

Berlin

Unprocessed

I'm going down the stairs into the club
I leave behind the week, it get me stuck
Your sins of doubtful death make me feel safe
I walk upon the death of my own faith

Berlin
Du bist in Berlin
Berlin
Du bist in Berlin

And you're so cold when the wind
Blows in your narrow street at night
And you're so cold when a kid
Learns to follows me outside

The fire keeps me craving for the snow
My mirror, the observer of my show
The smell of the perfume, it turns me on
I feel like I've become the devil's son

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Blows in your narrow street at night
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Berlin
Du bist in Berlin

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