

## 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