

We Who Fell In Love With The Sea

Rome

I Shall Retrace My Steps
To Cover Up My Tracks
To Conceal My Taste For Treason
To Detach You From Me
And The Hatred Offered By A Father's Heart
Will Always Keep Brothers Apart
We Are Tranquil And Benevolent
We Don't Like Noisy Surprises
We Stay On The Move
For Stillness Brings Death
And Slowness Brings Fear
We Men Of Cold Politeness
Shall Never Melt Into That Kindness Of Yours
No Matter How We Try
You Say „Why Weep Over What?“
We Say Weep Until The Weeping's Done
And We Shall Weep For Another Day
For What Binds Us To Our Grief
Binds The Sculptor To His Clay
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Binds The Sculptor To His Clay
We Are The Most Alive
The Most Rootless
With Whips And Chains We Cross
The Ruins Of Europe
And From Time To Time
Trapped In Reflections
We Feel There's No Place
No Home For Us But This Land
This Land Is Mine
This Land Is Yours
You Only Suffer As Long As You Want To
Men Like Us Do Not Let Each Other Drown
We Share The Sweetest Black Bread
That Delicate Grain Of Scorn
No God, No Master, No Master Slave
I No Longer Serve You, Nor Your Palace Of Flesh
When Loneliness Spreads Out Between Our Sheets
Our Sacrifice Is A Knife At The Throat Of Time
But We Shall Cut It Up Some Other Day
For What Binds Us To Our Grief
Binds The Sculptor To His Clay
For What Binds Us To Our Grief
Binds The Sculptor To His Clay
In Life, In Love, In Longing
I Know
I Deserted Like You
Without Wealth, Without Property
Without Official Title Or Office...