

Entartete Kunst



KING OF GOLD

Looking for something, lost in a desert of my own.
Everything's secret, everything's turned to be a thorn.
If you keep aside me, you will get nothing but unease.
You better watch out, and you better escape from my disease.

We found a treasure, we found the gold deep in the mine.
But love is a vampire.
And night is the disease of my mind.

If you lick a cobblestone,
You'll round its edges and its worms.
But you cannot figure out...
How I'm crumbling down in my own hole.

ROTTEN

Feeling rotten to the core,
As I haven't felt before.
And the reason was a lie,
Which I told and you subscribed.

Disappointing feelings hurt,
And my heart is full of dirt.
So I'm telling you this lie,
Just to make you feel disgust.
But the reason was all blue,
And was said because of you.

Feeling rotten to the core,
As I haven't felt before.
And the reason was a lie,
Which I told and you subscribed.
Disappointing feelings hurt,
And my heart is full of dirt.
But the reason was all blue,
And was said because of you.

*Disappointing feelings hurt.
You'll never know, you'll never know.
I know everything's a lie.
You'll never know, you'll never know.
Feeling rotten to the core.
You'll never know, you'll never know.
Feeling rotten, feeling blue.
You'll never know, you'll never...*

EMPTY

Empty bottles all around an empty room,
That was empty under the moon.
But you never understood what was about.
At least, never from my mouth.
I was trying hard to find and comprehend
That it was coming to an end.
Empty bottles all around an empty clock;
I never thought that it could stop.

But it was always that much easier. Easy is for me, now.
It was always that much easier, but turned to be hard.

I was trying hard to live and not to end,
And to escape your bitter blend.
But your empty space was there beneath my mind,
And it was hard to leave behind.
Empty bottles that surrounded an empty room,
Which within enclosed your gloom.
Empty bottles all around an empty corpse,
Never thought it could get worse.

You should complicate it, easy things are all around.
Try to illustrate it, it is hard to paint it down

Came across your limits and your fears,
And became your special atmosphere.
But it was always that much easier.
I never meant to hold you down.

No, I did not intended to interfere.
Feeling, changing now, pretending tears.
But it was always that much easier.
I never meant to hold you down. I never meant to hold you down.
I never meant to hold your figure down.

PARTS OF ME

Fears that never end – instead of vanishing they stand.
You have to close your eyes and throw them to the sitting time.

And your eyes kept looking through my mind...
Before I draw them wide, you'd understand what we must hide.

And you will come to me, you will come to be a part of me.
You will come to me, you will come to be a part of me.

So when you get that feeling I suggest that you should remain all alone.
There's nothing left but bleeding, so we should complaint and retrieve our souls.
And if you get that feeling I suggest that we should remain all alone.
I don't expect you to fulfil my hopes so now I'm remaining alone,
But conceiving a hope, that's resulting undone.

It's a kind of a feeling. I suggest that we're bleeding.
You pretend that you're leaving. But you will come to me.
To me.

So when you get that feeling I suggest that you should remain all alone.
There's nothing left but bleeding, so we should complaint and retrieve our souls.
And if you get that feeling I suggest that we should remain all alone.
I don't expect you to fulfil my hopes so now I'm remaining alone.

You will come to me. You will come to me. You will come to me.
You will come to be a part of me.

I WASH MY FEARS IN YOUR TEARS

In a place where there's no sound,
The pain screams remain in the forgiveness
Of the past experiences and future passions.
The oxide will corrode your heart and your memories.

A murmur in the lethargy is the denial of your essence.
And the horror remains.
But the hope is forgotten.
The oxide will corrode your heart and your memories.

And you can deny the obvious,
But it won't resolve the suffering that overcomes the memories.
The oxide will corrode your heart and your memories.

And you lost the chance to work it out,
And now your essence has no heart
To experience all your now past passions.
The oxide will corrode your heart and your memories.

Refused fears and opening scars will extinguish the flame.

UNKIND

It was an emotional advice,
Another hypothetical crime.
It was an illusion of my mind,
But for this reason I felt kind.
It was a result of a cruel dare,
That you could never try to bear.
Mortified with misfortune,
As you were always out of tune.

I was not responsible of the crime,
But triggered off to be unkind.
I was being alarmed with your cold hand,
But I could hardly understand.
You did not react to my advice,
Rather collapsed without a try.
Feeling your pathetic gloom,
I was distorted, you never smiled.
You never smiled, you never smiled.
You never smiled.
So fucking smile!

It was an emotional advice,
Was your last chance to recognise.
Destroyed basements were by you,
And bloody feelings down there flew.
It was my emotional advice,
What you denied to recognise.
It was my fault to be so kind,
It was my fault to be so kind.
To be so kind, to be so kind, to be so kind,
So fucking kind!