the world:
Sanctioning Russia has not occurred.
A war crime suspect is treated as friend.
We call this betrayal, a grave offence!
So, we have to see what will happen today.
Will parts of Ukraine be given away? Is

Zelenskyy still seen as one of us or will he be
thrown under the bus? Will Trump stand firm
on the threats he made or forget them, as he
tends to do off late? Will Putin be regarded as
a convict to be, or as the emperor of Russia,
'a guy like me'?

3.12. Alaska (2): Productive today

Trump:

Productive today, progress made.
Major points agreed, minor points delayed.
But let me be clear: there's no deal till there's a
deal.
I'll call NATO, call Zelensky too.
We're the hottest country.
You all can see it's true.
We also spoke about profitable deals.
These Russians surely have a business feel.
Moscow could be again the place to be. Surely
for you, maybe for me.
Everyone wants to deal with us, No
matter if he's Ukrainian or Russ.
I will stop the killing of thousands a week.
Putin wants it too; it is peace that we seek.
'Next time in Moscow,' he said, I did not accept.
But I remember the Russian ladies, Of which
I've become adept.
I'm a hunter by nature, charming and smart.
It's my only addiction: a lover by heart.

3.13. Alaska (3): At last, my words are heard

Putin:

At last, my words are heard.
At last, my place is honoured. I thank you,
Mr. President, for treating me with the
respect that any great leader is worth.
For too long Russia was ignored.
For too long our voice dismissed.
Now and here this point is scored.
And this, my friend, I will not forget.
I do not seek an endless war.
I do not aim at vile destruction.
But when Russia's safety is ignored.
We feel that as a grave obstruction. We
have warned the west for many a year
that Russia's entitled to a sizable share.
If Donbass is left at a Russian ease.
Then, I assure you, we can talk of peace.

But until then, let it be heard:
we will keep fighting for what we're worth. Until
respect is given, we fight and fight and fight.
We go on and on and on until the west is won!

3.14. The night is burning

Ukrainians

The night is burning, skies are red.
We count the living, mourn the dead.
No shelter, no silence, a land to defend.
The fire keeps burning, it never ends.
Mothers are crying, hearts are torn.
Children are dying, a world is worn. We cry,
we endure, we remain through thunder,
through terror, through pain.
Windows shatter, voices gone.
The silence after is all that's won.
No shelter, no silence, a land to defend.
The bombs keep falling, oh when will it end.
The night is burning, skies are red.
We carry the names of the dead.
We cry, we endure, we remain.
We mourn the dead and fight the pain.
We bear the costs; we fight the beast.
Withstand the monsters from the east!

3.15. Peace is not his trade

Witkoff:

I've been special envoy for almost a year.
Donald said: 'I'll guide you, just give it a try.
No experience needed, you are a wise
guy'. So, I accepted, though the
assignment was not clear. I flew to
Moscow, time and over again. To discuss
the requirements for an early ceasefire.
Putin said: I'm only in for a win, It is the
Donbass that I require. So, I had to
negotiate, But I did not find the words to
put in.
I felt that peace is not my trade.
I am trained to develop real
estate. I can deal with concrete
but not barter people's fate. I'm
neither willing, nor able, to
extinguish a real state.
On the second visit Putin seemed more geared
to talk and explain.

He proposed a peaceful withdrawal of troops
from Zaporizhzhia and Kherson. It seemed to
me a deal was possible and preparations for a
summit could be on. But I was not aware the
only forces in these cities were soldiers from
Ukraine. So, I reported to Trump the Nobel
peace prize could be within reach. Trump
invited Putin to Alaska, claiming 'I'm the
president of peace' We all know what has
become of that remarkable event. Putin
rehabilitated, Ukraine frustrated. and diplomatic
damage without end.

I feel that peace is not my trade.

I am trained to develop real
estate. I can deal with concrete
but not barter people's fate. I'm
neither willing nor able to
extinguish a real state. My efforts
in Gaza seemed to fare a better
course.

But with Netanyahu we're riding a dark horse.
And Donald still wants to develop the strip
as real estate.

He does not give a shit about the Gazans fate,
So, looking back, I see my assignment as a curse.
My heart is bleeding though the job fills my
purse.

I still find Donald a tremendous guy.

But president of peace seems to me a far cry.

I think that peace is not his trade.

He is trained to develop real estate. He can
deal with concrete but not barter people's
fate. While his works could extinguish a real
state.

3.16. The poet speaks

Time for reflection.

Inconstancy and chaos prevail.

Between Trump and Europe
there's no connection.

Reminds me of an emperor's tale.

Putin plays the cunning tailor.

Sewing with threads of deceit. Offers a
garment of empty promises and Trump

sets to bowing at his feet. Around the
emperor's court they gather, these
leaders with their flattery. They spend
their time in pompous clatter and march
in played up harmony.

They whisper soft assurances.

They're so afraid of open fight.

Flattery seems their only weapon.

Truth bends to power, bends to might.
The procession moves in silence.
An empire built on fragile prose.
No one dares to raise the question:
Does the emperor have clothes?
Europe leans on distant thunder.
Counting planes and borrowed might.
Afraid to tear NATO asunder.
Determined to keep up the freedom fight.
The procession keeps on moving. An
empire built on fragile prose. While
newspapers succeed in proving that
the emperor has no clothes.
Europe's dreams of peace lie broken.
Concepts shattered on the floor.
Reasoned judgement can't be woken.
He ever only aims for more.
And still the march continues. For none
dares to expose. the truth that's bare before
us: the emperor has no clothes. If bravery
keeps lacking, let history disclose: When
Europe's leaders kept their silence, the
emperor had no clothes.

Act 4

4.01 The time has come

Voice of God:

I gave man freedom; he forged it into chains.
I gave man light; he turned it into fire. for a
moment it seemed he had learned: a ban on
the sword, rule by law, not by men.
The dream of peace. But now, the hand
that forged this law rips up its pages, mocks
the order, toys with conquest, shakes the
hand of evil.
The innocent cry out.
The earth is heavy with blood. Once
more, as in ages past, evil seems to get
the upper hand. I cannot stand aside.
The time has come.

4.02. 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, interest
soaring, inflation high.
Advisers speak lightly; I think they're cheating.
The standard rules of economics don't apply. I
thought Trump was eating from my hand when
he entered his second White House term.
But now he's shifting his earlier stand.
He's back to praising Zelenskyy and his land.
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.
My pride's no more my shield.
My sword's become a burden.
How can I save my face with a
righteous peace?

4.03. 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 Bucha, 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?

4.04. 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 armour 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 unravelled 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.

4.05. I will not kneel

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.

4.06. A special place for him in hell

Voice of 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.

4.07. The court considers

Eternal Council of Wisdom and Justice:

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.

4.08. The celestial judgement

Eternal Council of Wisdom and Justice:

We have heard the reports of your muse today.
We have seen your deeds, though from far away.
They looked preposterous, so 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 God's 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.

4.09. Champagne makes the night softer

Putin:

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.

4.10. 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.
I feel I did the right thing.
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!

4.11 Postlude

“Iryna, opstaan, je moet naar je werk”! De vrouw in het metrostation in Kiev wordt verkleumd wakker en probeert de herinnering aan wat ze droomde nog even vast te houden. Ondanks de kou komt er rust over haar heen zodra ze beseft waar ze is en dat terechtstaan in Moskou niet aan de orde is.

End of Opera

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