

I drew a line upon my time in Warsaw
And I note a red line in the line of causes I used to be strange
in the city I grew up in
But a stranger in the one where my blood roots run

Like a hole they fill you A hole- And you don't know
But all you wanna do is go home

It all begins once you cross the border
Then you do it again, you do it again, once again, you do it again
You change your name, then you make yourself shorter
But the shorter you get the more you don't fit in the door

Like a hole they fill you A hole- And you don't know
But all you wanna do is go home

The the ones recognize you by slavic intonation
Then the others recognize you by Western determination
And you get so sick of all the adaptation
And you draw a line upon your idea of a nation Nothing but a line
of borders,
God! But their living and dead memories, with no immunization
At dawn they'll make you remember who you are and who you're not
See, at dawn they'll make you remember who you are and who you're
not