

# Black

Schiller

It pleases me; it's not too strange  
beneath the undergrowth

I hear a sound from another side  
I look around for another try  
the long way 'round from the other side  
down to the ground just another try

I need nerves of steel  
nothing's been the same  
it's not always white  
sometimes it's black inside

It pleases me; I feel a change  
my hands are trembling  
I got a flame that burns inside  
I cannot hide this change

It pleases me; it's not too strange  
beneath the undergrowth

My wings open wide and I realize  
it's not always white  
sometimes it's black inside