

Every day I try to avoid the future  
for she calls in wicked sirens  
trying to get me every day

But the bliss is not tomorrow  
for the grass is never green  
it will stay an orange wasteland  
if we think: oh, I have seen  
I have seen the dreamy landscape  
of a land so far away  
of an image that is worth  
all the pain we take today  
but the drug of far tomorrow  
will not ease your current sorrow  
it will sympathize with greed  
for the things we not yet need  
in the end it can be saviour  
now it looks like it's our hell  
if I'm bored  
or little hungry  
I'm not sure what I can tell  
all the light and bitter darkness  
of a distant time and space  
will mix quickly here today  
to a mediocre gray  
we perceive this gray this instant  
and we want to leave it now  
we don't get it's just a mirror  
that is hung above us all

Thinking and dreaming  
is all we deem good  
mankind is a painter  
who will use his own blood

Standing at the pond of red  
watching bubbles burst  
end of summer's coming now  
heat is getting worse  
cool me down you gentle breeze  
make me find my peace  
unthinkable, unthinkable  
I cannot jump or swim  
for if I want to see it all  
I have to play the ball

Unmerkliche Zweiseltigkeit  
eng verwoben, alles dreht  
vorsichtig! Schwach macht sie  
und dennoch stark und überlegen  
edel und neu gar!  
denn nur das zweifache ich  
weiß zu schätzen was es ist