

Die Nelke

Rome

We are drifting along without remembering
We are merely strangling shadows
We are morose, we are pathetic, we are done
Look at us now - we are kneeling
Look at us now - are we kneeling?

When we should be weeping with rage
Or at least be rattling our chains
Look at us now - we are over
Look at us now - we are over

We remain outside the circles
Watching them turn
When we are left with nothing to give
Nothing to overcome or conquer
History smells of traitor
History smells of whore
It's flowing in our veins
It's oozing out through our pores

When we should be weeping with rage
Or at least be rattling our chains
Look at us now - we are over
Look at us now - we are over

You who mistook love for boredom
You who have no self-control
You who confuse talking with breathing
What do you know of the lives we're leading?
History smells of traitor
History smells of whore
And yet again it pours death from the skies
For a sunless life

When we should be weeping with rage
Or at least be rattling our chains
Look at us now - we are over
Look at us now - we are over
Look at us now - we are over
Look at us now - we are over